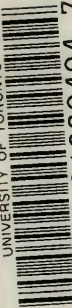


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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THE
SERVANT'S FRIEND,
AN
EXEMPLARY TALE:

DESIGNED TO ENFORCE THE
RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTIONS
GIVEN AT
SUNDAY AND OTHER CHARITY SCHOOLS,
BY POINTING OUT THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION
OF THEM IN A STATE OF SERVICE.

SEVENTH EDITION.

BY MRS. TRIMMER.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following little work assumes the title of the *Servant's Friend*, which she hopes will be allowed her by those for whose use it is designed, as she writes with a sincere desire of promoting their interest and happiness, by pointing out the proper application of that learning, which is bestowed upon them through the benevolence of their superiors.

By the institution of Sunday schools, Christian knowledge is liberally dispensed to the poor, and many children, who would otherwise have been left in the most deplorable ignorance, will now be brought up in an habitual discharge of religious duties. But a time will come when each must leave the societies in which they enjoy the advantage of good instruction, and go out into a world abounding with vice and impiety: where they will meet with many temptations, and be exposed to the ridicule of the impious and profane.

Domestic servants, in particular, are liable to be engaged in a variety of trying scenes; it is therefore necessary that they should prepare themselves beforehand to *resist evil*, and *hold fast that which is good*; instead of going to service, as too many do, with no other view but to their *worldly* profit and advantage. The connexion between masters and mistresses and servants is of a very endearing nature; and the happiness of each depends, in a great measure, on the proper discharge of their respective duties; the frequent neglect of which counteracts the wise designs of Providence in appointing different ranks, and fills the world with just complaints. Heads of families lament that they cannot confide in the fidelity and affection of their domestics; servants allege, that

they cannot look up to their masters and mistresses for examples of religious virtues; and that, instead of being considered by them as humble friends, they are regarded as mere mercenary slaves. To which side the greatest share of blame belongs, is hard to determine; but the *Servant's Friend* will venture to assure them, that, however fashion and infidelity may render many in superior stations unmindful of family duties, there are still numbers of masters and mistresses sincerely disposed to act with kindness and justice; who know when they are well served, and rejoice to reward merit: nor are such difficult to be found by those who prefer a quiet regular life, with moderate profits, to scenes of licentious riot and profusion; and who can be contented to remain in good places when they have met with them.

If any hints contained in the following pages shall contribute to direct the young and inexperienced in a proper choice of masters and mistresses, or tend to regulate their conduct in serving them conscientiously, the Author will rejoice in the idea of having been essentially useful to society.

THE
SERVANT'S FRIEND.

CHAP. I.

THOMAS SIMPKINS, when a little boy, was an exceedingly dutiful good child; the comfort of his father and mother, who were very industrious honest people: they taught him betimes to *fear and serve God, and to do un'o others as he would they should do unto him*; and he paid such regard to their instructions, that he never neglected to say his prayers morning and evening, nor on any account missed going to church twice a day on Sundays, unless prevented by illness or attending on his father and mother, if they chanced to be sick. Neither would he injure or vex any human creature, or hurt by design even a worm or a fly. When Thomas was about ten years old, his father died of a fever, which grieved him very much, and he feared it would break his poor mother's heart; but she was a good woman, and in a short time tried to overcome her grief, for she considered that God Almighty knows what is best for all his creatures; and, as her husband had led a pious life, she trusted that he was gone to a better place, where, as he told her on his death-bed, he hoped he should be happy for ever, and she would meet him again, if it was not her own fault.

When Thomas saw his mother easier in mind he began to be so too; though scarcely a day passed in which the remembrance of his father's tenderness to

him did not draw tears from his eyes; he missed him at every meal; and, alas! both he and his mother missed the fruits of his industry, which the good man did not spend at an alehouse, but constantly brought home to his family.

Fortunately for Thomas, he had been used to work from his infancy, and he was a fine sturdy strong boy; he therefore prayed to God to give him a continuance of health and strength; and assured his mother that he would do every thing in his power towards earning his living; and said he did not doubt but that the Almighty would bless both her and him, as he had heard his father read in the Bible, that "*the Lord is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, if they put their trust in him.*" The poor woman rejoiced greatly at hearing her son talk in this manner, and declared her own trust in the Almighty, who she said *would never leave nor forsake his faithful servants.* Though poor Simpkins had bestowed what time he could spare in teaching Thomas to read, the boy was not in his Testament; for his father had no leisure to instruct him, excepting on Sundays, and sometimes on evenings in the week, when the weather was bad, for he was a very hard working man, and made it a custom to put his own little garden to rights when he came home from his daily labour; and many a nice dish of pease and beans, &c. he obtained for his family this way, which they would not otherwise have been able to procure. Mrs. Simpkins could not read a word herself, for she was never taught when young; and after she became a wife she had so much to do, that she had no time to learn in the week, and her husband could not well teach her and his son too on Sundays, as they went to church twice a day, and he liked to read the scriptures to them besides. Mrs. Simpkins felt great concern that the Bible, which the Rector had given them, and which contained so much comfort for the afflicted,
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was in a manner useless to her, because she did not know how to read; but flattered herself she should get Thomas into the charity-school the next year, and, till he was able, she hoped she should find some good neighbour or other, who would step in now and then and read a chapter to her; “for,” said she, “Thomas, we had better be without bread, than without hearing the word of God.”

But though this worthy woman had such pious thoughts, it was not her wish to be reading and praying all day long, because she knew that it was the duty of poor people to labour for their food and raiment; she therefore resolved to continue to be industrious, and to go out to washing and ironing, as she used to do. Thomas also applied to a neighbouring farmer, who had long employed his father; and, as he was a very good boy, he gladly gave him work; so that he earned two shillings a week, all of which he carried home to his mother, who sometimes gained five or six shillings more; upon which they lived very comfortably, without being chargeable to the parish, which was a great satisfaction to them. Not that they were too proud to be beholden to a parish, or to go into a workhouse; on the contrary, Mrs. Simpkins often rejoiced that there was such provision made for the poor: but she said she thought it very cruel and unjust, for those who had their health and limbs, to receive what was intended for people who had no means of getting a livelihood; *it was not doing as one would wish to be done by*; and she was well assured, from what she had heard the parson preach at church, and from what poor John used to read in the Bible, that people who do not mind that rule never will be happy here or hereafter; for JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, taught it as a rule; and therefore it is the duty of every one to mind it; and she thanked God it is so easy, that even such a poor ignorant soul as she might understand and practise it.

By thinking and acting in this manner, the good woman gained the favour of God Almighty, who blessed her with good health; and she had plenty of work to do; so that her time never hung heavy on her hands in the week day; for, when she was not at Gentlemen's houses, she had enough to do to mend and make for Thomas and herself; and, therefore, had she been able to read, would not have had leisure for it; but, let her be ever so tired, she never failed to say her prayers; for she said she should be afraid to go to sleep before she had begged God's pardon for her sins, and implored his protection from all evil; for who could tell when they lay down to sleep that they should ever wake again; and what a dreadful thing it would be to appear before the judgment seat of Christ, without having made one's peace with God! Thomas followed her example; and after the fatigue of the day enjoyed sweet repose, till the crowing of the cock, the lowing of the cows, and other rural sounds, awakened him; when he sprang from his humble pallet, and, having washed and combed himself, hastened to begin his daily labour.

Before Thomas's good father died, he had taught him to say by heart a few of Dr. Watt's divine songs, which he used to repeat to himself over and over again when at work, and they afforded him great pleasure; but he had so strong a desire to learn to read better, that he knew not how to make himself quite happy without it; and many a time did he pray that God Almighty, of his great goodness, would raise him up a friend to get him into the charity-school. The Almighty is no respecter of persons; he values not men because they are rich and great, but shews them his favour and loving-kindness according to the lives they lead: he will grant the prayer of a poor child as soon as that of the wisest or richest man on the earth, provided he prays in a proper

proper manner, with submission to his holy will. God alone knows whether what we pray for is best for us or not: many things may appear to us desirable, which, if they were granted, would be very hurtful to us; and therefore, if we pray for particular blessings, we must always pray that God will grant them if they appear good to his infinite wisdom, or else make us contented without them.

Praying for an opportunity of learning to read, in order to be able to know God's will from the Holy Scripture, is such a petition as is very likely to be attended with success; and a child, who offers it with a serious devout mind, may form great hopes that God Almighty will order things so that he shall some way or other have his request granted, especially now that there are so many Sunday schools: but should God ordain otherwise, he ought to rest contented, as he may be certain God will accept his desire of serving him, and not cast him off for ignorance, which he cannot help; but he must in this case be very attentive at church, and treasure up in his mind what he hears there, that he may think of it all the week, by which means he may learn enough to save his soul, if he will but live accordingly.

Thomas Simpkins's prayer was granted; for, about four months after his father's decease, Will Fuller, being old enough to go 'prentice, left the school, and Squire Villars, knowing how industrious Mrs. Simpkins and her son were, very readily promised, on Mrs. Simpkins's asking the favour, that he would get Thomas to fill up the vacancy immediately.

As soon as Mrs. Simpkins went home from the squire's she kneeled down on her knees, and returned humble thanks to God Almighty for his great goodness to her, and then sat down to work, full of the pleasing thoughts that Thomas would soon be a scholar; for she was certain he would spare no pains to learn.

At seven in the evening Thomas came home with a great rent in the only coat he had, having unfortunately torn it with a nail: he had been lamenting to himself that he must trouble his mother to mend it, when perhaps she was already tired with a hard day's work; and that, after all, it would not be fit to go to church in. He entered with a sorrowful countenance, which soon cleared up on his mother's informing him of the squire's goodness.

"Thank God! thank God!" said Thomas; "now I shall learn to read the Bible, and to use a Prayer-book at church. I will take a deal of pains, mother: and, when I have learnt well enough, will read to you every evening as you sit at work; how charming that will be!" Then taking down the Bible from the shelf, on which it was deposited in a neat wash-leather case, he eyed it with delight, and dropped a tear of joy on the cover, which he wiped away with his hand, that it might do no injury; then, putting the Bible again in its case, he replaced it on the shelf, saying as he did so, "You shall not lie long useless as you have done:" Then turning to Mrs. Simpkins, "And when," said he, "dear mother, am I to go to school?"—"On Monday next," replied she. It was now Wednesday; and the following day he went to return thanks to Squire Villars, who bid him be a good boy: which Thomas with great sincerity promised him he would; and then went to the taylor to be measured for his clothes, as the squire had given notice that he should send him in Will Fuller's room. On Sunday Thomas took care to be early at church, and did not forget, when he was saying his prayers, to return thanks to God for granting him his heart's desire, resolving at the same time to improve the blessing to the utmost of his power.

C H A P. II.

AT length the wished-for day arrived; a whole suit of apparel was sent home for him; and Thomas, with a joyful heart, put on the coat of grey, the band and cap, and other articles which composed the uniform of the school; and, though there was a badge on the sleeve of the coat, his pride was not hurt at it, as that of many foolish boys has been, for he considered it as a mark which distinguished him as one whom God favoured with clothes and the means of instruction, which many a poor, naked, ignorant wretch could not obtain. The eyes of his good mother now glistened with delight: and folding her son to her bosom, "Go," said she, "my dear Thomas, study your book, that you may learn your duty, and help your mother to learn her's; and be sure you don't get any naughty tricks." Thomas promised he would not; and expressed great concern that he could not continue to earn his two shillings a week; but the good woman declared she would make any shift in the world rather than he should go without learning; and said, she did not doubt but God would grant her bread from day to day, if she used her best endeavours to earn it, and trusted in his mercy.

Thomas ate his breakfast; and his kind mother put into a little bag for him, to take to school for his dinner, a piece of bread and some cold bacon; and he waited with great impatience for Dick Long, a neighbour's son, who went to the charity school, and had promised to call for him. In a few minutes Dick Long arrived, and the two boys set off on their walk. Dick Long appeared very dull, which surprised Thomas Simpkins a good deal, as he was a remarkably brisk boy; but on inquiry he found that

Dick had been out a bird's nesting the evening before, and, having neglected to learn his task, expected to be punished, and was therefore afraid to go to school. Thomas Simpkins said, he never could get up his heart to take birds' nests, for he thought it was very cruel to spoil what the poor little creatures had taken so much pains to make; and it must be a great sorrow for the old birds to lose their young ones. "My poor father used often to ask me," said he, "how I should like to be carried away from my parents, as many poor little birds are; and whether I did not think it would be a great sorrow to both him and my mother to be robbed of me? Never take birds' nests, therefore," said he, "Thomas, for it is not doing as you would like to be done by; consider that, my boy."—"Well," said Dick Long, "don't preach about it, I shall hear enough from my master;" he then began to look over his book, to try if he could learn a little of his spelling as he went along; but, unfortunately for him, as he walked without seeing his path he stumbled on a stone, and fell down, and made his nose bleed. In the mean time, Thomas Simpkins amused himself with thinking of the happiness he should have in learning to read, and made hearty resolutions to avoid idleness and cruelty. What pleasure, thought he to himself, can there be in taking birds' nests, equal to what may be found in learning one's duty, and how to please God, so as to go to heaven? At length they arrived at the school, and Thomas, advancing, made his bow to the master, who, pleased with his honest, good natured, open countenance, took very kind notice of him, and told him he was persuaded he would be a very good boy, and deserve the favour which squire Villars had bestowed on him. "I hope, my lad," added Mr. Allen, (which was the schoolmaster's name) "that you understand for what purpose you are sent to this school." Thomas made a bow, and said, "Yes, Sir: I come here

here to get a little learning, that I may be able to read my Bible, and grow up a good man.”—“A very proper answer indeed,” said Mr. Allen. “The design of charity schools is to give the children of poor people such a degree of knowledge, as may enable them to learn from the holy scriptures their duty to God and man. For this happy advantage they are indebted to the benevolence of persons in higher stations; and they ought to be very grateful for it; I therefore recommend it to you, Tom Simpkins, as you are become my scholar, to be very thankful to God Almighty, to whose providence you are in the first place to ascribe your good fortune; and I also advise you to pray for blessings on those who founded this school, and on your benefactor squire Villars in particular, who gave you admittance into it.

“I shall now read you the rules of the school, to which you must exactly conform.” Mr. Allen then commanded silence, and read as follows:

Rules to be observed in this School.

I. Every boy is required to be here by seven o'clock in summer, and eight in winter: and must come with his hands and face washed, his hair combed, and all his apparel neat and clean.

II. No boy is allowed to talk, so as to disturb others from studying their lessons.

III. No bad words are to be used by any boy belonging to this school.

IV. No boy is allowed to fight a battle with another, neither is he to be called coward for refusing to fight: for children educated at a charity school are to consider each other as brethren, and shew the utmost kindness, and no ill-will.

V. No toys, or playthings, are to be produced in school hours, nor any gaming for money practised between them.

VI. Those

VI. Those who eat their dinners in the school-room are to observe the utmost neatness, and neither grease nor slop the floor, forms, desks, or their own clothes.

VII. No ink is to be wantonly spilt, or thrown about; neither must the forms and desks be scrawled on, or cut.

VIII. Every book that is to be read in, must have a paper put over the cover, and be kept from scrawls and dogs' ears.

IX. Each boy is to put his book and slate in the proper place before he leaves the school.

X. Every boy must make a bow at coming in and going out of the school; and is advised to behave with humility and respect to persons in superior stations at all times.

Having finished reading these rules, Mr. Allen inquired whether Thomas could read; and on finding he was very backward, ordered him to take the lowest place in the school, which was next to Sam Wilkins, a boy of nine years old, who was remarkably little of his age; Thomas took his seat, and determined in his own mind to use all his industry to raise himself higher: for, thought he, if a stranger should come in he would take me for a great dunce, should he see such a little child above me.

It was some time before it was Thoma's turn to be called out, for there were nineteen boys to read before him: he saw several of them punished for idleness, among the rest Dick Long: others received praises; and Jerry Franks read, wrote, and cyphered so well, that his master gave him Dr. Watts's divine songs, a dozen of which had been left at school by a charitable lady, to be given as rewards to any boys who should be thought deserving of them. Thomas Simpkins was so very good-natured, that he felt sorrow for those who were punished, and joy for those who were praised: so that when he saw the
book.

book presented to Jerry Franks he was exceedingly happy; and, hearing that there were more in the master's possession, resolved to try if he could not get one himself in a short time.

While the other boys were reading and spelling, he sat quite still, not offering to play, though little Sam Wilkins tried to make him do so; but he said, "No, Sammy, I will play with you after school; we must be quiet now." At last it was Thomas's turn to go up to the master, who gave him a new spelling book, in which he wrote his name for him, and the date of the year, and the day of the month: "Now, my lad," said he, "let us see how long you will be before you get into the New Testament: as soon as you can read a chapter in that, I will give you such a book as I have given to Jerry Franks;" then, opening the spelling book, he heard him read some of the easy lessons, which he did tolerably well, though he had lost a good deal of what he learnt before his poor father died.

The boys next came out to say their catechism; here Thomas was at no loss, for his good father had taught it him very perfectly before he died; and he stood up with the rest of the boys. It so fell out that the explanation of the Lord's prayer came to his share, which he said quite right: nor did he miss one word in any of the answers, but repeated them distinctly, and loud enough to be heard: this gained him great credit. It was now twelve o'clock; and, school being over, the boys went out to play. Thomas wished to get acquainted with Jerry Franks, therefore asked him to play at marbles with him, who readily consented, and allowed him to take Sammy Wilkins into their party, as he had promised to play with him.

C H A P. III.

AS Thomas's father and mother had kept him very much in, lest he should fall among bad boys, and learn idleness or wickedness, it seemed strange to him at first to be among such a number; but it was cheerful, and he had excellent spirits, and no objection to an innocent game of play.

Among so many boys there was a great variety of tempers; and some, having better parents than others, were better instructed at home, and consequently were more agreeable in the school; none however were suffered to remain there if notoriously bad.

Jerry Franks was the head boy in the school; he was very forward in his learning, and a great favourite with all the boys on account of his good-nature, and particular kindness to the younger ones.

Whilst they were at play, Ralph Jennings came up: and snatching a handful of marbles from Sammy Wilkins, said to the others, "Are you not ashamed, you two lubbers, to play with a baby? come and have a game with me." Sammy Wilkins, who was just upon the point of winning, and was hurt at being called such a name, coloured exceedingly, and was ready to cry, but kept his tears from falling, because he was resolved he would not behave like a baby. Thomas Simpkins immediately snatched the marbles from Ralph, and gave them, with all that he had of his own, to Sammy; and said to the former, "You are a stranger to me, but I must needs say I think you a very rude boy; what business is it of yours who we play with? besides, how can you be so unkind to Sammy? you were once as little as he yourself, and would have thought it hard if nobody would
have

have played with you.”—“Hold your tongue,” replied Ralph, “or I will give you a knock of the head.”—“I mind a knock of the head no more than you do,” said Thomas, “and will soon shew you that I do not,” and began to pull off his coat. “Stop, Thomas,” said Jerry Franks, “you have heard, you know, that it is a rule in the school, that there should be no fighting; and if your master comes, he will have a bad opinion of you, should he see you quarrelling the first day.” Ralph now began to fear that Jerry would complain of him, and walked off. Thomas, who was of a lively disposition, and not used to this kind of treatment, knew not how to pocket the affront; but Jerry Franks begged him to consider that it was very wrong for any one to put themselves in a passion, and particularly so for poor boys, who were placed at charity schools to learn Christian virtue. “If we live long in the world,” said he, “and go out to be servants or ’prentices, we must not expect every one to bend their temper to ours; it will then be our duty to study the temper of others; and the more patience and meekness we have, the happier we shall be; therefore, the sooner we learn to govern our passions the better.”

“What you say is very true,” replied Thomas; “but must I have no spirit? am I to suffer all kinds of abuse without resentment? I am sure I would not willingly injure or vex any one; but must I stand still and take knocks of the head without defending myself?”—“By no means,” answered Jerry Franks, “it would be dastardly to do that; but you were stripping to fight before you had received one knock, and in a place where you are forbidden to fight by one whose commands ought to be obeyed; therefore, it would not have been a disgrace to you to have refused. It very seldom happens that boys, who are themselves

selves good-natured, have occasion to fight; and I think it a very brutish custom to give black eyes and bloody noses to one another. Poor folks may have opportunities enough of shewing their courage, by bearing different kinds of hardships, as my father says; and we should not add to the sufferings of those who generally have a pretty large share fall to their lot. Besides, when you come to read the Testament, you will find that our Lord JESUS CHRIST himself met with a great deal of ill treatment, and bore it all with meekness and patience; and you know all Christians should strive to be as much like him as possible." Thomas thought this advice very good, and resolved to observe it. At this instant Ralph Jennings came up a second time, and called him *coward*, on which Thomas found his anger rising again; however he recollected himself, and replied with as much calmness as he could, "Call me coward or what you will, Ralph, I shall not break through the rules of the school, though, were it put to the proof, I believe I could soon shew you that I have as much courage as yourself; and you had best not attack me out of school; besides, if you call me coward, my master shall know it." He spoke this with so much spirit, that Ralph, who was a mere bully, sneaked away, fearing that he should meet with more than his match. It was now time to go into the school-room to eat their dinner; and, after they had done so, Thomas begged Jerry Franks to hear him his lesson, which he kindly did. At two o'clock the master returned, and each boy took his place. Thomas sat silent as before, listening to what the other boys read, and sometimes looking over his spelling, till he was called out, when he spelt very well, and received high commendation, which gave him such pleasure, that he

he returned home with a heart as light as a feather, and his mother rejoiced to see him.

“ Well, Thomas,” said she, “ how do you like school?” “ O, vastly well, mother,” replied he; “ I should love to go, if it was only to hear others read. I have heard so many chapters to-day, you can’t think. One boy read about God Almighty’s making the world in six days, and commanding the seventh to be kept holy; another about Moses in the bulrushes; another about Elijah’s being taken up into Heaven in a fiery chariot; I heard too of JESUS CHRIST being born and laid in a manger, and about his curing the lame and sick, and making blind people see; and a great deal more than I can tell you; but I want to know the whole history from beginning to end.” “ Then you must make haste and learn to read it,” said his mother. “ That I will,” replied Thomas. Then, producing his spelling-book, “ See,” said he, “ what has been given me for my own!” Thomas then sat down, and learnt a whole column of spelling.

C H A P. IV.

WHEN Thomas went up stairs to bed, before he began to say his prayers, he considered with himself, as his father had taught him to do, what sins he had committed that day, and was very sorry for having been in a passion with Ralph Jennings; however, he hoped that God would pardon him, as he did not *suffer the sun to go down on his wrath*, but had listened to the good advice of Jerry Franks; and then, kneeling down, earnestly besought the Almighty to forgive his offences, as he forgave those who offended him; imploring the aid of Divine Grace, to preserve him

him from anger and resentment for the time to come; after this, with his heart glowing with piety to God, and charity and good-will to all mankind, he went to bed and slept in peace.

The next morning his first business, after he had said his prayers, was to study his lesson; and he thought he should be able to please his master, which made him wish for the hour of going to school: and, as Dick Long did not come exactly to the time, he set off without him, resolving not to be too late; and indeed he was the first boy in the school-room: but Jerry Franks soon arrived, and they began to talk about the quarrel which Thomas had had the day before; and this good boy expressed his thankfulness to Jerry for the part he had taken, and declared his resolution of making it up: just as he had finished speaking, Ralph came in, and Thomas civilly asked him how he did, and held out his hand to shake hands with him, which the other was glad to do, as he found, by inquiry in the neighbourhood, that Thomas was a very different boy from what he at first took him to be.

In a short time afterwards the rest of the boys came, the master entered, and school began.

Thomas gained great praise from day to day both for reading and spelling, and went on extremely well, and nothing remarkable happened the first month; but then he was tempted to commit a fault, which, had he done it, would have brought him into great disgrace.

It was the middle of August, when the apple and pear trees were loaded with fruit; and in the way to school was a very fine orchard, belonging to a man named Andrew Lister: it was impossible to see this fruit without wishing for a taste of it; but Thomas always checked the desire, because he knew that we are forbidden to covet our neighbour's

bour's goods; gladly would he have purchased a halfpenny worth now and then, but the owner being a market gardener, would not sell so small a quantity.

Very near to Thomas lived two charity boys, one named Harry Bird, the other Timothy Cox; they had each of them parents, who attended more to providing for the children's bodies than their souls; and thought, when they had earned food for their families, they had done the whole of their duty, leaving it entirely to the schoolmaster to teach them religious principles. Mr. Allen was extremely diligent in this respect, but he could not answer for their conduct when out of his sight; and those who had not good advisers and examples at home, were very apt to forget what he said to them.

All persons, who put their children to charity schools, should have a particular care to behave well themselves; for it is a dreadful wicked thing for a parent to lead a child astray from the path of goodness, when God Almighty's Providence has put them into it. This, I am sorry to say, both Harry Bird and Tim Cox's parents did, though they had the good luck to get their sons into the charity school; and would often boast before the children how they had taken people in, as they called cheating and telling lies; so that, though the boys were taught their catechism like the other scholars, they thought, from what their parents said and did, there was no harm in pilfering little things. As Mrs. Simpkins knew what sort of folks Bird and Cox and their wives were, she had desired Thomas not to make acquaintance with their sons; but when they became his schoolfellows he could not be quite so shy of them as he was before, and sometimes they would call in their way to school, but had never happened to meet with him
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till the day I am now speaking of, because he was, in common, too early: however, at this time having a scheme in their heads, to throw the blame on him if they were caught, they took care to be in time.

They said nothing to Thomas till he was out of the house, lest his mother should hear; but, as soon as they were out of doors, mentioned their intention to him, and asked him to join them, saying they might fill their pockets and satchels without being caught, as Andrew Lister and his sons were gone to market; and that they might soon run to Harry Bird's mother, who had promised to make some apple dumplings for dinner; and as it was a half-holiday, it would not signify playing truant for once, for they might easily invent an excuse to deceive their master: they assured Thomas he should have his share of the apple dumplings, if he would go home and dine with them; but this good boy could not be persuaded to join in any such thing; he had the fear of God before his eyes, and told his companions he would not steal so much as a single apple for the world: it was not doing by others as he would wish to be done by. "If every body should take it into their heads," said he, "to help themselves, no one would know what to call his own, and poor neighbour Lister would have nothing left to maintain his family. I remember some texts of scripture, that my poor dear father taught me by heart, which would keep me from stealing and lying as long as I live. Pray let me repeat them to you." But neither Harry Bird nor Timothy Cox would stay to hear them; they said Tom might do as he pleased, but for their part an apple pudding they would have, let the Scriptures say what they would against it; and they threatened hard how they would serve Thomas, if he told of them; so away they went, leaving him to go to school by himself.

C H A P. V.

WHAT to do poor Thomas did not know ; he was very averse to telling tales, and yet he thought concealing the matter was making himself a party in the theft : so he determined to consult his friend Jerry Franks upon the subject. Very luckily Jerry and he were, as usual, the two first boys at school, and it was a quarter of an hour before any others arrived. Thomas opened his heart, and told the whole affair, which Jerry was very sorry to hear ; but said he thought he ought on no account to conceal it, and he wished Thomas had stopped at Andrew Lister's house as he came along, to tell his wife of it, as the apples would be a great loss ; however, he would by all means advise him to do so as he went back, if he found the robbery had been committed, but not to tell the other boys, as it was possible Harry and Tim might think better of it, and not do as they threatened. Thomas's head was so full of this disagreeable affair, that he could not attend as usual to his lessons, and made several mistakes when spelling to his master, which surprised Mr. Allen a good deal ; who, perceiving that he had great difficulty to keep his tears from falling, asked him what was the matter with him ; Thomas replied, that something vexed him, but he begged his master would give him leave to keep it to himself. " Well, Tom," said Mr. Allen, " I can't think you have any wickedness in your heart, so will not ask you : but if there is any thing I can do to serve your mother, let me know, and I will do it." Thomas thanked his master, but said his mother was well, and in no want at present ; and then sat down, longing for the clock to strike twelve.

Mr.

Mr. Allen, on calling over his list, had missed Harry Bird and Timothy Cox; and expressed his surprize that they were not come, but fortunately did not ask the other boys if they knew the reason of their absence; so that Thomas was not obliged to tell. At length the school broke up; and, as it was Saturday, they went home at noon; and Thomas begged Jerry Franks would go with him to see whether Harry and Tim had done the wicked deed; and if they had, to accompany him to Mr. Allen's.

In their way home they passed by the Cage, and were surprized to see a great crowd round it; but what was the astonishment and grief of Thomas and Jerry Franks, when they found Harry Bird and Tim Cox were confined in it!

It happened, unfortunately for them, that Andrew Lister, having been ill in the morning, did not go himself to market; but being better soon afterward, went into his orchard with a neighbour, to shew him some fine pearmain and golden pippins, of which he hoped to make a great deal of money. He got to the place just as the young thieves had filled their pockets and satchels; they were still on the trees, Lister was greatly provoked, and called out hastily, Get down, you little rascals! on hearing which, Harry Bird let fall his satchel, and attempting to descend quickly, fell from the tree, and bruised himself a good deal: the owner of the fruit seized him, and added to his pain by giving him a hard knock or two, with a stick he had in his hand; in the mean time Benjamin Godfrey (which was the other man's name) ran to the tree on which Tim Cox was, and catching him by the arm, as he was alighting on the ground, gave him so sudden a twist, that he threw him on his face, and made his nose bleed, saying at the same time, What, you young villain, you are not contented with stealing my eggs, but you must have
some

some apples too ! but come along, firrah, I am constable now, and you and your companion shall go to the cage for to-day, and in the evening I will take you before the justice. The boys begged and pleaded, but all in vain. Ben Godfrey said it was his duty to take up thieves; so, assisted by his neighbour Andrew Lister, away he took them, and locked them up in the cage, where they sat, exposed to the derision of all the village, without a morsel of food.

Thomas and Jerry were exceedingly shocked indeed, and quite ashamed of wearing the same kind of coat and badge as the wicked boys had on. It was now needless to call at Andrew Lister's; so with sorrowful hearts they returned home to their friends' houses, but not a mouthful of dinner could they eat; and, longing to know how the matter would end, Thomas Simpkins asked his mother's leave to go to the justice's in the evening, which she readily gave, and he called upon Jerry Franks to accompany him. They arrived at the cage just as the boys were taken out by the constable, who, tying their arms behind their backs, fastened a rope to each, and drove them before him, while a crowd of men, women, and children, surrounded them, hooting and reproaching them all the way. Not a theft had been committed in the village but they were suspected of it. These, says one, are the young rogues that robbed my hen-roost,—and I dare say, they stole my ducks, said another—I make no doubt but they cut my cabbages, says a third.—At length they arrived at the house of the justice, Squire Villars, the same good gentleman that got Thomas into the school. Andrew Lister was called upon to make his accusation.

“ And please your worship, said he, I am a poor working man, and have a wife and seven children to maintain, which, I bless God, I have done very decently, by selling fruit at market. Though the summer has been but bad, my best apple-trees bore

very well, so that I thought to make a good deal of money of them, as nobody hereabouts has such fruit; but these young rogues got into my orchard, and have gathered their pockets and bags full; and not only so, but have broke off branches from the trees, which will hurt them for the time to come. Now, please your worship, continued he, it is very hard for a poor man to have his children's bread taken out of their mouths in this manner. What I say, your honour, is very true, for neighbour Godfrey, as well as I, caught them in the fact." Godfrey then declared it was as Andrew Lister said, and that he had reason to think the boys were addicted to theft, and encouraged in it by their parents; and several persons present attested the same. Bird and Cox, and their wives, had followed their sons to the justice's, in order to beg them off; and, on hearing this charge against them, began protesting their own innocence, and pleading for their children, declaring that this was their first offence; adding, that many a boy robbed an orchard without any harm being thought of it: on this the justice commanded silence, and then spoke as follows:

"I know there are many persons in the world, who think it a trifling thing to rob a garden or orchard, and numbers of boys value themselves on their dexterity in doing it. But nothing can be a trifle, which is against the word of God and the law of the land. Now, whoever reads the Bible and Testament, will find that we are expressly charged not to defraud our neighbour; and are told that thieves, shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven: and scarcely any one is so ignorant, as not to know that there are laws appointed for the punishment of thieves, and magistrates to put the laws in execution. It is, therefore, astonishing that any one will be so wicked, or so foolish, as to steal, since they incur the just anger of God, and bring pain and disgrace upon themselves.

felves. Whoever takes what belongs to another without his leave, is a thief; so that robbing an orchard is no such trifle: if he steals from a poor man, he is, as the wise king Solomon observes, *like a sweeping rain, which leaveth no food*; and if he steal from the rich, it is still *defrauding his neighbour*.

“ It is the duty of every one to teach his children, from their early infancy, to be true and just in all their dealings; and those who teach them otherwise, as I find the parents of these boys have done, will be called to a severe account for it at the day of judgment, and will be despised by all the good part of the world. Surely they do not consider the danger they expose their children to; and that they are putting them in the direct way to the gallows; for those who will take little things when they are young, will be tempted to take greater as they grow older; for, having no principle of honesty in their hearts, or fear of God before their eyes, they will not be stopped, by the fear of human laws, from any theft which it comes into their wicked hearts to commit.

“ It gives me great concern to have occasion to punish two boys, who, from their dress I perceive, belong to the charity school, and therefore ought to have known better than to steal, whatever their parents may teach them. They cannot plead the want of either good instruction, or good example.” Then, turning to his clerk, he desired him to make out their mittimus. The boys fell on their knees and pleaded for mercy. Their parents entreated most earnestly for them; which moved the heart of Andrew Lister so much, that he begged he might not be bound over to prosecute them. “ Well,” said the justice, “ you are very merciful; I will, at your request, and in pity to their youth, dismiss them.”

“ But think not,” said he, addressing himself to the boys, “ that you are to escape so, if you are ever brought before me again for the like offence, how-

ever trifling your theft may be. Never take what belongs to another, for the life of thieves is one of the most dreadful that can be conceived; they are in continual danger of discovery; are afraid to walk about by day, lest they should be apprehended, and if taken up sent to prisons, which are shocking beyond conception, being filled with wicked wretches, guilty of all manner of crimes, and hardened in guilt, to such a degree, that they are like devils, swearing, cursing, and blaspheming from morning to night. Some are loaded with heavy chains, and confined in dark dungeons, from which they are taken at last, and hanged like dogs, or sent into slavery, to work like horses. Go about your business now, but take care to let me see you here no more." Then, turning to their parents, he said, "Have you minded what I have been saying? If you have not, consider it for the future, and do not, through your own wickedness, bring your children to a shameful death, and occasion the loss of their immortal souls; make restitution to your neighbour for the loss of his fruit, and correct your boys for the fault they have committed, and be honest for the time to come." The boys were then set at liberty, and the crowd dispersed to their respective houses.

CHAP. VI.

THIS scene made a striking impression upon Thomas Simpkins and Jerry Franks; and they could neither of them get to rest, till some time after they went to bed; and declared to their friends, that, were they either Tim Cox or Harry Bird, they should never be able to shew their faces in the village again. But it was otherwise with these wicked boys. When they got home, their parents, instead of desiring them to be thankful for the lenity which
had

had been shewn them, and to remember the good advice they had received, began railing at the justice, for being partial to Andrew Lister; and said they saw no such harm in taking a few apples, for that many a squire had done such a thing before; by which means they hardened their boys' hearts instead of correcting them.

The next morning Thomas and Jerry, when they met to go to church, talked over the last day's adventure; and Jerry admonished the other to return thanks to God for preserving him from the snare which had been laid for him, and they both earnestly besought God to enable them to resist all temptations to dishonesty and deceit.

Thomas greatly lamented that he could not write or read well himself, but, with his mother's leave, he went home with his friend Jerry after divine service, who searched the Bible, and found, by means of the margin, a number of texts which he read to Thomas, and then wrote down for his own use, lest he should at any time be tempted to steal and lie; and he promised to give Thomas a copy of them as soon as he could read writing; and they both resolved, with the grace of God, to be true and just in all their dealings, and to keep their hands from picking and stealing, and their tongues from evil speaking, and lying: Jerry also read to Thomas the account of the death of Ananias and Sapphira.

As I hope all my readers have better dispositions than Harry Bird and Tim Cox shewed, I will here add the texts which Jerry wrote out, as it is likely many good boys may not be able to write them for themselves, and it is very necessary for all persons to be perfectly acquainted with what the holy scripture says against the vices of stealing and lying, which many people practise without fear or shame, not considering the danger they run of losing their own souls. I earnestly entreat all who read this book to

learn by heart what follows, and also Dr. Watts's divine song, entitled "*The Thief*," and that "*On Lying*," as soon as they shall be able to obtain that instructive and amusing book.

Exodus xx. 15. *Thou shalt not steal.* Prov. xxii. 22. *Rob not the poor, because he is poor: neither oppress the afflicted in the gate.* Ephes. iv. 28. *Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.* I Pet. iv. 15. *But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busy body in other men's matters.* I Cor. vi. 10. *Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.* Lev. xix. 11. *Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another.* Prov. xxiv. 28. *Be not a witness against thy neighbour without cause; and deceive not with thy lips.* Zech. viii. 16, 17. *These are the things that ye shall do; speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbour; and love no false oath; for all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord.* Eph. iv. 25. *Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour: for we are members one of another.* Eccles. vii. 12, 13. *Devise not a lie against thy brother; neither do the like to thy friend. Use not to make any manner of lie, for the custom thereof is not good.* Prov. xii. 22. *Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight.* Ps. v. 6. *The Lord will abhor both the blood-thirsty and deceitful man.* Prov. xii. 19. *The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment.* Prov. xxix. 5—9. *A man that flattereth his neighbour spreadeth a net for his feet. In the transgression of an evil man there is a snare: but the righteous doth sing and rejoice. The righteous considereth the cause of the poor: but the wicked regardeth not to know it.* Rev. xxi. 8. *All liars shall have*

have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death. Eccles. xx. 24, 25, 26. A lie is a foul blot in a man, yet it is continually in the mouth of the untaught. A thief is better than a man that is accustomed to lie: but they both shall have destruction to heritage. The disposition of a liar is dishonourable, and his shame is ever with him. Ps. ci. I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing. I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way; O when wilt thou come unto me? I will walk within my house with a perfect heart. I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes: I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave to me. A froward heart shall depart from me. Ps. cxix. 163. I hate and abhor lying: but thy law do I love. Ps. cxx. 3, 4. What shall be given unto thee, or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper. Prov. xix. 22. A poor man is better than a liar.

CHAP. VII.

THE next morning Thomas and Jerry, when they met to go to church, talking over the last night's adventure, and agreed in opinion, that Tim and Harry would never have the assurance to come to school again; but they were mistaken; for on Monday they both attended, having been persuaded by their parents that their school-fellows would laugh at the matter; and that, as they had paid Andrew Lister, their master had no business with them. But they were deceived; for though many of the boys had faults, there was not one besides themselves who would have robbed a poor man's orchard; and not one of them would play with, or even speak to, those who had.

As soon as Mr. Allen had taken his seat, he called

them out before him, and said, " I am really astonished, Harry Bird and Tim Cox, to see you here after the crime you have been guilty of. How can either of you put on that coat and badge, which are the marks to distinguish boys educated in the principles of the Christian religion? that divine religion, whose laws you have shamefully broke! You have not only done an injury to Andrew Lister, but to the school you belong to. As it is publicly known that you have been guilty of theft, some persons may think ill of the institution, and withhold their benefactions, so that in effect you may be said to rob the school itself. On this account I cannot keep you here; therefore, according to the orders I have received from the trustees, I expel you, as unworthy of the charity, which was intended for good boys." Timothy and Harry immediately went away: their school-fellows were much affected at this sentence, but it was necessary and proper that Mr. Allen should act thus, for the sake of the other boys.

Timothy and Harry returned to their parents, who with their usual folly blamed Mr. Allen; and instead of insisting on their boys begging pardon, and promising good behaviour for the future, said they did not value him, nor the charity school either, nor would they live any longer in the village; so in a short time they left it, and went to a place at which they were not known, where they continued their bad practices; and their boys grew so wicked, that at last one turned highwayman, and was hanged; the other committed some crime, for which he was condemned to work in the ballast lighters.

Thomas Simpkins improved daily in his learning: in six weeks time he got above Sammy Wilkins, but did not exult over him, though he could not help rejoicing that he was no longer the lowest boy in the school. In two months time he was able to spell words of four syllables, and to read the Testament and
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the Prayer Book; and then his master gave him Watts's divine songs, and put him higher in the school, and began teaching him to write and cypher; and Thomas took great delight in the hymn book, which had been given him as a reward; and learnt to repeat a number of the hymns by heart, and to answer most of the questions in a book concerning the catechism, which was used in the school; and he added some of the hymns to his morning and evening devotions, seldom omitting that which contains praises to God for learning to read.

But it happened, unfortunately for poor Thomas, that his mother was taken so ill that she could not go out to work; and, having no money beforehand, she did not know what to do for bread. Thomas, though very unwilling to lose his learning, could not bear to leave her long by herself in that condition; so ran to school, and begged his master to excuse his not going till she was better. The master, knowing that he was too fond of his book to wish to stay away, readily consented: but still the principal distress remained? Thomas's mother was sick, and he had no means of getting any thing to do her good, which made him cry sadly at first; but he soon recollected that he had read in many places in the Bible and Testament, that *God has promised to hear all his faithful servants, who call upon him in the day of trouble*; and he was sure God would keep his promise; he therefore fell on his knees, and besought the Almighty to have compassion on his distress; and, if it was his good pleasure, to restore his dear mother to health, and to put it into the heart of some good Christian to relieve them.

His prayer was heard, for God Almighty's providence so ordered it, that an account of this good woman's illness was carried to Mrs. Andrews, a very charitable humane lady in the neighbourhood, who came that afternoon to see her, gave her money for a

present supply, and sent her from day to day medicines and nourishing things, till she was quite recovered, and able to work again. The schoolmaster also recommended her to the rector, who made a little collection; to which all the gentry, who heard what a good woman Mrs. Simpkins was, readily contributed; and her poor neighbours came and did what they could for her; and when she got well she had money enough left to pay a quarter's rent, which she had been in great care about: so she and Thomas were convinced that God can bring good out of evil, and turn misfortunes into blessings.

When Thomas's mother was quite recovered, he went to school again, and used his best diligence to recover his lost time; though indeed he had not entirely neglected his learning; for while he sat by his mother's bedside, he got his task every day, in the same manner as if he had been expected at school: and his master was so good, as not only to hear him repeat them, but also gave him, as a reward for his industry, a book called the Christian Scholar; and at the same time recommended him as an example to the rest of the boys, who were in general glad to hear his praises, and resolved to be like him. It is so natural to desire praise and commendation, that one wonders every boy should not endeavour to obtain it; and yet many act as if they were indifferent in respect to what the world think of them, not considering the value of a good character, which often puts people forward in the world, and is of more advantage to them than a large sum of money without it. "*A good name,*" (says the wise king Solomon) "*is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold.*" It is particularly necessary for those who are educated at charity schools, because no person will take them after they come away without a character from the master: and surely no teacher will be induced to speak well
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of one who does not deserve it. Besides it is to be remembered that our LORD JESUS CHRIST himself did not despise the good opinion of the world; for it is said of him, that when but twelve years old *he increased in wisdom and stature, and grew in favour with God and man.*

CHAP. VIII.

IT would make my story too long were I to give an account of every remarkable instance of Thomas Simpkins's good behaviour while he went to the charity school; but there is one particular which I cannot pass over, because many boys are not so scrupulous on the subject as they ought to be, and perhaps some who read this history may be the better for his example. He would not pay away a bad halfpenny, knowing it to be so, on any account, because he thought it was cheating, as it could not be properly called money; and besides he was afraid that at last it might come to some poor wretch who had not another in the world; and he had rather work a day, or even a week more, than that this should be the case; for a thing which happened a little before he went to school, made his very heart ache, and he could never mention it without tears in his eyes. It was this: When he came home from work one evening, his mother sent him to the chandler's shop for a three-penny loaf. At the same time a very miserable looking man came in, and desired to have a quartern loaf and a pound of cheese, for which he laid down a shilling. The man of the shop looked at it, and said it was a bad one: at hearing this the poor creature was ready to sink into the earth, and declared he did not know it to be so; but the shopkeeper immediately drove a nail through the shilling, and fastened it to the counter, bidding

him be gone for a cheat. The poor wretch, who was lame and could not work, had not another farthing; and this shilling had been given him in charity by a stranger: so he was obliged to go away without the bread and cheese. Thomas followed him, and saw him enter an old barn, where four children met him, crying out with one voice, "Where's the bread and cheese, daddy?" The little creatures had had no food all day; their poor father could not tell them he had none for them, but burst into tears, and threw himself on the ground, endeavouring to stifle his sobs.—Thomas, who could not bear the sight of so much distress, ran home, and begged his mother to carry them something to eat. Mrs. Simpkins, having had but little work that week, was rather short of money; however, she thought of *the widow's mite*, and resolved to give all she had to these poor strangers, who were so much worse off than herself; so she cheerfully took the three-penny loaf, and her stock of cheese, and divided it amongst them. Thomas also fetched a mess of milk, which had been provided for his supper; this he cheerfully gave to the strangers; and both he and his mother were contented to go without food themselves; and even rejoiced that God Almighty had put it in their power to feed the hungry, as they had heard the parson read in the Testament, the very Sunday before, that "our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST will look upon such actions as done to himself, and will reward them in heaven;" and Mrs. Simpkins desired Thomas to think what happiness it would be to hear his blessed Lord say, when he should come in the clouds with all his holy angels, "*Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world—For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink!*" And how dreadful to hear him say, "*De-*

part, ye wicked, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels !”

Thomas not only kept his tongue from lying, and his hands from stealing, but made a conscience of playing fair at all games, and never cheated, or made use of any tricks ; neither could he be prevailed on to play for money ; for he said a little loss was often distressing to poor folks, and he should be apt to grieve himself at losing, therefore could not enjoy his winnings, lest he should be the cause of grief to others. Besides, he said, it took off all the pleasure of *play* to make a *trade* of it. He was also very indulgent to the little boys, in teaching them how to spin tops, play with marbles, &c. and always took their part when others teased them. In short, there was not a virtue recommended in the scriptures, but this good boy tried to practise it ; nor a vice forbid but he tried to avoid it ; by which means he passed his time very happily ; as all people will do, who keep God in all their thoughts, so as to fear doing what he has forbid, and love God, so as to desire to do what he has commanded.

CHAP. IX.

THERE is one thing more, which I cannot forbear mentioning, it was so very praiseworthy. In the same village where Thomas Simpkins lived was a boy named Dick Howe, whose mother was a sad indolent gossiping woman, and his father a drunken reprobate fellow ; therefore Dick had little chance of knowing his duty ; but he was naturally a quiet good tempered lad, though he had learned to swear and to use dreadfully wicked words. This boy worked for the same farmer as Thomas Simpkins had formerly done, and they had agreed very well together ; and many a time had Thomas made Dick cry, by
talking

talking to him about his wickedness; but he used to say he could not help it, for he did not know when he swore, he had such a habit of it. Thomas felt a great deal of pity for this poor boy, but was afraid of being too intimate with him, lest the school-master should have a bad opinion of him. At length it happened that Dick's father and mother both died of the small-pox, and he went to live with an uncle and aunt, who were very sober good people, and they wished very much to get Dick into the charity-school, but there was no vacancy. Thomas Simpkins thought he might now safely keep company with Dick; and hearing what his friends wished about the charity-school, resolved to try if he could not teach him to read, and accordingly set about it: Dick took great pains, and Thomas gained great honour; for he taught him to read very well in the spelling book, bricked him of swearing and using bad words, and persuaded him to go to church every Sunday. He used to say that he thought swearing was a foolish as well as a wicked custom, for the words swearing people used seemed often to come in without sense or meaning; and he begged of Dick to consider that it must be a great affront to God Almighty to hear his holy name used in that free manner, especially as he had commanded that it should not be *taken in vain*; the meaning of which command his master had taught him, was, that no one should use the name of God in common discourse. He said, whenever he read or repeated any of the Ten Commandments, he could not help thinking of the awful manner in which they were delivered on Mount Sinai. He then read to Dick Howe that part of the book of Exodus which describes this affecting event; and asked him, whether he thought that he should ever have dared to swear if he had heard the thunderings and seen the glory of God. He begged of Dick to remember that the same God is present at all times, in all places, though he does not appear to

us as he did to the Israelites, and that he has power to strike every presumptuous sinner dead in an instant who dares to break his commandments, and that it cannot be expected he will bless those who wilfully do so.

Dick Howe felt the force of this admonition, and promised to try to refrain from swearing. Thomas advised him to pray for divine grace to assist his endeavours, and, in order to refresh his memory, begged him to repeat to himself every morning, when he said his prayers, the *third commandment* and the following texts of scripture, Lev. xix. 12. *Ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God: I am the Lord.* Matt. v. 34. *But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.* Matt. xxiii. 16. *Wo unto you, ye blind guides, which say, whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing: but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor.* James v. 12. *But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea, and your nay nay; lest ye fall into condemnation.* Ecclus. xxiii. 9. *Accustom not thy mouth to swearing; neither use thyself to the naming of the Holy One.* Ecclus. xxvii. 14. *The talk of him that sweareth much maketh the hair stand upright: and their bravols make one stop his ears.*

About half a year after the death of Dick Howe's father, Jerry Franks left school; and Dick, to his great joy, was taken in his stead; and very glad he was that Thomas Simpkins had put him forward, as he was a great boy, and would not have so many years to stay at school as those who were taken in younger.

Thomas Simpkins continued to go to school till he was fourteen years old; and was for the last two years

years very useful to his master in teaching the younger boys, and was beloved by every one in the school; so that when the time came for him to go away, they were very sorry indeed; however, as Thomas knew that George Ellis wanted to get his son into the school, he did not desire to stay any longer; and, thanking his master for his kindness and good instruction, took his leave.

Thomas now found himself at a loss for employment, and could not bear to live a burden upon his poor mother; he therefore resolved to do any work that he could get, rather than be idle.

His wish was to go 'prentice to some trade, in which he might have a chance of rising in the world; but as this could not be done for want of money, nor without leaving his mother, he determined to go to husbandry work, for the present at least; and accordingly engaged himself to the same farmer whom he had served before, who now agreed to give him four shillings a week; and Thomas strove to earn it, for he was very strong, and knew it would be extremely dishonest not to give his best service for the wages he received; and he took great care of the horses he drove, fed them regularly, rubbed them down, and gave them water properly; not only out of pity to the poor beasts, but because he knew they cost his master a great deal of money.

Though Thomas could read and write, and cypher very well, he was not at all above driving a cart, or a plough; for he thought to himself, that a boy had better be without learning than to disdain getting his bread in any honest way that was most suitable. To be sure he would rather have had an employment in which he could exercise his talents; but *pride was not made for man*; and whilst he was waiting for such a place as he wished, he might starve for want, or else distress his poor mother: so he rose early, and pursued his daily task with a contented cheerful heart,
and

and every evening wrote out something from the scriptures, or other good books, and did a sum or two, to keep his hand in; and read to his mother or else to Goody Todd, a poor blind woman, and Gaffer Jefferies, an old infirm man, who lived in the almshouses. Poor Mrs. Simpkins was very happy in having such a good son.

C H A P. X.

WHEN Thomas had worked for farmer Hobson about a year, it happened that Mr. Brown, the new rector, wanted a servant. Thomas's mother thought the place would suit him very well, and wished him to go after it; which he was very willing to do, as he had heard the rector was a good man, and would let his servants go to church, and also instruct them in their duty; he therefore begged the farmer to spare him; and, having made himself as clean as he could, waited upon Mr. Brown, who was sitting in the parlour with his lady, and desired he might come in. Mrs. Brown was vastly pleased with his appearance, but was afraid he was too young to undertake all their work, as they kept a horse, two cows, four pigs, made butter, and had a little garden to weed and water, besides waiting at table, cleaning shoes, and going of errands; but Thomas thought he could manage all this business by rising early in the morning; the only thing he was fearful of was waiting at table; but, on Mrs. Brown's promising to instruct him, he declared himself willing to learn. Mr. Brown then asked him if he did not once belong to the charity-school, as he thought he remembered his face among the charity boys; and soon recollected that he said his catechism the best of any at church the Sunday he catechised the children for Mr. Edwards, the last rector; and that, on inquiry who he
was,

was, he had heard an extraordinary good character of him from the school-master; this circumstance settled the business at once; and it was agreed that Thomas should have four pounds a year, and a livery, and go to his place as soon as he could; but he begged Mr. and Mrs. Brown would excuse him till farmer Hobson could get a boy in his stead, because it was a very busy time with him, and he could not well spare a hand. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were not that kind of gentlemen who think the world only made for them, and so that they are served do not care what becomes of other people; they considered that it would be worse for the farmer to lose one of his hands, than for them to make shift without a footboy; and, as there was a neighbour's son who could milk the cows, and look after the pigs, &c. for a little while, they desired Thomas not to leave the farmer unhand somely on any account; and he made all the haste he could to his work, not even staying to tell his mother of his good fortune, though he wanted to do so very much; however, she was so desirous of knowing how he succeeded, that she walked to the field, and there had the satisfaction of hearing that he was hired.

In about three days another lad was found to supply Thomas's place at the farmer's; and he called in the evening to acquaint Mr. Brown that he could wait on him on the Monday following.

Thomas, from the time he had been able to read his Bible and Testament, had made it his constant practice to study his duty from it, and particularly desired to do so, as he was going into a new station of life; for this purpose, both before and after church, on Sunday, he employed himself in searching for the texts that related to the duty of a servant, and wrote them down in a little book, which he made for the purpose, that he might read them over often, and remember them. The texts he wrote down were as follows:
Ephesians,

Ephesians, chap. vi. ver. 5—8. *Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart as unto Christ; not with eye service as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good-will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men; knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.* Col. iii. 22—25. *Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God: and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men: knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance; for ye serve the Lord Christ. But he that doth wrong, shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: and there is no respect of persons.* 1 Tim. vi. 1. *Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters as worthy of all honour, that the name of God, and his doctrine, be not blasphemed.* Titus ii. 9—11. *Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things, not answering again; not purloining, but shewing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things: for the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men.*—From these texts he learnt that serving a master faithfully, for conscience sake, is esteemed by the Lord as service done to himself, and will be rewarded accordingly in the other world. Thomas resolved to follow the scripture rules as strictly as possible, that he might after death be admitted to the joys of heaven: but knowing that no one, without the grace of God, is able to do his duty, in any instance, he prayed to God to confirm his good resolutions, and give him grace to keep them.

In the evening Thomas called and took leave of his friends, who were sorry to part with him, especially poor Goody Todd, and Gaffer Jefferies; but Dick Howe,

Howe, who was grown a very good boy, promised to read to them and Mrs. Simpkins too, which made Thomas very happy; and on Monday morning his mother walked with him to the rector's, but parted at the gate, lest the family should think she made a simpleton of him.

As soon as Mr. Brown knew he was come, he called him into the parlour, and said, "Well, Thomas, I have heard so many good things of you, that I make no doubt you will behave as you ought to do; but as you have never yet been out at service, I will tell you what I expect from you.

"You will not find me, Thomas, like many masters, indifferent in respect of what becomes of your soul, so that you do the work I hired you for; on the contrary, I shall endeavour to give you such religious instruction as you stand in need of; shall allow you time to serve God; and will treat you kindly and justly in every respect.

"Now, in return for this, I have a right to require you to serve me with fidelity. Every state and condition of life, Thomas, has its particular duties. The duty of a servant is to be obedient, diligent, sober, just, honest, frugal, orderly in his behaviour, submissive and respectful towards his master and mistress, and kind to his fellow-servants; he must also be contented in his station, because it is necessary that some should be above others in this world: and it was the will of the Almighty to place him in a state of servitude.

"I have agreed to pay you wages, Thomas, for which you have agreed to give me your time and labour; therefore, if you should be idle, and neglect my work, and waste the time which you have in a manner sold to me, it would be all the same as robbing me of my money. You have also put yourself in subjection to me, and your mistress, and are therefore bound to obey all our lawful commands. Many things

things belonging to me must necessarily come under your care; and you will have opportunities of wasting my property very much; but depend on it, if you do so, God will, at the great day of judgment, call you to an account for it; for he will view all your actions when they are hidden from the eyes of the whole world. Remember this, Thomas, and never do any thing which you would be afraid to do in the presence of God Almighty. The more sober, orderly, and regular, you are in your behaviour, the happier you will be; and if you are kind to your fellow-servants, you will have a claim to kindness from them. I have at present two very good girls; but you may chance, in a course of years, to fall among servants of a different character, who consider their own interest only, without regard to that of their master and mistress; I must therefore add, that it is not only your duty to be just and honest yourself, Thomas, but to inform me if you see my property wasted by others. I mention this, because a mistaken notion prevails among servants, that they are on no account to tell of each other, let them see ever so many bad practices. Now this is very wrong; for a person might as well forbear to discover a housebreaker, or a highwayman, as forbear to tell when they see bread and meat given away or wasted. I do not mean, my lad, that you should be a tell-tale, nor will my ears be open to frivolous complaints; all I desire is, that you should keep nothing a secret from me which is of consequence for me to know.

“Remember also, that you, as well as people in the higher ranks of life, have a master in heaven whom you are bound to serve and obey. By him we are all entrusted with talents, which we are required to improve to the utmost of our power. The talents God has committed to you, Thomas, are health, strength, and understanding, sufficient to qualify you for, and enable you to discharge the duties

of the station he has placed you in; these you must diligently improve, by endeavouring, on all occasions, to act by me, and every person with whom you have any dealings, to the best of your knowledge and abilities. You must also endeavour, by all proper means, to increase your knowledge, in order to be more and more useful in the world as you grow older. If you do this, you may hope to meet your Lord with joy, at his coming to judge the world."

Thomas assured Mr. Brown that he would always be true and just to him; and neither wrong him, nor see him wronged, without informing him of it; and that he would never forget he had a soul to be saved. "Then," replied his master, "we shall both be happy, Thomas; for you may depend upon all the encouragement you can reasonably desire. Go into the kitchen now; your mistress will be back from market presently, and will tell you what to do."

Thomas then made his bow, and went into the kitchen; where, seeing no one, as the maids were busy in other parts of the house, he sat down, and thought in his mind on what Mr. Brown had been saying, which he found quite agreeable to the texts of scripture he had written out, and determined to observe it.

C H A P. XI.

SOON after the maids came down stairs, and spoke so kindly to Thomas, that he was quite pleased; they also praised their master and mistress, and said, if he was not happy in their service, it must be his own fault. This was great encouragement to him, and his heart overflowed with gratitude towards God Almighty, whose providence had brought him into so good a family.

Presently after Mrs. Brown came in with her two children,

children, a little master about seven years old, and a young lady about sixteen. As soon as the young gentleman saw Thomas, he cried out, "Here's the new boy, mamma, here's the new boy!" and running up to him, said, "Are you come to live with us?" Thomas very civilly told him he was. Mrs. Brown then shewed Thomas a little pantry, in which stood a dinner tray, the knife cases, some glasses, the common tea things, &c. of which he was to have the care; and told him she expected always to see every article there, when it was not in use, in the very places they then stood in. She then gave him a thickset jacket and waistcoat for every day, and a drab-coloured livery, turned up with green, for his best, telling him, that she required him to keep his clothes, hands, and face, very clean. She then ordered Joe Peters, who had milked the cows, and fed the pigs, till Thomas could go to his place, to show him where they were kept; and when he came in, it was time to get himself ready for dinner; he accordingly dressed himself in his new jacket, and looked very neat indeed; his mistress was so kind as to direct him how to lay the cloth, and wait at table, and was quite surpris'd to see how handy he was the first time; he then went and got his own dinner with the maids; after which little master begged the new boy might go with him to fly his kite; to which Mrs. Brown consented, only desiring they would be back time enough for Thomas to get tea ready, which, with his mistress's directions, he managed very well; he afterwards milked the cows, and watered the garden; and in the evening sat down quite comfortably with the maids, who rejoiced to hear that he could read, and entertain them while they worked. Thomas laid his cloth for supper, without making any mistakes; and, as soon as he and the rest of the servants had supped, Mr. Brown rang a bell to collect his family together, that they might end the day with

religious

religious worship; and after prayers every one retired to bed in peace, and took their rest, trusting that God Almighty would raise them up in safety.

In the morning Thomas rose by five o'clock, fed the pigs, cleaned his master's shoes and boots, put his blacking and brushes tidily away, and fed and watered the horse, by which time the maids were up, who desired him to fetch in wood and water for them; after which he milked the cow: by this time Mr. and Mrs. Brown were up, who were greatly pleased to see how forward he was with his work. "This will do, Thomas," said his mistress; "only forecast your business, and you will get through it with ease—many servants double their work for want of method."

The bell was now rung for morning prayers; after which Thomas and the maids got breakfast for the parlour, and then sat down to their own: the maids then instructed him in cleaning knives, rubbing tables, cleaning plate, &c. and when the time came to lay his cloth, he remembered every thing, so that Mr. and Mrs. Brown praised him. In the afternoon, Thomas and his young master (who was brought up, as well as Miss Fanny his sister, to be very good-natured to servants) went into the garden; where, while Thomas worked, the young gentleman diverted himself with a little piece of ground, which he called his own garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown kept two maids, Betty the cook, and Kitty, who was house-maid and dairy-maid; the former had been brought up in the family from a child, and was a good creature; the latter was taken, about two years before, out of a charity-school. Kitty's father and mother lived in the parish Mr. Brown came from, which was a good way off; and she was very sorry to leave them; but as she was in so good a place they desired her not to come away on any account.

It was always a rule with Mr. and Mrs. Brown to tell their servants, as soon as they came into their service, what they required of them; and I have already informed you what this worthy gentleman said to Thomas. Mrs. Brown talked much to the same purpose to Kitty; but, among other things, desired her to dress in a plain, neat manner, for she did not approve of servants flaunting themselves out, as is the custom now-a-days. She also desired that she would not romp with the men and boys, as it made young women appear very bold; and begged her to avoid putting herself in a passion, as meekness is a great virtue in every woman, and particularly requisite in those who are placed in a state of service; she likewise told her, she expected her to behave well to her daughter, who was now old enough to assist in doing little things in the family. "I mention this, Kitty," said Mrs. Brown, "because I know it is a very common thing in families, when a daughter is grown up, and her mother wishes her to learn how to manage a house, for the maids to set their faces against her, and treat her with insolence, because they don't choose, as they say, to have more mistresses than one. Now, if I ever hear an expression of this kind, Kitty," continued she, "I shall consider it as an insult offered to me; for surely I have a right to employ my daughter as I think proper. I know that Fanny is inclined to be a good mistress: and I should think, Kitty, that the more friends a servant has in the family the better. My daughter may in time settle in the world, and be able to serve you when I and your master are dead; and so may Charles too; therefore it is your interest to behave well to the children: I do not mean that you should cant and flatter them; neither shall I suffer them to tyrannise over you; Fanny, indeed, knows better than to do so; but Charles is younger, and may sometimes forget himself. I expect you to

bear with his little harmless tricks; but if he is rude at any time, inform me of it civilly, and I will correct him properly; but if you take upon you to do it yourself, I shall always suppose you to be in fault."

Kitty had as excellent a heart as Thomas, and had been brought up in the same pious way by her parents. She made the Scriptures the rule of her actions, and consequently was sober, diligent, just, honest, frugal, orderly, and submissive.

Mr. Brown gave Thomas a Bible and Prayer-book, which he was very glad of, because he did not like to take those which had been his father's, as they would be wanted for Dick Howe to read to his mother: and those which he had at school he gave to a poor neighbour who could read, but could not afford to buy books. Mr. Brown also gave Thomas the Gardener's Kalendar, which he often read, for he took great delight in a garden, and contrived to have every thing early in season. The good gentleman had also provided several other books for his kitchen, because he wished his servants to have pleasure as well as himself. In these Thomas read to the maids whenever he had time, which was very pleasing to all parties.

CHAP. XII.

IN this manner Thomas lived contented and happy for four years; gave great satisfaction to his master and mistress, and was much beloved by his fellow-servants; he had frequent opportunities of seeing his mother; though she made it a point never to go to Mr. Brown's house, unless Mrs. Brown was so good as to ask her; because, neither she nor her son wished to appear encroaching; and they met with the greater kindness on account of their modesty; for

for the good parson and his lady gave her many a dinner, and bestowed other favours upon her, which they would not have done if she had been forward and intrusive.

At the end of four years Betty the cook went away to be married, and Susan Clarke, who had lived in a nobleman's family, was hired in her room. She appeared to be very good-natured, and behaved with the greatest civility to her master and mistress's faces, but she was very deceitful, as you will soon find.

Instead of taking pleasure in hearing the Bible and other good books of an evening, she had not been there a week before she brought out a history, which Thomas began reading, but found it full of nonsense about lords, and ladies, and 'squires, falling in love with one another, and running away from their parents, and shooting themselves, and such sort of stuff, as neither he nor Kitty at all liked, for it would not teach them any thing of their duty either to God or man.

Susan next produced a parcel of ballads, some of which, such as Chevy Chase, the Cobbler who lived in a Stall, the Children in the Wood, Black-eyed Susan, and a few others, Kitty thought pretty reading, and wished to know the tunes; though she did not believe, she said, that the Children in the Wood could be all true, as Mr. Brown had often told her there were no such things as spirits and apparitions. Many of the ballads were full of nothing but indecency, which Thomas was ashamed to read, and Kitty to hear; so he took the whole parcel and flung them into the fire; saying that his master would not suffer such things in his house. Susan was very angry, and went up stairs to bed in a huff. After she was gone, Kitty and Thomas talked the matter over; and Thomas said, he thought, as servants had but little time for reading, it was right to make

the best use of it, and not to waste any time in reading nonsense. "Besides," said he, "Kitty, what reading can be so pleasing as the Bible? I like Robinson Crusoe, and the other book of travels my master lent us, very well, but they are not half so entertaining as the stories in the Bible and Testament; besides, how do we know the first are true? and we are sure the latter are so, because they were written by holy men, who were taught by God himself what to write; and how much prettier the psalms at the end of the Prayer-book are, and Watts's hymns, than those foolish ballads."—"Very true, Thomas," said Kitty; "though I love a merry song very well, as singing makes work go off lightly, I cannot bear such songs as these, and think it very foolish to spend money for such trash."

The next evening Susan, being come into temper, brought forth a book, which pretended to interpret dreams, and to tell whether people would have good or bad luck, and what would happen to them by the moles they had; the marks in the palms of their hands; the settlements of coffee-grounds, and tea-dust, at the bottom of cups, and so on.

The title of this book was enough to keep Thomas from reading it; for he said the writer of it must be a very wicked wretch, to pretend to know what none but God Almighty could know; and he thought it very wrong to wish to pry into future things, when there is so much said against it in the scriptures; for his part, he would not have his fortune told for the world; and Kitty protested she would not listen to fortune-tellers, if she were even sure they could tell true; for she was certain God would not make future things known to such wicked persons as they usually were; and it would be wrong for Christians to listen to their falsehood, or have any concerns with them; besides, she had heard many stories of their robbing houses, and therefore would never

never let them enter her master's. Susan laughed at them for a couple of fools, and said they were the dullest fellow-servants she ever lived with in her life.

The next night Susan said she must just step out; and desired they would say, if her mistress asked for her, that she was only gone up stairs, and would be down again in a minute. "I shall tell no stories about it," said Kitty, "for I would not deceive my good mistress on any account;" and Thomas said the same. "Well," replied Susan, "do as you will; if you like to be kept prisoners, I don't; nor shall any parson and his wife in England chain me by the leg;" and away she went. Kitty and Thomas were very sorry to see Susan act in this manner, and said, it was really hard a servant could not ask a mistress's leave; it was not doing as she would be done by. Mrs. Brown, as it happened, did not miss Susan.

When Sunday came, Kitty and Thomas were quite surprised to see the cook, when they were going to church, in a silk gown, curls at her ears, her hair half way down her back, a fine gauze cap, with lappets and streamers, a flounced petticoat, and long train to her gown. The good girl, as well as Thomas, was quite abashed to walk with her; and both declared they could not go into the house of God with one who looked fit to act a play with strollers in a barn. Susan said, they need not frighten themselves, she was not going with them, she was not hired to go to church; and though madam had given her a long lecture about that and other things, when she came to her place, she should stay from church whenever she thought proper; if she did her work, that was enough for her. So away she went to Lord Townly's, where an old fellow-servant of hers lived as kitchen maid.

It happened that Mr. Brown did duty at another

church that afternoon; and Mr. Brown's little boy being ill, she and Miss Fanny stayed at home to attend him, by which means Susan was not found out. Mrs. Brown indeed saw, from the chamber-window, how foolishly she had dressed herself, and determined to tell her of it the next day. When evening came, Susan pretended to have the head-ach, and went to bed because she did not like to hear a sermon read.

It was very uncomfortable to Kitty and Thomas to have a companion who had such a dislike to every thing that was good; and they consulted together whether to tell their master and mistress of her or not; and at last agreed to let it alone a little while, in hopes she would grow better.

The next morning Mrs. Brown said, "Susan, I was quite astonished to see your dress yesterday, and must insist upon your not making such an appearance again, if you think of continuing in my house." Susan, who was a very great cant, pretended to be very sorry, and said, she supposed gentlefolks liked to see their servants dressed; for her part, where she lived last, she was never thought smart enough. "Well," said Mrs. Brown, "I am of a different opinion, and you cannot dress too plain for me, as I told you when you first came, so pray let me see no more of your gewgaws. Common wages will not afford such things, and they are quite out of character." Mrs. Brown then left her, and Susan immediately burst into a laugh, and said, "So I am too fine for madam! is she afraid I shall be taken for the mistress? Well, I'll soon go where I may dress as I please, though I will humour the old woman till I can better myself." Kitty heard this, and thought it would be right to tell her mistress of it; but never having had occasion to complain of a fellow-servant before, she did not know how to go about it; and besides she thought Susan could not be

be in earnest: she therefore resolved to bring the matter up in the evening, when Thomas would be by: accordingly when they were all seated round the table, Kitty asked Susan who was her milliner? on which the other desired to know if she wanted to employ her? "Indeed I do not," replied Kitty, "for I think a neat muslin cap, with a quilled border, which I can make myself, quite good enough for me. Where is the use of dressing like a lady, when every body knows one is but a poor servant? And what pleasure can there be in sweeping the dirty ground with a long train, or having the gown drawn up like a window curtain, to sit upon and crumple all up in a heap? Besides, what work people must have with their lappets and flapdabs, if they make them all themselves! or what money must they cost if they get others to do them."

"You are a silly girl," said Susan, "and know nothing of the world; one must do as other people do. Who besides the parson and his wife would hire you, do you think, even in your Sunday clothes? but what would they say to you in your working dress, with your camlet gown, your black quilted petticoat, worsted stockings, and leather shoes?" "Never fear," said Thomas, "you would sooner get a place, Kitty, than any of the dressed-up madams, who, as I know by Lord Townly's servants, have often a fine gown, with scarce a shoe to their foot, and white, or rather brown, stockings, full of holes, with fringes of rags at the bottom of their petticoats. I have often heard the gentry praise Kitty's dress, when I have been waiting at tea, and make game of servants who try to look like ladies." — "I am glad to hear some gentlefolks have a good opinion of me," said Kitty, "though I hope I shall not soon be in want of a place, for I know when I am well off, and that's more than many do." — "Meaning me for one, I suppose," said Susan, "be-

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cause

cause I said I would go away as soon as I could better myself;—don't go and blab that; one says many things in a joke, that one does not mean."—"I don't like such jokes for my part," says Kitty, "and if I hear any more shall certainly tell, think what you will of me." As Susan had not a farthing of money in the world, she was afraid of being out of place, so pretended to be sorry for what she said in the morning, and went on tolerably well for a month or two, but generally staid in her own room of an evening, to read foolish books, or make fine caps, or stepped out to Lord Townly's, and sometimes went to bed rather than hear Thomas read such books as Mr. Brown supplied the servants with.

CHAP. XIII.

IT was now the depth of winter, and the evenings were very long; Susan therefore, several times proposed that they should play at cards; but Thomas and Kitty would never consent, because it was a great waste of time, and their master and mistress had forbid card-playing; however, Susan was resolved to have them.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, with their children, went at Christmas to see their friends, who lived a good way off, and proposed to stay a fortnight. So, the first evening after they were gone, Susan got some of Lord Townly's under servants to come to see her; and they sat down to whist. She then brought out what provisions the pantry afforded, and asked Thomas if he could not pick the lock of the cellar-door, and help them to a bottle of wine; he was quite shocked to be asked to do such a thing; on which Lord Townly's servants laughed, and boasted how the butler and cook cheated their Lord to treat them and their

their visitors. Thomas did not mind their laughing, and said, "honesty was the best policy." When Lord Townly's servants found there was nothing more to be got, they railed at Mrs. Brown's house-keeping, and went away; and desired that Susan would come to them, where she should have better fare. She accordingly went, and sometimes actually returned home drunk, and then lay late a-bed in the morning. One night, if it had not been for Kitty's carefulness, who always looked to see that every spark of fire and candle was out, the house would have been burnt down, by Susan setting a candle close to her bed, and falling asleep before she put it out.

Mrs. Brown was a very frugal, notable lady, and looked so carefully into her family affairs, that a servant could not be wasteful without being immediately discovered; and, as Susan wished to stay for her own ends, she had pretended to be very frugal and saving, while her mistress continued at home; but now she was absent, being under no restraint, she made sad waste and destruction of bread, cheese, butter, and meat; and got a poor woman who lived in the village to come and do her work, for which she paid her with victuals and drink.

This shocked Kitty extremely, because she knew it was a sin; and she told her such things were never done before in that family, and that her mistress would be very angry when she found them out, which she certainly would soon do. "Who cares," replied Susan, "what she finds out? there are more places than one, I warrant: I am not 'prentice here; I have served her betters, and may do it again any day of the year."—"You may have lived with grander folks to be sure," replied Kitty, "but a better woman, or a better mistress, is not to be found; and if nobody was worse off than to be 'prentice to her, they would have no cause to complain

of their lot." Susan then declared she could not bear the formal ways of the house, and was resolved she should not get up of a morning, whatever the rest might do; and she thought Kitty and Thomas were two fools, in complying with all their master's and mistress's whims, as well as for submitting to take orders from Miss Fanny:—Was not one mistress enough in a family? she thought so, and should let her know as much. Kitty declared her resolution to continue to behave herself respectfully to the young lady, who she said was so good-natured, that those who treated her rudely must have very bad hearts.

Thomas and Kitty were quite unhappy to hear such things, and see such doings; and they could not answer it to their conscience to conceal them; they therefore determined to inform their master and mistress of them; and it was agreed that Thomas should write a letter to Mr. Brown, which he did as follows:

Honoured Sir,

I MAKE bold to trouble you with a few lines, because Kitty and I cannot bear to see a good master and mistress wronged. There are sad goings on, indeed, sir; Susan makes away with victuals and drink, and we cannot help it; and Lord Townly's servants have turned her head to all manner of riot and wickedness, and would have made us as bad as she if we would have let them. But both Kitty and I will be true and faithful; and no one shall make us do the thing that is unjust, so you need not fear us; but I don't know but that the house may be burnt down before you come home; so, good sir, pray don't stay much longer. Kitty and I can justify what I now write to Susan's face, for we would scorn to tell tales.

The black sow has pigged, and the dun cow calved;
Kitty

Kitty and I take great care of them ; and as we know madam would do so, if she was at home, Kitty sends the skimmed milk, now we have so much, to Goody Long, whose children were almost starving, because her husband is sick and can't work.

We pray God to preserve you, sir, and our good mistress, Miss Fanny, and Master Charles, and will remain till death,

Your true and faithful servants,

THOMAS SIMPKINS,
CATHARINE SPARKS.

C H A P. XIV.

THOMAS's letter hastened Mr. and Mrs. Brown's return, which being unexpected by Susan, they found her and Lord Townly's servants in the parlour playing at cards, and Kitty and Thomas at their book and work in the kitchen. You may be sure Mrs. Cook and her visitors were routed ; but the latter were so impertinent they only laughed, for they knew their lord and lady would rather encourage them in such a thing than turn them away ; and Susan was quite saucy, saying, it was very hard a poor servant could not invite a friend to come to see her without having a piece of work ; and as for being in the parlour, there was no staying in the kitchen with such cross fellow-servants as she had. Kitty and Thomas were now called, who told their story to Susan's face : she could not deny the charge, and was turned away, as she deserved to be, at an hour's warning ; but before she left the house, Mrs. Brown, in the presence of Thomas and Kitty, addressed her as follows :

“ It gives me great concern, Susan, I assure you, to turn you away without a character; but justice to others, as well as to myself, requires that I should do so; for the happiness and safety of families depend much on their having regular trusty servants. Had I not been deceived by the person you last lived with, I should not have hired you; for, had I known your faults, I could never have slept a night in peace, while you were in the house; therefore I cannot recommend you to another mistress.

“ I fear, when your wages are spent, you will suffer much distress; but you must consider it as the just punishment of your sin, in imposing upon a master and mistress, who, I can safely say, have endeavoured to do their duty by you. I heartily hope you will become sensible of your faults, that God will forgive you, and that his providence will put you into some honest way of getting a livelihood.” Kind as this discourse was, Susan was not affected with it, but pertly said to Mrs. Brown, that she hoped she should never want a character from her, and flung out of the house.

When she was gone, Mr. and Mrs. Brown commended Thomas and Kitty very much for their fidelity, and said, it should not go unrewarded; on which Thomas generously replied, that the pleasure of doing his duty was a sufficient reward to him, and he should not wish for any other than the good opinion of a master and mistress, whom he was bound in gratitude to honour and serve to the day of his death; and Kitty also declared that it would hurt her to receive any recompense, as the world might say she joined with Thomas, in informing against Susan, for her own ends, which she was sure was not the case.

Mrs. Brown was excessively happy in hearing her servants express such sentiments, and said she should, however, consider them among her sincerest friends, and value them accordingly.

In the evening Thomas and Kitty sat down quite comfortably, and the former proposed to read a book, which had been given to him by Mr. Brown, soon after he came to his place, entitled, *A Present for Servants*; which he had made it a rule to read once a year, ever since he had it. Kitty highly approved of his doing so; for though she pretty well remembered the contents of the book, she thought good advice could not be too often repeated. Thomas finished this book in two evenings, and then read another called, *Serious Advice and Warning to Servants*; both of which clearly point out the duties of servants, and shew what God requires of them*.

As Thomas and Kitty were now by themselves, and knew not what kind of fellow-servant they might have next, they thought it best to take the opportunity of reading some other good books; which, while Susan was there, they could not well read together. Kitty particularly begged Thomas to read to her *Domestic Happiness promoted*; written by the late pious Mr. Jonas Hanway—a book which every young woman in humble life should read and study. Nay, young women of the highest rank would be edified by it.

When Susan left Mr. Brown's house, she went to Lord Townly's, the servants having promised to take her in; here she continued a few days; and then, having quarrelled with her companions, she was desired to go about her business, on which she applied to the woman to whom she had given victuals for doing her work: who readily furnished her with a lodging till her money was gone, and then informed her she must stay no longer.

The distress which Mrs. Brown foretold now came upon Susan, for she had not a friend in that

* Sold at Mr. Rivington's in St. Paul's Church-yard. Printed for the Society for Promoting of Christian Knowledge.

part of the world to apply to, and she resolved to sell some of her fine clothes, in order to raise money enough to carry her up to London. When she arrived there, she asked all her acquaintance to get her a place; but without a character, there was no chance of one. She entered her name at a register office, but no one would hire her: at last she was reduced to down-right beggary, and would have been glad of the hardest crust she had thrown into the hog-tub at Mr. Brown's.

C H A P. XV.

DICK HOWE went on supplying Thomas's place, with reading to Mrs. Simpkins, and the two poor old folks, Goody Todd and Gaffer Jefferies, till a cousin of his, who was a carpenter, sent for him that he might teach him his trade. After he had left school about half a year, he wrote Thomas the following letter.

Dear Thomas,

I HAVE had it in my mind a good while to write a few lines to you; but could not well find time without neglecting my work, for I am but a slow hand as yet, and therefore wish to work as many hours in a day as I can, that I may earn the bread I eat.

My cousin and his wife are very good to me; and we go to church twice every Sunday: but some of the men are very wicked indeed, and lead me a weary life, because I will not go to the alehouse; and all day long they swear, and talk in a very profane manner. But, thank God, Thomas, I now know better than to do so; and hope I shall never forget what you were so kind as to teach me.

If you see my uncle and aunt, pray give my duty to them. God bless you! I pray you to give my service to your mother and Kitty, also to Goody Todd and Gaffer Jefferies. I am,

Your loving friend,

RICHARD HOWE.

To this letter Thomas some time after returned the following answer: this was about the time Susan Clarke went away.

Dear Dick,

I WAS very glad to receive a letter from you; and should have answered it before, but did not know how to send it; for I thought it was not so well for either you or I to spend money in postage, which might be wanted for other uses. Harry Jones is coming your way, and he has offered to take this for me.

I am very happy in my place; and the more so, since I passed an evening in Lord Townly's kitchen. I should not have gone, but my master gave me leave, because, he said, he was sure I would not let them spoil me. O Dick! you cannot think how I was shocked! There are a great many servants, but no religion amongst them; and every one seems to think of nothing but how to be wasteful and extravagant: and I could find, by the footman's talk, that my Lord and Lady themselves make game of every thing that is serious, spend their money without doing any good with it, and pass their whole time in diversions, without caring for their own souls, much less for those of their poor servants: and, as for Sunday, so far from keeping it holy, they even play at cards on it.

To

To be sure, servants cannot go to church, or learn their duty in such places; but I think every one should, before he hires himself, inquire what sort of goings on there are; and not, for the sake of a few pounds a year wages, make his life uncomfortable, and run the hazard of losing his immortal soul, and of being shut out from the joys of heaven.

Besides, it is my thought that Lord Townly's fine footmen will not save as much as I do; for I find they game and drink; and, when they are at London, go to taverns, and other places, where they spend a power of money.

And when they are sick, what are they to do? for such lords and ladies don't trouble their heads about poor servants. One of the housemaids, who had the rheumatism, was sent to the workhouse the other day; and I heard the groom say, that a coachman, who broke his leg by the horse's slipping down on the ice in the frosty weather, owing to his young lord's making him drive fast, was sent to an hospital, and no more care taken about him.

How different is the treatment I meet with! Sick or well, my master and mistress are like parents to me, and I love them as such; nor would I wrong them of a farthing for all the world. I will serve them as long as they live, if it pleases God, before the grandest lord and lady in the land: and so I told Lord Townly's footman, when he said it was pity such a smart lad as I should live with a country parson. We had a cock, Susan Clarke, who got amongst them, and turned the house topsy-turvy; but she is gone away without a character; and I don't think she can get a place in a hurry. I could tell you a deal more about Lord Townly's servants, but I have not time.

I am glad you are happy with your cousin; and hope you will continue to be sober. You are quite right in trying to earn what you can; for it was
 very

very good of your cousin to take you, as he might have had another 'prentice with money. Your uncle and aunt are well, and desire their love to you. My mother and Kitty send their service; and I am

Your loving friend,

THOMAS SIMPKINS.

CHAP. XVI.

FOR some time Kitty and Thomas continued without a companion, for Susan had reported that Mrs. Brown starved her servants, and kept two favourites, with whom it was impossible for any person to live comfortably. Some cooks, who were coming away from their places, were foolish enough to believe this, and would not offer; so the work fell very hard upon Thomas and Kitty, but they did not care how much they did, so that they could live in peace; neither did they make themselves uneasy about the report Susan had raised of them, because they knew they had done no more than their duty, and that time would bring the truth to light.

At last Betty Blowers was hired: she was an honest trusty creature, but extremely passionate, and frequently broke things through her impatience, which was very expensive to her, as it was a rule in Mr. Brown's family for the servants to pay for what they broke: not that Mrs. Brown was so rigid as to insist on it, when she was convinced it was really an accident; but she would take no excuses about cats and dogs, and things coming to pieces in the hand; because, she said, if they were set by carefully, they would not be in the way of cats and dogs; and it

was

was impossible that china and glass should of *themselves*, without some kind of *violence*, come to pieces in the hand: and carelessness was a great fault, for in its consequences it was as bad to a mistress as robbery, because it was taking money out of her pocket for things that would not have been wanted, perhaps even during her life.

I have often been surpris'd at seeing servants, who really were otherwise good ones, quite thoughtless in this particular; and, instead of being concerned at the breaking of crockery ware, regarded it as a thing of course, though it was entirely owing to themselves. How common is it to see a pile of earthen plates and dishes with the small ones at the bottom, the large heavy ones at the top; glasses at the edge of a table, or dresser, where people are obliged to pass; and other things placed in so dangerous a manner, that the wonder is, when they are *not* broke; and yet, if they are cracked or thrown down, a servant is all astonishment, and cries out, "Who would have thought it? I am sure I did not go to do it:" and if a mistress finds fault, will answer pertly, that, "she did not break it for the purpose."

Now all these things are very wrong, and neither Thomas nor Kitty would have been guilty of them for the world; they so accustomed themselves to do as they would be done by, that they took as much care as if it was for themselves. I should not gain belief from many servants, were I to tell how long the knife cloths, dusters, brushes, and every thing they used in their work, lasted, for they would have been ashamed to ask for new ones, unless they could carry the old ones to their mistress fairly worn out; and though Kitty used a great many pans in her dairy, she very seldom had the misfortune to break one. Mrs. Brown took care to reward them accordingly, for they certainly saved her a great deal of money; and

and she often said it was much more agreeable to make little presents to her servants, than to have occasion to be angry with them, or make them lay out their money.

Betty Blowers wished to be as lucky (for so she called it) as the rest, for she could not well afford the expense of buying so many things, and resolved to follow the good example which Kitty and Thomas set, for she was much ashamed of herself. But still she continued very passionate, and would bounce and fly if the least thing went wrong, which was the destruction of many a plate and dish; and she was also apt to take every word spoken in joke, as an affront, which vexed Thomas and Kitty a good deal; however, as she was perfectly sober and honest, they determined to put up with her humours, as nobody is without faults, and the scriptures teach us to bear with one another's infirmities; besides, they could not think of being the cause of turning her out of a good place if they could possibly help it.

Mrs. Brown soon discovered Betty's temper, and very mildly-reproved her for it; Miss Fanny often talked kindly to her; and Mr. Brown at last took her in hand. He told her that he was very sorry to hear that a young woman, who seemed to be in most things well disposed, gave way to a fault which must be very tormenting to herself, and distressing to those she lived with. He then, in a very affecting manner, set before her the example of our blessed Saviour; and shewed with what admirable meekness he bore the cruellest insults. He repeated to her the various texts of Scripture which recommend this virtue, and assured her, that a woman without *meekness* is a monster; for to be of a *meek and quiet spirit* is properly a part of the female character: and it is not possible for one who is continually giving way to *anger*, to be happy even in this world.

world. He added that, in a servant, a passionate temper is a dreadful thing, as it makes great confusion in families; nay, he said, there was no knowing what mischief might be the consequence of giving way to it; ‘but,’ said he, ‘Betty, as example may strike your mind more than precept, I will relate to you an incident which fell within my own knowledge.

“A friend of mine had a cook, who was, like you, a very good servant, and exactly of your temper. It happened one day, that the footman had been warming some beer for a poor old man who frequently came to dinner there, and being in a joking humour, he blacked her face with the copper pot, as he passed her; on this she fell into a furious rage, and snatching up a knife, flung it at him with all her force. The footman (luckily for him) escaped, but the poor old man, who was not so active, standing in the way, the fatal instrument stuck into his leg, and divided a large blood vessel, called an artery, which occasioned his death two days afterwards. No sooner had the foolish girl flung the knife, than she repented of her rashness: think then, Betty, what must be her feelings when she saw the blood streaming from the leg of the poor inoffensive helpless old man!—conceive to yourself what must be the agonies of her mind, when she heard his dying groans? when she beheld the grief of his afflicted wife, with whom he had lived happily many years, and might have lived several more, had not this cruel stroke divided them. Almost frantic with grief and remorse, and ready to break her heart, she wept over the corpse; but her tears could not restore the dead to life; her sorrow could not recompense the disconsolate widow. No sooner was it known that her hand had occasioned the death of a man, than she was seized and confined as a murderer, and took her trial as such; but, as it was clearly proved that she

she bore no malice against the deceased, she was brought in guilty of *manslaughter* only: but never enjoyed any happiness afterwards. — Now," said Mr. Brown, "who can tell, Betty, but that such an accident as this may happen through your indiscretion? Let me beg of you, therefore, to be more on your guard; and when you find anger rising in your mind, check it in the beginning; and consider whether it is worth your while to ruffle your own temper, and disturb the peace of your fellow-servants, about trifles; and, above all, pray to God to give you *grace* to govern your temper, for your own *reason*, I fear, is too weak to do it." Betty shuddered with horror as her good master related this dreadful story; and when he had ended his discourse, thanked him for his good advice, and promised to follow it; she then returned into the kitchen, where she found her fellow-servants, who, instead of calling out, as many would have done, "How do you like your lecture?" and such sort of taunting expressions, spoke kindly to her, which encouraged her to relieve her mind, by telling them how sorry she was for her past conduct, and how desirous to amend it; "but," said she, "I am afraid it will be a long while before I can break myself of a habit, which has taken root in my nature, for it was my misfortune to be encouraged to be passionate from my very childhood, as both my father and mother *prided themselves* in being *hot*, saying that passionate people were the *best tempers*, and that there was no going through the world without a *good spirit*; but I must own," added Betty, "that *my spirit* has been a very tormenting one to me; and till I came here, I had always the ill-luck to live among fellow servants who tried to make me worse, by laughing at me, and doing every thing which they thought would tease and provoke me." Kitty replied, that *she* would never do any thing of that kind, for she pitied Betty with all her heart,

heart, but wondered how people could be so absurd as to *value* themselves upon being passionate. Thomas answered, that he supposed they meant to draw comparisons between themselves, and those of a *sullen obstinate* disposition, who *bear malice and hatred in their heart from day to day*; if so, it must be owned, said he, they are in the right, but no one can seriously think that a *passionate* temper is better than a *meek* one; and, as for a *good spirit*, I think, added he, they are the happiest who have one that they can manage. Betty said, she was certain they were, and would try to govern hers; and wished she could read, that she might look for the texts that her good master had repeated to her. Thomas said, if they related to *meekness*, he had got them written down in a book which he kept by him, on purpose to put him in mind of his duty. This treasury of divine instruction Thomas immediately fetched, and read the following extracts from the holy Scriptures: Ps. xxv. 9. *The meek will be guide in judgment: and the meek will be teach his way.* Ps. xxxvii. 11. *The meek shall inherit the earth: and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.* Ps. cxlvii. 6. *The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.* Ps. cxlix. 4. *For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.* Prov. iii. 34. *Surely he scorneth the scorers: but he giveth grace unto the lowly.* Isa. lvii. 15. *For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to receive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.* Isa. lxvi. 2. *For all these things hath mine hand made, and all these things have been, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.* Matt. v. 5. *Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.* Matt. xi. 29. *Take my yoke upon you,*

you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and you shall find rest unto your souls. Eph. iv. 2. With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love. Col. iii. 12, 13. Put on therefore (as the elect of God, holy and beloved) bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. Titus iii. 2. To speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, shewing all meekness unto all men.

Betty thanked Thomas, and said, she should be obliged to him if he would read them every night, till she had got them by heart, which he readily did; he also taught her to repeat some of the collects out of the Book of Common Prayer, which suited her case; and likewise began teaching her to read: and it was wonderful to see the happy change there was in her, after she cou'd read the Testament, and other good books; she now found that it was the duty of every Christian to be meek and good-natured, and by degrees became a very agreeable fellow-servant, and was extremely grateful to Kitty and Thomas for their kindness to her, which she had an opportunity of shewing by nursing Thomas with great tenderness when he had a bad fever, and by doing Kitty's work while she went into the country to see her mother; so they were rewarded by advantages which they would not have had if they had taken delight in *working her up* till she hated them.

Many a temper, naturally good, is spoiled by teasing people; who, for the sake of fun, say things which they do not think, only to put others in a passion, that they may appear ridiculous; and bad tempers are made a great deal worse by this means; whereas, it is the duty of every Christian, let their station in life be what it will, to try to
make

make those they live amongst better, not to increase their faults, and to avoid saying any thing that gives pain, unless it be necessary for the good of others.

When Betty had lived with Mr. Brown about two years, her mother died; and, as her father had young children, she was obliged to go to keep his house. She was sorry to leave a family where she had been so kindly treated, but her mistress promised to be always a friend to her, and afterwards did her many good offices. A young woman, named Rachel Smithers, was hired in the room of Betty, who proved an excellent servant, and a most agreeable companion to Kitty and Thomas; for she had seen a great deal of the world, and preferred living in such a family as Mr. Brown's, from a love of regularity, and a desire of being in a service where she could have leisure and opportunity to serve God.

As Rachel had lived in London, her fellow-servants were very curious to know what sort of services were to be found in that great town, for they had heard different reports; some praising it as the only place to get forward in, others describing it as unfit for any sober, orderly servant to go to.

“Why, says Rachel, “there is much to be said on both sides; as the wages in London are higher, there are certainly greater opportunities of getting money than in places in the country; but I have had enough of it, and will never go thither again if I can help it.

“I will tell you my history, if you have a mind to hear it.”—“By all means,” said Kitty and Thomas. Rachel therefore began, as you will read in the following chapter.

C H A P. XVII.

“ I Lost my father,” said Rachel Smithers, “ when I was a little child, but my mother was very handy with her needle, and made shift to maintain herself and me. She had the good luck to get me into a charity school, where I learnt to read my Bible ; and my mother took great pains to make me *serve God, and do unto all men as I would they should do unto me.*

“ When I grew a great girl, as she could not get needlework enough to employ herself and me too, she thought it best that I should go to service ; and I was hired by a farmer’s wife, who lived very near to us, where my mother could watch over me with her own eye.

“ Before I went out, my good mother told me to consider what I engaged myself to do, and never to forget that it was my duty *to submit myself to all my betters, and to be true and just in all my dealings* ; she therefore hoped I would not be pert to my master and mistress ; that I would be strictly honest, and not waste any thing I had the care of ; and that whatever faults I might, through heedlessness, be guilty of, I would always speak the truth, and not strive to hide them by telling lies. She likewise desired me to be meek and gentle in my temper, and study to live in peace and quietness with my fellow-servants as far as I could, without joining in any bad practices ; to help them whenever they stood in need of assistance, and be kind to them in sickness. She begged me to be very diligent in my business, and to earn the wages which I was to receive ;

she also desired me to be extremely modest in my behaviour, and not to romp and hoyden with the men; and neither to listen to, or join in, prophane or indecent conversation. She enjoined me to keep at home, and not, like many giddy girls, take a delight in gadding about; and she also desired me to keep from telling any thing out of the family. She said it was not possible for a master and mistress to keep their affairs entirely from the knowledge of their servants, but it was very treacherous for servants to reveal what those they lived with wished to keep private; and a word or two spoken without thought, might chance to do great injury. Above all, my dear mother entreated me to love and serve God; to say my prayers constantly, and to go to church every Sunday if I could.

“ To the farmer’s then I went, where I had plenty of work, and plenty of scolding; for, notwithstanding all my mother had said, I was careless, and my mistress neat; and she was resolved to make me do things well. She was quite right, to be sure, but I did not then think so; and could not help complaining to my mother, who insisted on my staying in my place; which I did as long as she lived; but, losing her when I was about nineteen, I resolved to go to London. With the addition of her clothes I had a very good stock, and she had also saved about five pounds; so that I thought I had plenty of money to last me till I could get into a service, where I should soon become rich. I therefore wrote a few lines to a young woman, whom I knew, that lived in London, and she procured me a lodging; to which, in spite of the persuasions of all my friends, I went. It was in a little dark court, up two pair of stairs, and yet I was to pay two shillings a week for it. I thought that Jenny Hudson had used me ill in providing such a place

place for me, but learnt that house-rent was so dear, a better lodging could not be had for the money. I, who had been used to the fresh country air, and neat white walls, found a great difference in being stived up in such a nasty hole, where the wainscot and ceiling were all black with smoke, and where I was almost ^{as}ured with bugs; but it could not be helped. Jenny tried to get me a place, but all in vain: every thing was very dear; and my money melted away by degrees, till I had none left; and what to do I did not know; so Jenny lent me a few shillings, and I paid one at a register-office, to a person who undertakes to help servants to places, and masters and mistresses to servants. Here I attended every day for a fortnight; for though I saw plenty of people, there was always something or another against my being hired; but the chief objection was, that I could have only a written character.

“ O Kitty, you cannot think what I suffered during that fortnight; often did I wish myself back again with the farmer’s wife, for, having no money, I was obliged to pawn my clothes.”

“ Bless me!” said Kitty, “ it is a dreadful thing indeed to be obliged to pawn one’s clothes !”

“ It is so,” said Rachel, “ yet I have heard say, that pawnbrokers’ shops are in some respects very useful to poor people, but I think they do a great deal of harm, and hope I shall never be driven to one again, for you cannot think how ashamed I felt when I went in; because there are a great many bold wicked girls who frequent those shops, and I was afraid of being taken for one of them; and besides, I knew it was my own fault, that I was reduced to such beggarly shifts.”

“ At last I hired myself to be a maid of all work, to a person who let lodgings; and went to my place

the next evening, hoping to mend my condition ; but, alas ! I was mistaken. Every part of the house, except a back parlour, (as they called it,) two garrets, and a nasty dark back kitchen, were let to different people, and I had to clean every room, and wait on all the lodgers. My mistress was not over neat to be sure, but yet I had work enough in running up stairs and going of errands ;—one called me one way, and one another, so that at night my poor legs ached till I was ready to die ; and I was forced to go with holes in my stockings, and ragged gowns, because I had not a minute's time to mend my clothes ; and as to church, I never entered one. Yet here I was obliged to stay till I could get a better place : at last Mrs. Randall, a lady who lodged in our best room, had some money left her ; and being now able to keep a servant, and have a little house, she agreed to take me ; so I gave my mistress warning, and soon after lived in a more airy part of the town with Mrs. Randall, who was very kind to me, and I lived comfortably above a year ; but then, to my sorrow, she died.

“I had in this place seven pounds a year ; and yet I assure you I could not save so much as at the farmer's out of four pounds ; it cost me such a deal for dressing smart, and drinking tea ; and when I was out of place, that little soon grew less ; however, before it was quite gone, I hired myself as cock in a family where they kept two maids and a footman. In this house there was a perpetual racketing ; card-playing without end, and turning night into day : never could we servants go to bed till one, two, or three in the morning, so we were forced to lie the later. But though my master and mistress lived so genteelly, they were not rich ; he had a place in the Treasury, (where all the money that is paid to the king for taxes is kept,) which brought

brought him in four hundred pounds a year; but that was not enough for such extravagant doings, so they tried to win money at cards: sometimes they had good luck, and sometimes bad; if the former, it was all very well; but if the latter, which was often the case, we were sure to have fine pinching and squeezing in the kitchen, for new clothes and wax candles must be had let who would go without a dinner; and I do assure you, that often and often we servants did not know what it was to have a good meal in a week; so that scarcely any but me would stay above a month; but I was so afraid of being out of place, that I made shift to rub on a year and half; and by that time my master, what with his losses at cards and other extravagancies, was obliged to quit housekeeping, and I was again on my own hands.

“ I had now a great mind to go back into the country, but was ashamed, because I had made such boasting of what great things I should do when I got to London; so I tried for another place, and got to be laundry-maid in a merchant's family, where seven servants were kept; four maids, a coachman, and footman, and a boy to run of errands. My master and mistress were very good-natured people; I could have been glad to have served them till now; but they had one fault, which was leaving their servants too much to themselves, for they were rich, and did not value money; and it was their luck to have such, while I was there, as no honest girl could live with any comfort among. Their whole study all day was to impose upon their master and mistress, and indulge their own idleness; and a thousand out-of-the-way tricks they played. As for the poor errand boy, he led a weary life, for every one thought they had a right to order him about; so they made him do half their work, and

used him as if he was a dog; many time has he cried and took on to me, and would have run away without knowing where to go, for he had not a friend in the world, but that I persuaded him to try a little longer, in hopes that my master and mistress would see how he was treated, and now and then I comforted him with a dish of tea. I had a great mind to tell of my fellow-servants; but they talked so much before me against informers (as they called people who would not conceal all they saw and heard) that, like a foolish girl as I was, I was afraid to do my duty, though my conscience told me I was in the wrong, and made me quite unhappy. For a long time I was at a loss to think what would become of all the things that went out of the house—bread, butter, cheese, &c. as I did not see them given away; but by chance I discovered it; as I will tell you to-morrow night, for the bell will ring for prayers in a minute.”

C H A P. XVIII.

THE next evening Rachel continued her history as follows: “I had usually bought my tea and sugar at a shop where Mrs. Randall dealt, for the grocer had always served me well; and, though my custom was not of much value, I did not like to change; but it happened one day that I was quite out of tea, and the boy was not in the way; so, as I had not time to go to the grocer’s, I went to a chandler’s shop, where I heard my fellow-servants say they always dealt. The woman who kept it was very curious to know where I came from, and fished out that I lived laundry-maid at
Mr.

Mr. Lloyd's; on this she would take no money of me, but said, "If I would bring her what soap, starch, and blue, I could crib every week, she would keep me in tea and sugar, and I should be welcome to stay at her house whenever I was out of place.

"This proposal made my very blood run cold; and I answered with horror, that I was not one of that sort of people who cheat their masters and mistresses; and away I went, without my tea and sugar, resolving never to enter the shop again. I could now account for the great quantities of provisions which I was sure must go out of the house, though the servants were so shy of me, that they would not let me into their secrets, because, whenever they proposed any thing bad, I would not agree to it; and at last they all joined in a scheme to do my business, as they called it; so one invented one tale of me, and one another, till my mistress began to think I was a deceitful girl, though she could not say but that I got the linen up very nicely. It made me quite unhappy to lie under such suspicions; and at last I resolved to tell what I knew; which I accordingly did; but the other servants denied it; and as my mistress, from their tales, had a bad opinion of me, she did not know who to believe, therefore resolved to turn us all away; and a dreadful life I led for a whole month, as you may well suppose, so you see the bad consequences of keeping silence when one is witness to other people's dishonesty. For my part, I made a resolution, which I will keep as long as I live, never to conceal such things for the future. Why should one stand in awe of what wicked folks may say, while there is a God above, who will protect those who speak the truth and act justly? Had I done at first as my conscience told me I ought to do, I should have saved

myself many an uneasy hour, and should not have been ranked with a set of creatures whose ways my soul abhorred.

“ Before I left the place, I begged my mistress to hear all I had to say, and told her every thing that I should before have told her, and also entreated that she would not turn away poor Jack, the errand boy, as he would starve, and she might get many a boy before she would get a better. My mistress seemed inclined to believe me, but blamed me very much for keeping to myself what I had done, as well she might; she however promised to give me the best character she could, and told me she would take care of Jack one way or another.

“ I had not been a week out of place before I heard that Mrs. Elderton wanted a nursery-maid. Though I dressed much more than I do now, I was afraid I was hardly smart enough for this place, as the family lived very genteelly; but was told that Mrs. Elderton did not like fine nursery-maids, many of whom are to be seen in London with stiff long-waisted stays, in which they cannot stoop to lead a child about properly, and fine muslin aprons and handkerchiefs, which I fear the poor little dears get many a slap for rumpling. I waited on Mrs. Elderton, and was hired: upon condition that I would in every particular do as I was directed, and not set up my judgment against my master and mistress, even when I was out of their sight. This I readily promised; for I thought to myself, that parents have a right to lay down rules for the management of their children; that such people as Mr. and Mrs. Elderton, who study for the best methods, must know better than such a poor ignorant girl as I could pretend to do; that it was my duty to obey them; and that it would be less care
to

to me to follow directions, than to have to think *myself* what was best to be done.

“Did this Lady take you without a character?” said Kitty. “No, replied Rachel, “Mrs. Lloyd told her the whole story about her parting with all her servants: and on my assuring Mrs. Elderton that I had no acquaintance with the others she ventured to take me, but not without expressing some suspicion of my having been concerned in their schemes; which mortified me not a little, but I resolved to bear the mortification with patience, as I certainly brought it upon myself, and I trusted that I should in time, by good behaviour, remove them.”

“I hope,” said Thomas, “that you met with good fellow-servants in that place!”

“I cannot say much for their goodness,” answered Rachel, “they imposed upon their master and mistress sadly, and played much such tricks as Mr. Lloyd’s servants; but I determined not to connive at them, therefore told my mistress of their doings, who by watching them soon found them out, and turned them away; after which they had the luck to have very good ones, and we were all happy together for some time: the cook staid as long as I did; but some servants were married away, and others went to live with their friends, or were ill; so that we had many changes, and of course some disagreeable people. I shall never forget one thing that happened, I am sure, for I was frightened almost out of my wits.” At this instant Mr. Brown rang the bell, which put an end to Rachel’s story for the present; the next evening she renewed her tale, as you will read in the following chapter.

C H A P. XIX.

“WE had a house maid,” continued Rachel, “who was a fine dressy lass; and, having a pretty face, she had taken it into her head that she should make her fortune by it; so she was for ever contriving how to shew herself; and never made a bed or swept a room, but she kept running backwards and forwards to the windows, which looked into the street; and of an evening used to stand at the street door, and talk to any man who would stop and speak to her. Cook, as she afterwards told me, used to say a great deal to her about it, but to no purpose; at last it happened that my master and mistress went from home, and the men servants went with them. I kept up in the nursery with the children, and did not go down stairs the whole evening. Cook, having nothing to do, told Jenny she was sleepy, and would go to bed, and Jenny promised to follow her directly; but, instead of doing so, she let in a young man, who called himself a gentleman, and had for some time pretended to be her sweetheart: as soon as he had gained admittance, and found that there was nobody else in the way, he seized upon Jenny, crammed a handkerchief in her mouth, and tied her legs and hands; he then opened the street door, and let in another villain. Having some things to mend, which were going into the wash for the children, I sat up later than usual, which Jenny, I suppose, did not suspect, and I thought I heard the fore-door open, and a struggling in the passage; on this I threw up the window,

window, and, fortunately for me, saw two watchmen just under it, to whom I mentioned my suspicions: three men who were passing came up at the instant, and with the watchmen entered the house, (for the thieves had not fastened the door.) When they came in they found Jenny as I described; one villain packing up the plate, and the other standing by poor Cook's bedside, with a knife in his hand, swearing he would cut her throat if she made the least noise. They were both secured, and afterwards hanged. So you see the danger to which giddy girls expose a family by staring out at windows and standing at street doors."

"Well," said Kitty, "you put me in mind of a thing that I remember; I know of a house that was robbed by a girl's standing at a back door. She was servant to 'Squire Villars's steward; a poor giddy girl that thought of nothing but sweethearts, and was continually out at this back door, chattering to one or another. All the idle young fellows in the village pretended to court her, and she gave her company to them in turn. Her master's cellar suffered for this, as her sweethearts always desired a draught of beer, which she could not refuse, though she knew it was wrong to give it. At last a gang of gypsies took up their abode in a barn hard by; and one night, when the girl's master and mistress were gone from home, and nobody was in the house but herself, one of them came to the back-door, and offered to tell her fortune; and having told her a number of fine things that were (as she said) to happen to her, begged some meat and beer: she went to fetch it; in the mean time a man belonging to the gang slipped in and hid himself in the house. Not suspecting such a thing, the girl went to rest at her usual time: but what was her surprise in the morning to find the house stripped, and all her own
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clothes

clothes gone ! she ran about the village like one distracted, and went to the barn to see if the fortunetellers could point out the thief ; when, to her grief, she found they had decamped in the night, and it was the general opinion that they had committed the robbery."

" Well," said Thomas, " I think it is very foolish in girls to stand out either at street or back-doors. What man worth having will go to such places to look for a wife ? I am sure I should be for one that kept the house ; if servant maids wish to be well married, they should be discreet, and get a good name for being trusty servants, and then they will be sought for. But pray, what became of fine Mrs. Jenny ?"

" Why," replied Rachel, " she lost her place and her character too, as you may suppose, and then took to walking the streets of nights, as many poor wicked creatures do. I am sure my heart has ached many and many a time to see young women, who might have been happy in service, if they had not given their minds to vanity, suffering such distress and ill-treatment, as you, who live in the country, have no notion of. If you are out of an evening in London, you may see hundreds of them, some dressed like ladies, with painted cheeks, pretending to be gay and happy, while their poor hearts are, perhaps, ready to break, on account of the lives they lead, and the insults they are forced to bear. I have heard my master, Mr. Elderton, say, that they are frequently beat and abused worse than dogs, and sometimes taken up by the watchmen, and put into Bridewell, where they beat hemp ; and sometimes they are sent to other prisons for debt, where they live upon bread and water. Many learn to drink drams, in order to drown care, and kill themselves that way. They usually live in dirt and wretchedness,

ness, up little courts and alleys; those who have any shame hide themselves all day; and many sit shivering with cold and hunger, wishing for a bit of bread, which they would be glad to earn in the most laborious manner, but cannot get employment for want of characters; whilst the more wicked and abandoned run about in bedgowns, without caps, talking in such a way as puts modest people out of countenance. The sight of such wretches ought to be a warning to all young girls, who are in low stations, not to be fond of finery, or of giving their company to idle men, who flatter only to delude them." The clock now struck eight, and Thomas went to lay his cloth.

CHAP. XX.

WHEN Thomas was gone, "Dear me," said Kitty, "how shocking it is to hear of such things as you have been telling of, Rachel! I cannot get them out of my head. I am sure, if I was to live in London. I should be afraid to stir out of doors, and should think every man who wanted to be my sweetheart was a house-breaker."

"O!" replied Rachel, "house-breakers are not the only people to be afraid of; there is equal danger of girls being deluded by men-servants, and even by gentlemen; they should therefore be on their guard, and resolve not to listen to the nonsense which such deceitful persons talk to them, and should be contented with such plain decent apparel as suits their condition, and not wish for fine things;
but

but it is the hope of being married so as to be made ladies of, that leads girls into the folly of loving fine clothes, and makes them spend what they ought to endeavour to lay by. For my part I have seen many girls dress out with this view, and never knew but one succeed; her name was Polly Firmin; she was a very handsome girl, and lived in a family where there was a young gentleman, one of her master's sons, who, by her arts, she contrived to make desperately in love with her, and he took her to Scotland and married her unknown to his parents; but what was the consequence? She was not happy; for she was obliged for some time to live in a retired lodging in the country, and as her husband had nothing but what he depended on his father for, he could not keep her in that grand way she expected; and when his friends discovered his imprudence they were exceedingly angry, and his father never forgave him to his dying day, but cut him off with a small portion in his will; the rest of the family looked coldly upon him, and would never own his wife for a relation, and she was not a fit companion for a gentleman of his learning; so at last he grew tired of her, and they lived a wretched life together, and she found to her sorrow that she had much better have been married to an honest working man, to whom she would have made a good wife, as she was very notable."

"I have often thought," said Kitty, "that it is best for young women to marry to those of their own degree; for my part I should feel very awkward if I was obliged to dress like a lady, and sit down in a grand room to receive fine folks, and all that."

"You would indeed, Kitty," replied Rachel, "for I, who have seen the world, know, that grand people make great game of those who try to ape them; and well they may, for it is very foolish to be
sure,

sure, and many a girl gets ruined by doing so. They put on fashionable things, it is true, but they will not look genteel in them, for real ladies have a sort of manner of carrying themselves which servant girls cannot copy, and they look a hundred times better when dressed plain and neat. But there is no persuading many to think so, and they go on decking themselves out beyond what their wages will afford, and then fall a prey to any man who will give them fine things, and at last come to be poor miserable wretches, such as I before told you walk the streets by hundreds in London every night."

"Many girls are led aside in the country too," said Kitty, "but it is not so much a desire of finery, as a loving of romping, that leads them astray."

"This happens still oftener in London, where there are a number of men in large families," said Rachel. "A girl who is naturally of a lively temper gives way to giddy mirth, which encourages the footmen or shopmen to romp with her. At first this appears very harmless; but the silly girl by allowing it begins to think less of the modesty that belongs to her sex, and when the men perceive this, they talk improper language to her, and from that proceed to liberties, which end in her ruin and shame."

"It is very odd to me," said Kitty, "that girls can laugh, as I have seen some do, when men talk rudely to them and pull them about. I am sure nothing makes me more angry, for it is a sign that they have a bad opinion of one's modesty; and I am sure those girls who answer them again in their own way, and allow their freedoms, do not consider what the catechism says about *keeping the body in chastity*; for the meaning of this is, that we should be modest in all our *thoughts, words, and deeds*."

"Very

“ Very true,” replied Rachel, “ but I fear, Kitty, there are many women in the world, who do not think about *chastity* at all; and so that they do not quite lose the chance of getting places, care not what people say or think of them. If girls would read the Scriptures and other good books, instead of the nonsense they often waste time upon, they would escape many a snare. But thoughtless girls look upon having a *sweetheart* as the greatest happiness in life, and, as soon as they fancy themselves *in love*, or a man in love with them, instead of considering what modesty and prudence require, they get all the love-songs and fortune-books they can meet with, and fill their heads with romantic notions, which give men, who court them with a view to betray, every advantage against them.”

“ Well,” said Kitty, “ I never had a sweet-heart yet, unless our Thomas may be called one, who is very kind to me to be sure, but he never talks in any unhandsome way, or takes any freedom with me; if he did I should tell my mistress directly: and if he was even to propose marrying me, I should think of that again and again, and ask my mistress’s advice, and write to my parents before I consented.”

“ You would do very right,” said Rachel, “ and I commend you greatly for your modesty; depend on it, the more discreet you are, as a maiden, the happier you will be when a wife. Modesty, as my good master, Mr. Elderton, once said to me, is a jewel which a woman should never part with for any price, and she should wear it at all times; for none are so high that they need disdain it, or so low as to be debarred from it, and it adorns the homely attire of a country lass more than gold and diamonds do the gorgeous attire of a wanton. Who then, Kitty, would throw aside an ornament, which makes them

them equal, in one respect at least, with the highest of their sex, and certainly recommends them to the favour of God."

When Thomas had done waiting at supper, he sat himself down to eat his own with the maids, and asked "if Rachel had gone on with her history;" she said "no, she had only been talking with Kitty, concerning some of the dangers young women were exposed to in London." "I have heard," said Thomas, "that it is a sad place for a sober young man to go to."

"That it is," answered Rachel, "unless he lives in a very regular family. I would not advise any lad to go to London at a venture, for there are a thousand snares and traps for those who do. Neither is it safe for a new servant, who is a stranger in London, to make acquaintance with others in the neighbourhood, or even with those who come with messages to his master or mistress. There are a number of idle young fellows of footmen, who have no work to do, but just to wait at table, carry messages, and ride behind coaches; these spend most of their time in dressing, drinking, and gaming, and take a pride and a pleasure in corrupting young men who come out of the country; silly lads, that are more fearful of being laughed at for awkwardness and bashfulness than of offending God, imitate these coxcombs, till they themselves become as bad."

"Well but," said Thomas, "it is their own fault; for if a servant will but consider what his duty requires of him, resolve to do it, and pray to God to give him grace to keep his resolution, the devil himself cannot prevail against him."

"True, Thomas," answered Rachel, "but the misfortune is, that few footmen think much about God or the devil; they go up to London with a desire to get a deal of money, do but little work,
and

and take their pleasure. With these notions they enter a state of life full of temptations, and no wonder they fall a prey to them as they do. Religion, Thomas, is the only thing that can preserve any person from loving the pomps and vanities of this world; and therefore a servant, whether man or woman, should keep to what that teaches. It is wrong to say, *they have no time to serve God*, for there are few places where they may not find time to read, and go to church too, if they have a sincere desire to do so; and if there are no family prayers, servants may still pray to God by themselves, morning and evening at least; and besides that, may offer up a short prayer while they are doing their business, which they naturally will do, if they use themselves to thinking that they are always in the sight of God, and that he knows their most secret thoughts. I am sure I can say, from my own knowledge, that such sort of prayers are of great service, for I had a vast deal to do at Mr. Elderton's, having always a young child in arms, another just running alone, and four in all to work for, yet I never missed saying in the course of the day, "*O Lord, have mercy upon me, and enable me by thy grace to do thy holy will; make me true and just in all my dealings;*" and such kind of petitions, according as occasion required; which kept up the remembrance of God, and made me act as in his holy presence."

"Ay," said Thomas, "there is nothing like religion, Rachel, to make people act right, and render them happy too; I am sure I have found the comfort of a religious education, and am bound to bless and pray for those by whose bounty I was taught to read."

"And so am I," said Kitty: "but pray go on with your story, Rachel; how came you to leave Mrs. Elderton?" "Why," said Rachel, "my master

master had some great place given him in the East-Indies, and went abroad, which I could not get up my heart to do; so was obliged to leave a master and mistress whom I loved and honoured sincerely, and children who were as dear to me as if they had been my own. I had lived at Mr. Elderton's six years, and brought up four children from the month; so when I left my place my master made me a present of twenty pounds, and desired his brother, if I was in distress at any time, to give me assistance. Thus you see I got money and friends too, by my honesty and courage."

"Was you not ready to break your heart when you parted from the children?" said Kitty.

"Indeed I was," replied Rachel; "especially when I put them into the hands of a black woman: but it was a great comfort for me to think, that I had not made them afraid of such people, as is a very common practice with many nursery-maids—*"the black man shall have you,"* they cry, if a child is a little unruly; or, *"I'll put you into the dark hole."* This I never did, for I thought to myself, the poor blacks are harmless enough, and meet with hard treatment sufficient already, as I have heard say; there is no need therefore to set children against them, who would in that case most likely grow up enemies to them; and should they in the course of their lives have any blacks under them, might use them ill on that account, or else be under a thousand vain fears. And as for *dark holes*, how cruel it is to terrify children with them, because we are as safe in the dark as in the light, for God Almighty's providence is over us at all times, and in all places."

"I long to know, Rachel, what you did for a place," said Thomas. "Why," answered Rachel, "I had seen so much of London, that I resolved

resolved to leave it; and coming down to stay a little with my cousin Larkin, who lives in the next village, I heard of Mr. Brown's place, and gladly hired myself; and here I hope to live happily many years."

"I think," said Kitty, "you had tolerably good luck in London; so that you had no need to set yourself so much against it: and I don't find but that there are as good masters and mistresses there as in the country."

"Very true, Kitty," answered Rachel, "there are doubtless numbers of good masters and mistresses in London, and many others who *would* be good ones, if they were better served; but, though I am a servant myself, I must own that servants are got to a sad pass, and in general behave so ill that ladies and gentlemen do not know whom to trust; and when they have been deceived, by one after another, are apt to think all are alike; it is therefore very unfortunate for a good servant to come *after* such, and uncomfortable to live *among* them: but, in the first case, time will most likely mend their condition, if they have but patience to stay and keep to their duty; and, in the latter, they certainly ought to expose whatever wicked ways they see, which are likely to injure their masters and mistresses, who in all probability will reward and love them for their honesty, and to endeavour to get them more suitable companions. But if it so happens that good servants *must* live, and be ranked with worthless ones, they should comfort themselves with the thought that God is *above all*, and *seeth not as man seeth*, for the LORD looketh on the HEART.

"A man or woman who wishes for a service in London should, if possible, inquire the character of masters and mistresses before they hire themselves. I do not mean that they should listen
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to the tittle-tattle of turned-off servants, charwomen, or chandler's shop keepers, for such are seldom to be depended on, and will often for their own ends give places a bad name; but inquiry should be made whether the gentleman or lady are good livers, whether they go to church and keep early hours of a night; for if so, a servant has a chance of being comfortable and safe with them: but if their thoughts be entirely given to card-playing and diversion, there is little room to expect they will attend to the happiness of their domestics; on the contrary, there is no knowing what harm they may do to poor folks, whose hard lot it is to serve them, by setting a bad example, and keeping them from the public service of God."

Kitty and Thomas expressed great satisfaction at being themselves so happily situated, and resolved to form no wishes for London services; in which resolution Rachel confirmed them; by declaring that she never felt herself so happy as at present.

C H A P. XXI.

MR. and Mrs. Brown had great objection to their servants gossiping; yet they were not so strict as to insist upon their having no acquaintance at all; for, though they would not allow tea-drinking and junketing, they were very willing to let them go out, or have a friend come to see them at proper times, which was as much as either Kitty, Rachel, or Thomas desired. These good servants thought it very unreasonable to waste their time, to fill their master's kitchen with their visitors, and regale them at his expense; neither could they afford to treat them themselves. Indeed, they did
not

not give at all into the custom of tea-drinking, and by their savings in this, and the article of dress, both the maids, though they had no more than six pounds a year wages, laid by money, which was a great comfort to them in case of misfortunes; for as Kitty often said—Who could tell what might happen? She hoped her master and mistress would keep her as long as they lived, but life was uncertain; besides she might be ill herself, and obliged to leave her place, and her poor father and mother could not afford to keep her, and she should be ashamed to go into the workhouse, because every body must know that she might have saved money if she would; and if sickness did not happen, she might settle in the world, and then a little money would be very acceptable; or, if she had no chance of that, she should at least have something to help her in old age.

It is very strange that servants in general should have no thoughts of this kind, and yet it is plain they have not, or they would not as they do spend all their money upon their backs.

Among the young women with whom Kitty was acquainted was Molly Banks. She was a very sober, good girl, but had a mother that was more indulgent than mothers should be, whose daughters are obliged to go out into the world; and this made servitude very hard to Molly. Mrs Downes, the grocer's wife, with whom she first lived, was a good kind of a woman, but very neat and particular. Molly was thoughtless: and though by no means of an idle disposition, yet very negligent, and rather flatteringly, which often made her mistress angry with her. This Molly, who had never been accustomed to be chid, thought very unkind, and she used to make heavy complaint of it whenever she saw her friend Kitty. This good girl guessed how the matter was; and, instead of railing against Mrs. Downes, she

she tried to reconcile Molly to her place, and persuaded her to try to give more satisfaction. "Depend on it, Molly," she would say "there is no good to be had by frequent changes, and few mistresses are so bad but they will be pleased with a servant who *tries* to please them. I am afraid the fault is on your side; for indeed you don't dress as if you were tidy; how can you go with your hair so loose, your gown sleeves unsewed, and the heel-pieces off your shoes? I can tell you, that were I to do so, my mistress would chide me. When I first went out into the world, I thought every thing a hardship, as you do; for my mistress would not pass over a single fault, nor suffer me to do any thing wrong, without making me do it over and over again, till I did it right. This at last made me careful; and now I go on as comfortably as can be, and never have an angry word; and I think my mistress was the best friend I had in the world, in taking the trouble of correcting my faults, and hope to serve her till I settle in the world."

This encouraged Molly Banks to try to get into *her* mistress's ways also; which she at last did, and made a very pretty servant, and was quite happy.

Rachel Smithers had a friend named Becky Perkins, who lived cook with a whimsical old gentleman, that was very hard to please indeed, though he was in the main a good sort of man. She used to vent her complaints to Rachel, who always desired her to stay in her place since she had the opportunity of serving God and going to church, which she might not have every where. "That," said Rachel, "is now the first thing I think of, when I hire myself; for, you know, it is *the one thing needful*. If servants go out into the world, as there are many tempers in it, and nobody is without faults, they must not expect always to have their master and mistress quite agreeable; but

but, if they are not wicked, one should not mind a few odd humors.

“Masters and mistresses have often much more to disturb their minds than servants have. Sometimes a large business to manage, which brings many a care; and sometimes their children give them trouble and vexation. A servant should consider all this, and think how many hours a master and mistress often lie awake, to contrive about providing for the wants of those that depend on them, while their men and maids are sound asleep, quite free from care. For my part, when I see a master or mistress fret, and hear them find fault without cause as it seems, I always think to myself—Poor souls! something or other vexes them; so I never give a saucy answer, but try all I can to please them; and many and many a time have I gained good-will by this means; but if I had not, I should have known I was pleasing God, who will reward me in another world, for trying to do my duty in this. I never approved of rambling about from service to service; for, as the old saying is, *a rolling stone never gathers moss*. So I would advise you, Becky, to stay with the old gentleman.”

Becky at last took a resolution that she would not fret at her master's humours; nor answer again when he was pettish: and she soon found the difference, for he did not scold half so much; often made her little presents; and when he died, left her a legacy.

C H A P. XXII.

THERE was another young woman who lived nursery-maid at Mr. Richardson's the apothecary, with whom Rachael and Kitty became acquainted, by her bringing the children sometimes to Mrs. Brown's: her name was Nanny Burton. She was a very good-natured girl, and fond of the children, but had many foolish ways with them; these Rachel, who had been a nursery-maid herself, and was an experienced, and really a sensible servant, observed, and thought, as Mr. Richardson was very often from home, and the little dears had lost their mamma, it would be an act of kindness to tell her of them. One of these faults was, making a favourite of the youngest child, and suffering it to tyrannise over the elder ones. This was certainly very wrong; and Rachel told Nanny that it was not only unjust to the others, but cruel to the child itself, which, if suffered to have its own way in that manner, would, as it grew up, be unhappy and a plague to every body. "If one child must be above the others," said Rachel, "it is natural, I think, to let it be the eldest; but, for my part, I would treat all alike."

Another silly custom Nanny had, was talking nonsense to the children, and answering them in such kind of words as babies speak when they first try to talk. This Rachel blamed her for very much, but owned she had the same fault herself, till Mr. Elderton broke her of it in a very droll way; she said she should never forget it as long as she lived. It was one summer's day that her master and mistress were going to see an uncle who lived about twenty miles off, and she was to go in the coach with them,
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and carry her young master in her lap: "Just as I was getting in," said she, "my master said—Now, Rachel, let us have none of your nonsense; if you do, I shall find a method of curing you of it for the future. So I promised I would not say a silly word all the way, if I could help it. Luckily for me, the child slept great part of the journey, and of course I held my tongue; but as soon as the dear little soul opened its eyes, and began to look about, I quite forgot myself, and called out—*Georgy Porgy, Deary Peary, Ridy Pidy, Coachy Poachy!* and should have gone on with the same kind of stuff, if my master had not immediately stopped the coachman; and taking the child in his own lap, ordered me to get out, for he said he had rather nurse twelve hours than be shut up in a coach half of one, to hear such gibberish; so poor I was obliged to walk the other five miles all in the broiling heat: and this made me remember talking nonsense to children; and I think I shall never talk so again."

"To say the truth," added Rachel, "though I was very mad at the time, I do not think my master was to blame; for it must be very provoking to gentlefolks, who mean to give their children good learning, and wish them to be clever as soon as they can, to have them taught by their nurses to talk such nonsense as no one can understand."

"What you say is very true, Rachel," said Kitty. "Why there is Miss Hannah White, that visits at our house, who is eleven years old, often makes her mamma blush in company at hearing her lisp, and speak many words like a baby; which I dare say is owing to her having had nonsense talked to her in the nursery, for I perceive she can speak otherwise when she tries. It is a sad thing for a young lady to be served so; but it may be still worse for young gentlemen, as nobody knows what they may be when they grow up to man's estate: and it is my belief that
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the reason why so many parsons speak so badly in the pulpit, is owing first of all to this very thing: therefore, if ever I live nursery-maid, I am determined it shall not be said of me that I helped to spoil a good parson; for one of my first cares shall be to make children speak plainly."

Nanny owned that what they said was very true, though she had not thought of it before. She was sure the children were as dear to her as if they were her own, and she would do the best she could by them.

"Well, then," said Rachel, "shall I tell you of some other things that I would not do?" "Yes, and thank you too," said Nanny, "for I am not above learning." Rachel then added, that she had several times heard her threaten the children, when naughty, that an old man should take them. "My master, that I told you of before," said she, "was dreadfully angry with me once for that, and said I was a fool for frightening children, and wicked in setting them against old men, for they ought from their cradles to be taught to reverence the aged; and the Scriptures say as much: to be sure my master was very right!"

"Yes," said Kitty, "that he was: I hate, for my part, to hear old folks made bugbears of; we should not like to be served so ourselves."

"Well, but," said Nanny, "how shall I manage the children, if I must neither humour nor frighten them? Then I had need spend a mint of money in cakes and sugar-plums, to bribe them to be good."

"No," said Rachel, "that is as wrong a thing as you can do; it makes children covetous and mean-spirited to bribe them: they should be taught to do right, because they ought to do so, and for fear of God Almighty's being angry with them. And, as for cakes and sugar-plums, they are nasty poisonous things,

things, and do children harm; so I would never let them taste them.

“ I will tell you a better way than bribing them: never do any thing for children when they cry, or speak unhand somely; nor let them have any thing that will hurt them, but keep your own temper, that they may see you don't deny them out of ill-nature; and, when they are good, do every thing to please them that is proper to be done; and I dare say you will have greater command of them than you have now.

“ But, above all things, Nanny, never deceive children, but speak the truth to them, as strictly as you would wish others to speak it to you. I declare, one would suppose, from the way in which some folks talk to children, that they take them all for natural fools, without understanding; but they have more sense than these people think of, and take notice of all that is said or done: or else, how could they learn to talk or know the meaning of so many words as they do when they are so young? My master was very particular about this matter; and it would have been as much as my place was worth, to have promised a child any thing without performing it; for he said children try to imitate what they hear and see in grown people, and therefore all about them should set good examples.”

Nanny was very thankful for this advice; and followed it so, that by degrees she became a most excellent nursery-maid, and brought up all the children, who were friends to her as long as she lived, and her master rewarded her very hand somely.

Another young woman to whom Rachel and Kitty were of great use, was Lucy Becket: she was a very clever handy girl; but knowing her own abilities, she over-valued them so, that she would not bear the least fault to be found with her, without giving
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warning, by which means she frequently threw herself out of place; but being known as an useful servant, she was hired first by one and then by another, till she lived with several people in the village, who were, in turn, obliged to part with her for the insolence above mentioned: at last she was hired by Mrs. Fleming, a lady who treated her servants with proper kindness and indulgence, but who would not put up with any impertinence. This place was a very profitable one, and quite suitable to Lucy in every respect, yet she foolishly gave warning as usual on some trifling occasion, and in an hour after repented of her imprudence, and hoped that by civil behaviour she should induce her mistress to pass by this fault unnoticed, for she was far from wishing to go away: however, Mrs. Fleming behaved with such coolness as plainly shewed her displeasure. Quite frightened with the thoughts that she should lose a good place, Lucy took occasion to consult Rachel and Kitty, who blamed her very much, and advised her to beg pardon. "No," replied Lucy, "that shall never be said of me, I will not be so mean spirited." "Do you call it mean spirited to confess a fault?" said Kitty. "I think it is much more so to be obstinate." "Very true," said Rachel, "it is certainly very wrong for any body to throw themselves out of a good service, rather than shew proper humility. Surely it may be called tempting God Almighty; for when his providence places people where they may be happy, if they will, can they expect his blessing will follow them if they wilfully throw themselves out of it? I have known many girls act like you, Lucy, who lived to repent it, as I fear you will do." "I fancy she will soon have reason," answered Kitty, "for I heard my mistress say that all the gentlefolk in the village were surpris'd when Mrs. Fleming hired Lucy, as her character for changing was so well known;

known; and after leaving so good a place, I don't think any one here will hire her, so I would advise her to humble herself." "It is certainly your duty to do so, Lucy," said Rachel, "for giving warning in a pet, is one of the greatest insults that can be offered to a mistress, and does not at all agree with God's command to submit to all one's betters; for my part, if at any time I should wish to change my place, I should study to tell my mistress so with all the civility in my power." Lucy said that she was afraid the other servants would laugh at her, if she should offer to humble herself." "Never mind if they do," said Kitty. "Better be laughed at for doing right, than suffer for doing wrong." In short, these good girls made use of so many arguments that Lucy's pride gave way, and she returned home with a resolution to ask her mistress's pardon, but her foolish spirit rose up again, and prevented her every time she had an opportunity; at last she got up her heart to speak, when, to her great mortification, her mistress told her she had hired a servant. Lucy was exceedingly vexed indeed, and opened her mind to her two friends as they walked from church the next Sunday, who admonished her to behave as well as possible while she staid with her mistress, which was very serviceable advice, for she intended to give herself a great many airs. At length the time came for her to be discharged, and she begged her mistress to give her a character. "That I certainly will do," said Mrs. Fleming, "and shall speak as favourably as I can of you, Lucy: but it is my rule never to conceal any capital fault, because I wish in hiring a servant to be treated with candour myself; however, I shall not fail when I name yours, to mention your submissive behaviour since." Lucy went away with an aching heart, resolving never more to throw herself out of a good place by her folly, but it was not her luck to get a good one; for her next mistress was

proud,

proud, passionate, and stingy; however, by the encouragement of Kitty and Rachel, she bore every disagreeable circumstance with patience for a long while, and afterwards was hired into a very good family, where she behaved well and lived happily.

What an advantage it was to Molly Banks, Becky Perkins, Nanny Burton, and Lucy Becket, to have such friends, as Kitty and Rachel! Had they fallen in the way of many servants, they would have been set against good places, and perhaps would never have settled as long as they lived.

Whatever stations of life people are in, they must expect to meet with some things agreeable and some disagreeable, and should strive to make the best of their condition. We did not come into the world to be perfectly happy, but to prepare us for a better: the more patiently we bear the evils that fall to our lot, the greater share of comfort we shall enjoy here; and, if we practise this patience in obedience to the commands of God Almighty, and in imitation of our blessed Saviour's example, we shall obtain the greater share of happiness in the other world.

CHAP. XXIII.

THOMAS's chief acquaintances were the clerk of the parish and the exciseman, for he wished to keep company with those from whom he knew he could improve himself. The clerk taught him to sing anthems, and instructed him in the management of the garden; and Thomas gave the exciseman a little matter to teach him measuring and surveying; and Mr. Allen, the master of the charity-school, to whom Thomas had been a scholar, took notice of him; and he was a man who knew the world, and was capable of giving him very good advice. Thomas had not much leisure for going

out ; but when he did go, it was always to see one of these worthy people ; for he never entered an ale-house, or played at any idle games : and on these accounts his friends, the clerk and exciseman, were always welcome to a cup of Mr. Brown's ale ; for he had free liberty to treat them.

One evening, when Thomas was regaling his friend the exciseman, he began relating what an account Rachel had given of London places, and expressed his satisfaction that his lot was cast in the country ; on which the exciseman replied, that Thomas had reason to be thankful, and he hoped he would always have a proper sense of his happiness in having such a worthy master and mistress, and not suffer himself to be persuaded to leave them. " It was my good fortune," added he, " to have such myself, though my master was not a parson, but in trade. He took me first a lad (as you might be, Thomas, when you came to Mr. Brown's), and he and my mistress were as good as a father and mother to me. I had a brother who went out to service as I did, but he was of a roving temper, and often changed his place with a view to better himself, and would fain have persuaded me to do the same, but I could not get up my heart to leave my master and mistress, and their children ; so I kept on contented with moderate wages : in the mean time my brother flashed away, first as footman in a fine livery, then as valet de chambre, and so on ; but wherever he went he was always looking out for something better, and never staid long enough in a place to make a friend ; at last he was seized with the rheumatism very badly, and became a cripple, and for some time was in a workhouse till I got up in the world, and was able to help him, and now he lives a burden upon me."

" And did you never change place at all ?" said Thomas. " No," answered the exciseman, " I kept
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on steadily with the same master and mistress, who by degrees raised my wages as much as they could afford, and gave me good instruction, which proved of more value than money, for they taught me my duty to God and man; and, at last, my master got the place for me which I now enjoy; besides this all his sons and daughters are very good to me, and make me many presents; and I have the comfort to think, that in case I should be in distress, I have no less than ten good friends to help me."

"That is a comfort indeed," replied Thomas, "and, thank God, I may reckon upon four; my master and mistress, Master Charles and Miss Fanny. But pray tell me, Mr. Thornton, was your place in London or in the country?"

"In London," replied the exciseman.

"I am glad to hear it," said Thomas, "for with what I heard from Rachel, and saw at Lord Townly's, I began to think that London must be a dreadful place indeed."

"It is bad enough to be sure," said Mr. Thornton, "but there are a great many good people in it for all that; and it would be a pity that such should not get good servants. I think, a lad who is well settled in the country is much the safest, but if any one has a mind to go to town he may live very comfortably there, provided he gets into a sober, regular family; but it is dreadfully dangerous indeed, to go and live there at one's own hands, or in disorderly families, as the town is full of temptations for those who have nothing to do, or bad advisers."

"Are all lords and ladies like Lord and Lady Townly?" said Thomas.

"By no means," answered the exciseman; "many of them lead good lives and have regular families, and provide very handsomely for their servants, and it is a great honour and happiness to live with them;

but there are always people enow to catch at such places, and therefore I think it is very wrong for either men or women servants, who are already comfortably settled with persons in middling stations, to be ambitious of living with great folks. The good ones among these generally have servants recommended by people whom they can depend upon, and therefore do not look out for strangers; and the rest are not worth living with, and deserve no better servants than such as Lord Townly now has."

This discourse of the exciseman strengthened Thomas's resolution to do his utmost to retain the good opinion of his master and mistress: and he resolved not to listen to any who should try to make him dissatisfied, and he carefully avoided Lord Townly's wicked servants, neither did he keep company with any footmen in the village, as there was not one among them fit to be companion to such a sober religious lad as he was.

CHAP. XXIV.

IT was a custom with Mr. and Mrs. Brown to visit the poor themselves, and to administer to their necessities with their own hands; but they sometimes sent their benefactions to particular people by their servants, not from ostentation, but because they thought the sight of miserable objects would make them tender-hearted to others, and sensible of the blessings they themselves enjoyed; and they likewise wished to afford them opportunities of giving their own mite, as they taught them it was their duty to do.

The village in which Mr. Brown lived, was in itself pleasant and fruitful: there were a few gentlemen who had large estates in it; yet most of the poorer people
suffered

suffered much distress, and complained of want of charity among their rich neighbours; but the fault lay with themselves, for there had been a time when the gentry were well disposed towards them, and would have dispensed their bounty with liberality, had they not been obliged to restrain it through the insults and ingratitude of those to whom they offered their kind assistance. A few instances will set this matter in a clear light.

The manor-house was formerly inhabited by Sir John Fenton, a gentleman of extraordinary humanity and generosity, whose lady possessed the same amiable qualities. When they came to reside at this village, as they were of the first consequence in it, they determined to be patrons and benefactors to their indigent neighbours. In the first place, therefore, Sir John resolved to employ as many day labourers as he could on his own grounds, whom he agreed to pay so much a week for their labour. For a little while they earned their wages, but many of them soon grew lazy, and took every opportunity of imposing upon their kind employer, from a notion that, as he had plenty of money, there was no harm in cheating him; so whenever they were not overlooked, they indulged themselves in idleness, and scarcely ever did half a day's work, though they were paid for a whole one; and performed their business in a slighting manner. For a considerable time Sir John bore this ungrateful treatment, and only complained of it, and threatened them; but finding at length that there was no depending upon them, he discharged them all, and put his business into the hands of a surveyor, who hired workmen at other places. From this time, the labouring men of the village considered Sir John as their enemy, and exclaimed loudly against his cruelty, in turning off his poor neighbours and bringing strangers to take their bread out of their mouths; and yet, who, that hears

the story fairly told, can think the good gentleman to blame?

The consequences of the villagers' ingratitude and injustice to their patron did not stop here; for other gentlemen who were going to improve their estates, knowing how their worthy neighbour had been used, and having experienced the same kind of treatment themselves, followed his plan of having surveyors; and so those to whom they would gladly have given the preference were set aside, and could only get employment among farmers, where they had no opportunity of cheating, and very often they were entirely out of work, and this, perhaps, when severe weather made their necessities the greater.

Nor were the women less to blame than the men, as you may judge from what I am now going to relate. Sir John Fenton, supposing that firing would be very acceptable, gave permission to the poor to gather sticks up in his park, and a number of women and children went every day and carried home large bundles; but these silly women, forgetful of the miseries they had suffered in former winters, as soon as the weather was warm, grew tired of the trouble of gathering sticks, and said that it was no charity to make poor folks fatigue themselves in that manner for a little wood; if Sir John meant to serve them, he might send the sticks to their houses. Besides this, the boys were so rude as to drive the deer about, throw stones at the swans, damage the young trees which had been lately planted, and tear limbs from the older ones; so Sir John shut up his park entirely from the poor, and in succeeding winters they found the difference, for, instead of having a good fire to dress their food and comfort them, they were obliged on many a cold winter's day, when the ground was covered with snow, to wander about for miles in search of fuel, and frequently returned home without any, to dismal habitations, where not a single spark glimmered on those hearths which

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Sir John Fenton's benevolence had enlivened with many a cheerful blaze, and then retired, shivering with cold, to their wretched beds, which did not afford sufficient covering to warm their half frozen limbs. But instead of owning their fault, and endeavouring to reconcile themselves to their benefactor, these foolish people encouraged one another in speaking ill of him, and complained of his want of charity.

Another instance of their ill treatment of this worthy gentleman was this: When the weather set in so severe that his labourers could not have work to do, Sir John Fenton had a fine ox killed, and divided into shares, to be distributed according to the largeness of different families. As some parts of an ox are better beef than the others, it happened of course that all persons could not be supplied with the best pieces, so there was great quarrelling among the poor women to obtain these, and those to whom the inferior ones were given, supposing themselves injured in the distribution, refused to accept of any: nay some had the insolence to nail their portion up at the gate, with many reproachful speeches, not considering that the worst would have made very good broth, and that another time they might have had a better lot. It cannot be wondered at, that Sir John Fenton killed no more oxen for his labourers.

His good lady was treated as badly. Knowing that clothing was a very expensive article to poor people, she purchased a quantity of linen, stuff, and linsley woolsey, which she gave away for shifts, gowns, and petticoats. Many who received these donations sold them immediately, squandered the money, and ridiculed the lady for what they called beggarly gifts.

They served the neighbouring gentry the same, which naturally hardened their hearts against their poor neighbours in general, and all followed the example

ample of Sir John Fenton and his lady, in confining their benevolence to a few people whom they had found deserving of their kindness.

It had happened unfortunately for the inhabitants of this village that Mr. Beaumont, the late Rector, who was a truly good man, and had been very active in another parish in his younger days, fell into a bad state of health soon after he came to the living, and never recovered sufficiently to do his duty regularly, but was under the necessity of employing a curate, who had at the same time another curacy to attend, which was some miles off, and at which he resided, so that he had no leisure to visit the poor of this parish, who might therefore be considered as sheep having no shepherd; and indeed many of them might be compared to sheep in another respect (though far from being so inoffensive), for they acted like creatures without understanding; and as if their minister was entirely accountable for them, they took no care of their own souls, but by degrees left off going to church, and from sabbath-breaking proceeded to other sins, till at last they lost all sense of religious duties; and in this state Sir John Fenton found them. This accounts for their great ingratitude to him and his lady; for those who are unmindful of their obligations to their Almighty Benefactor, cannot be expected to be grateful for the benefits conferred on them by mankind.

Sir John Fenton lived about six years in the parish, and then died; his lady paid the debt of nature two years before, and the old Rector departed this life a week after his patron. The living was then given to Mr. Brown, who hearing of these unhappy differences, resolved that he would endeavour to reconcile them, but the estate being purchased by Lord Townly, he could not effect it for a long while; at last this nobleman getting in debt was obliged to sell the estate, and it was purchased by Sir Harry Jennings, to whom the good Rector him-
self

self pleaded the cause of the poor so powerfully, that he promised to take them into employment. Thomas was made the messenger of these glad tidings, which he carried with a joyful heart. He told the men that he hoped they would be industrious, for Sir Harry would not be imposed upon; "nor is it right he should," said he, "for make the case your own, suppose yourself the *gentleman*, think whether you should like to pay a whole day's wages for half a day's work. Let me beg of you from this time, *to do unto all men as you would have them to do unto you*. Consider how you have suffered, and made your families suffer, by not following this rule. Remember that God Almighty sees you at all times, and if you miss the opportunity he now gives you of living comfortably, he may never afford you another; for those who slight his mercy provoke his justice. Pray (said the good young man) go to church of a Sunday, and mind what my master says in the pulpit, I am sure he will be a father to all his parishioners, if they will but hearken to his advice, which will be all for their good; and all the gentry, as well as Sir Harry, will be your friends too, if you are not your own enemies." The hope of employment induced several men to promise they would follow Thomas's advice, and they were set to work the next week, and others soon humbled themselves in like manner, and got work also. The good Rector made it a point to give them every assistance in his power, and, in a short time, the poor found the benefit of his good offices, and their own industry and respectful behaviour, by enjoying the favour of their betters; and all considered Thomas as one of their best friends.

Kitty and Rachel were equally beloved; for Mrs. Brown encouraged them to tell her of all cases of distress, that came within their knowledge in the village, and sent them with caudle and other refreshments to poor lying-in women and other sick people,

people, by which means they had frequent opportunities of seeing how many inconveniences a state of poverty brings upon people, which made them resolve to deliberate before marriage, and not to leave a good service without a probable chance of living comfortably; they also found that it was in their power to help the poor, which they cheerfully did, by giving them their old clothes, and taking particular care not to waste provisions of any kind, but to gather up every fragment, which they distributed as their good mistress directed.

C H A P. XXV.

THOMAS, Kitty, and Rachel, continued to do their duty to their master and mistress for many years. Miss Brown was married; and the young gentleman went to the university. At last, poor Mr. Brown was taken ill, and went into a consumption; I need not say this was a great grief to his family; indeed it was so to the whole parish, for he was an excellent good man.

All his servants made it their constant study how to be serviceable to him and their mistress; and when poor Mrs. Brown's affliction rendered her incapable of paying the usual attention to family affairs, they took the utmost care of every thing they had charge of, the same as if the mistress's eye was always over them: because they were not eye servants, but considered themselves as in the sight of God Almighty, and bound to be true and just in all their dealings.

Indeed, at all times, these good servants made it a point not to waste and destroy; every thing was kept in its proper place, and applied to the very use it was bought for, and no other. You might go to Mr. Brown's a hundred and a hundred times, and never see plates and dishes set about in a careless way for dogs
and

and cats to break ; and all their dusters, house-cloths, pudding-cloths, &c. were fairly worn out, and as soon as the least hole was discovered, it was mended.

How much more creditable was this to themselves, than if they had, like many servants I have seen, boiled puddings in the dusters, and wiped the floors with the pudding cloths, and other untidy tricks, which, if a mistress was to see, would set her against all the victuals they dress for her.

Had you seen the coppers, pewter, and dressers in the kitchen, you would have admired the neatness of the cook ; nay the very bars of the grate were as bright as silver, at each end ; and, as for the dairy, Kitty kept it in such beautiful order, that no one could go into it without wishing to taste her butter and cheese ; and when she cleaned a room, she did not merely scour the floors, but kept the glasses and windows quite bright, and dusted every corner. This neatness was a real credit, and gained the servants who practised it more praise than any ever got by dressing out themselves above their stations. To strive to excel in neatness is a commendable pride. How would Kitty and Rachel have been shocked at seeing such kitchens, dairies, and sculleries, as are too common where fine maids are kept ! But we were describing the behaviour of Mr. Brown's servants during his illness.

Rachel Smithers, who was an excellent cook, made all the proper messes for him in the nicest manner ; and Kitty did not stay till they were called for, but carried sometimes a jelly, and sometimes beef-tea, &c. in hopes that her master might fancy them if they came without his thinking of them beforehand ; and she also watched the clock, that every thing the doctor ordered might be given at the proper hour. Thomas likewise was as punctual with the asses milk ; and each of the servants were ready to sit up of nights in turn ; so that there was no occasion to send for a stranger to nurse him ; and

Mrs.

Mrs. Brown was relieved from a great deal of fatigue.

Servants, when they are tender-hearted and thoughtful, can afford great comfort to their masters and mistresses in times of affliction, and it is a principal part of their duty to do so; and yet how many are there who think themselves at liberty to ramble about and leave their usual business? If, as the scriptures say, *he is blessed that provides for the sick and needy*, what must they be who neglect them? What dreadful unfeeling hearts servants must have, who will not take pains to please the appetite of the sick, who neglect to air their linen properly, and frequently throw away a mess of broth and other things, which may be wanted, without considering what they are about. Such people are generally punished even in this world; for they either fall into families where the masters and mistresses are as unfeeling as themselves, or else by their ingratitude harden the hearts of those who would otherwise shew tenderness and compassion towards them; or, if they escape here, how will they answer for such conduct at the last day?

Notwithstanding all the care that was taken of poor Mr. Brown, he died after a very tedious illness; and, before he expired, being perfectly sensible, he called his servants to his bed-side, and gave them his blessing, at the same time thanking them for their good behaviour, and advising them to continue, through the whole course of their lives, to conduct themselves as they had done in his service, and then they might expect a happy death, for God would surely reward them with eternal happiness.

The grief of these servants was very great for the loss of so excellent a master; but they did not give way to their sorrow so as to disable themselves from doing their business; they considered that their poor mistress's loss was still greater than theirs; and turned
their

their attention to her; which was the more necessary, as neither of her children were with her; for Miss Brown, who was married, as I said, about three years before, having a little family, was at home at this time, not thinking her dear father so near his end: and the young gentleman happened to be at the university; however, they both came shortly after; and then Mr. Brown's will was opened, in which was the following article--

“I give and bequeath to my trusty servants, Thomas Simpkins, Rachel Smithers, and Catherine Sparks, five pounds each for mourning. I also give and bequeath to the said Thomas Simpkins, Rachel Smithers, and Catherine Sparks, twenty-five pounds each, as a recompence for their fidelity and frugality, by which I am sensible they have, in the course of their service, saved me a great deal of money. Were my fortune larger, my donation would be so also; but this little will express my affection for them, and, with the blessing of God, will put them forward in the world, or comfort them in sickness or old age; and it is accompanied with my hearty prayers for their present and eternal happiness!”

The manner in which this legacy was given, doubled the value of it to each of the servants; and, in the midst of sorrow, their hearts rejoiced at the kind testimony their dear master had borne to their good behaviour, and they returned thanks to God for having given them grace to do their duty, beseeching him to continue it to them for the time to come.

A new Rector was soon appointed; and Mrs. Brown having no longer a right to continue at the parsonage-house, it was resolved that she should go and live with her daughter, as she would have been very lonely by herself. She proposed to take Kitty with her as her own maid: and it happened that Mrs. Bennet (which was now Miss Fanny's name) wanted

wanted a cook; therefore she gladly hired Rachel Smitners; but Mrs. Brown had no use for Thomas; and though she had a genteel income, meant to live frugally, in order to save what she could for her children.

Thomas was at a great loss what to do with himself; for the new Rector was provided with a footman, and most of the gentry in the neighbourhood had such dissolute servants, who thought of nothing but frolicking and dress, that Thomas had no heart to hire himself among them. For perhaps, thought he, I may be drawn away by their example; and I had rather suffer any thing than forsake God. Neither did he like to go to London in search of a service; for he declared to his friends, that he would not trust himself in such a wicked place, if he was sure that the streets were paved with gold. "What pleasure," said he, "can there be in wearing a ruffled shirt, silk stockings, a fine laced livery, and being a powdered beau, if I must be obliged to lounge away hours of precious time, keep company with gamesters, break the sabbath, hear profane lewd conversation, or else be laughed at for a foolish fellow; as I have before now been at Lord Townly's?"

"No, give me a plain coat, worsted stockings, and other decent apparel, with a good conscience, and time to serve my Maker, and my fellow creatures; and let who will become fine gentlemen!" He therefore resolved to return to his mother's cottage, and for the present go out to work as a day-labourer, as he had formerly done.

Thomas was ready to break his heart when he took leave of his mistress; and the parting between him and his fellow servants was very affecting, for they were like brother and sisters: however, they hoped to meet again now and then, as Mrs. Brown gave Thomas leave to come when it suited him, to see his old companions.

The two maids, by the advice of their mistress, put their legacies out at interest; and Thomas did the same, till he could find some way of employing it to advantage. Not one of the three were at all proud of being worth money. And Thomas with great cheerfulness offered to work for a farmer; for though he had been a footman, he was not above driving a cart or a plough; nay, he thought husbandry an honourable employment: for, as the scripture says, "*The king himself is served by the field.*" And, "*no one should hate laborious work, neither husbandry, which the Most High hath ordained.*"

Among the books which his dear master had given him, was one called the Husbandman's Manual*, which he had often read with great pleasure, and now found very useful and comfortable.

When Thomas had worked at this place for some time, he heard of a little farm which was to be let, in a village not many miles distant: this he greatly wished to have, as he had thoughts of marrying Kitty, his late fellow-servant, whose company he had been so long used to, that he could not be happy without it, and they were both desirous of employing their money in the farming business; rather than to keep a public house, which is the general resource of gentlemen's servants, where they sacrifice all their ease and comfort, and run into the temptation of rooting out from their minds every good and religious principle.

Squire Harvey, to whom the farm belonged, was a very generous man, and, hearing an excellent character of Thomas Simpkins, resolved to admit him as his tenant, and also to advance a sum of money to assist him. He and Kitty were accordingly married, and immediately took possession of the farm. But

* Published by Mr. Rivington, for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

before I proceed to acquaint my readers how this worthy couple conducted themselves in their new station, let me entreat them to consider, whether it would not be much better for servants in general to act upon such principles as Thomas Simpkins, Rachel Smithers, and Kitty Sparks did, than to be like Lord Townly's servants, and too many others, indifferent to the interests of their masters and mistresses, and forgetful of the account they must give of their actions at the great day of judgment? Let me persuade all those whose lot it is to be servants, to follow such good examples as are here exhibited; and make the scriptures the rule of their actions, and they will certainly obtain peace of conscience, and a well-grounded hope of everlasting happiness; which will make them rich amends for any disappointments they may chance to meet with in this world. Honesty and fidelity are the most likely means to obtain preferment, and gratuities from their masters on earth; but should these fail to bestow them, the truly Christian servant, who has acted upon religious principles, may rest assured, that he shall not lose his reward in heaven; for when the last trumpet shall awaken the dead to life, he will hear his heavenly Master pronounce the comfortable words——“WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT: THOU HAST BEEN FAITHFUL OVER A FEW THINGS, I WILL MAKE THEE RULER OVER MANY THINGS: ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THY LORD.”

F I N I S.

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T W O F A R M E R S,
A N
E X E M P L A R Y T A L E :

DESIGNED TO RECOMMEND

THE PRACTICE OF BENEVOLENCE

TOWARDS

MANKIND, AND ALL OTHER LIVING CREATURES ;

AND THE

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH DAY.

THE FIFTH EDITION CORRECTED.

BY MRS. TRIMMER.

LONDON:

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CHURCH-YARD; AND J. HATCHARD,
PICCADILLY.

1808.

TO MRS. DENWARD.

MADAM,

IN consequence of a hint, with which I was favoured by the Monthly Reviewers, I had resolved to write a short tract for the poor, that might answer the purpose of my *Fabulous Histories*; but remained undetermined in respect to the mode of executing this design, till you suggested to me the idea of enlarging the history of *The Two Farmers*, introduced in that work; and afterwards directed me to *Dr. Primatt's Dissertation on the Duty of Mercy, and Sin of Cruelty to Brute Animals*, which I had never before seen.

In composing this simple tale, I have endeavoured to comply with the wishes of all my kind advisers; and am pleased with the opportunity of communicating to the lower orders of people many of the good doctor's sentiments; which, though intermixed with inferior materials, and put into an humble dress, may prove an acceptable acquisition to those who are not able to purchase his

DEDICATION.

Dissertation; but I cannot conscientiously appropriate their thanks to myself: pardon me, therefore, Madam, for the liberty I take, in pointing out the person to whom they are originally indebted for the most valuable part of the present performance.—Happy shall I be if it meets with your approbation; and is found to answer your benevolent intention in proposing it.

I beg your acceptance of my best acknowledgments of the honour conferred on myself, and that you will believe me to be, with sincere esteem,

MADAM,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

SARAH TRIMMER.

BRENTFORD,

OCTOBER 19, 1786.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN ardent desire of being useful to a very important part of the rising generation, has induced the author of the *Servant's Friend* to exhibit the virtues of Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins in another point of view, in hopes that their history will prove an agreeable vehicle for conveying to Sunday scholars, under the idea of amusement for their leisure hours, some lessons, which, if imprinted on their minds, may be beneficial to them in the future part of their lives; when a prudent frugality in a state of service, or the gratuitous reward of their diligence and fidelity, shall have enabled them to marry and settle in the world.

It may be said, that it is to no purpose to turn the thoughts of the lower ranks of people towards the farming business, when *small* farms are scarcely to be met with. The truth of this observation is acknowledged and lamented: but let it be remembered, that those for whom this little work is chiefly designed are not yet in *want* of such a kind of settlement; and who can tell what the good providence of GOD may bring about for his servants in the course of a few years?

If, as there is cause to believe, a want of principle in the poor has averted the blessing of Heaven, and obstructed the charity of their superiors, contrary effects may be expected from their reformation; and it can hardly be doubted, that if they improve aright the advantage of *religious instruction*, which is now be-

ADVERTISEMENT.

flowed upon them, a variety of means will be contrived for perpetuating and increasing their comforts in every stage of life. The readers of the following pages are therefore earnestly entreated to peruse them with attention; and to observe the *moral* and *religious instructions* they contain, more than the *incidents of the story*. A great part of these instructions are extracted from the valuable work of a learned and pious author: the rest are the dictates of a heart warmly interested in the happiness of the poor. Nor are the lessons here presented confined to the practice of the *Farmer* and *husbandman*; they are applicable, in some degree, to every station of life; for THE RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH-DAY, and THE EXERCISE OF BENEVOLENCE TOWARDS MAN AND BEAST, are *general* duties; and whoever performs them in the greatest extent will be the highest in the esteem of his fellow-creatures; and in, what is infinitely more valuable, the favour of GOD.

T H E

T W O F A R M E R S.

C H A P. I.

IN order to gratify those readers who were pleased with the former part of the history of Thomas Simpkins, I shall now give an account of his behaviour after he became a farmer.

By means of the money which had been left him by his good master, Mr. Brown, and the sum advanced by squire Harvey, he found himself in possession of a convenient house, surrounded with fields of rich arable land; together with sufficient pasture for the live-stock he had purchased, which consisted of four horses, two cows, a score of sheep, six hogs, a jack-ass, and a variety of poultry. It has already been mentioned that Thomas (whom, for the future, we shall call farmer Simpkins) married the worthy young woman who had been his fellow-servant: he also took his good mother to live with him, that he might succour and comfort her when she should, through age and infirmity, be incapable of getting her own livelihood.

Instead of being subject to the commands of others, Mr. Simpkins now found it necessary to hire two men and two boys, as servants for himself, (who lived in the house, and had constant employment:)

employment:) he had besides several occasional labourers. One of his men was named Richard Bruce, the other Roger Hicks. Richard Bruce was an experienced trusty servant, who seemed to have been allotted to Mr. Simpkins as a reward for his fidelity to his own master; for, like himself, he acted upon the principle of doing as he would be done by; and the farmer would have been often at a sad loss without such an adviser; though he had got some knowledge of business by working at husbandry, when out of place, and reading books on the subject at Mr. Brown's. Richard Bruce was induced to hire himself to Mr. Simpkins from having heard a great deal in his praise; for though he was a new inhabitant, his character was known in the village. Indeed, it generally happens so, that a man's good or ill name flies before him, or at least treads upon his heels; therefore it is a very foolish notion which some people take up, that they may behave ill in one place, and yet be respected in another.

Roger Hicks was a sober, inoffensive fellow, who had a great deal of strength, and was willing to turn his hand to any thing. Tom Lang, the eldest of the boys, was a good-natured lively lad, a little inclined to mischievous sports. His companion, Joe Martin, was rather ill-humoured and lazy; for he had been badly brought up by his parents, and afterwards lived with a neighbouring farmer, (whom we shall have farther occasion to mention) who took no care of his domestics.

According to his usual custom, the good farmer, when he entered on his new station of life, searched the scriptures for directions how to act as a farmer and master of a family; and collected from thence the following texts, which, with the fourth commandment at the head of them, he transcribed
into

into a little memorandum-book, intending to carry it always about him, that he might read it occasionally as he walked in the fields, to remind him of his duty.

Thou shalt not defraud the labourer of his hire.

Thou shalt not sleep with the wages of an hireling.

Remember that thou wast thyself a servant.

Provide for thine household.

Thou shalt not have in thy bag divers weights, a great and a small.

Thou shalt not have in thine house divers measures, a great and a small.

But thou shalt have a perfect and just weight; a perfect and just measure shalt thou have; that thy days may be lengthened in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

That which goeth out of thy mouth thou shalt keep and perform.

Recompence no man evil for evil.

As much as in you lieth, live peaceably with all men.

Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer.

Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart.

Thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother.

Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth; and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth.

If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.

Do good to them that hate you.

Love one another.

Honour all men; love the brotherhood; fear God; honour the king.

Be not desirous of vain glory.

If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

Strong drink is a mocker.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.

Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.

Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together.

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his sheep go astray, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt, in any case, bring them again unto thy brother:

And if thy brother be not nigh unto thee, or if thou know him not, then thou shalt bring it into thine own house, and it shall be with thee until thy brother seek after it, and thou shalt restore it to him again.

In like manner shalt thou do with all lost things that are thy brother's.

If thou seest thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again.

If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help with him.

When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of the field; neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thine harvest: thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger.

In all thy gifts shew a cheerful countenance, and dedicate thy tithes with gladness.

The hand of the diligent maketh rich.

Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds.

Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God.

Take no [anxious] thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things: but seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

They that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.

Mr.

Mr. Simpkins's servants came to their places on Saturday evening: it was his particular fancy they should do so, that he might take them to church, and return thanks to God for *making him an household*, before he set them to work. On the Sunday evening, after reading the foregoing portions of scripture, and some others which pointed out the duties of masters and servants, and several of David's psalms, he, his wife, and mother, joined together in singing the following hymn.

The Husbandman's Prayer. *

*Thou GREAT CREATOR of this earth
Who gave to ev'ry seed its birth;
By whom our fields with show'rs are blest;
Regard the husbandman's request.*

*I'm going now to till my ground,
And scatter there my seed around;
Which I no more expect to see,
Unless thy blessing sow with me.*

*In vain our seed around we throw;
In vain we harrow where we sow;
Except thou dost our labours bless,
And give the grain a due increase:*

*Not one, of all my barn supplies,
Will ever from the ridges rise,
Unless thy blessing does pervade
The buried corn, and shoot the blade.*

*Let then thy blessing, LORD, attend
On all the labours of my hand;
That I with joy may reap and mow
A rich return for what I sow.*

* From the Husbandman's Manual.

*Open the window of the sky,
And show'r down plenty from on high :
With fat of earth the seed sustain,
And raise a spear from every grain.*

*Let not our sins thy vengeance move
To turn our heaven to brass * above ;
Or harden into iron our earth,
And o'er our fields to spread a death.*

*But pour in season, on the grain,
The former and the latter rain ;
And in proportion due supply
The needful change of wet and dry.*

*Forbid the vermin to devour ;
Forbid the mildew's blasting show'r ;
Forbid the tempest to destroy
My growing crops and promis'd joy.*

*Crown with thy goodness, LORD, the year,
And let thy blessings round appear ;
Let vales be cloth'd with grass and corn,
And hills let various flocks adorn.*

*Give to the sons of men their bread ;
Let beasts with fatt'ning grass be fed ;
All things in plenty, LORD, provide,
That all our wants may be supplied.*

*Give us a plenty, LORD, we pray,
From fields of corn, from meads of hay ;
Of fruits from orchards grafted stocks ;
Of milk from all the milky flocks.*

*Thou, LORD, vouchsafe to bless our land,
And ev'ry work we take in hand ;
That so, with lifted hands, we may
Return thee praises night and day.*

* Alluding to Leviticus xxvi. 27.

After this hymn was ended, Mr. Simpkins desired his family to kneel down while he read prayers: and before he retired to rest he told them that he should make this a constant practice every evening, and would gladly begin each day in the same manner; but that could not be managed, excepting on Sundays, because business required very early attendance in the fields; but he recommended to each of his servants to pray in private.

C H A P. II.

It was necessary, in Mr. Simpkins's situation, that when the business of the day was over, his servants should be companions to him, his wife, and mother, and therefore, excepting on Sundays, they lived in the kitchen, because two fires would have been expensive; and it would have looked affected in them, who had lately been in a low station, to have lived always in the parlour. They wished to keep up a proper distance between themselves and their domestics; but, at the same time, to lay no farther restraint on the men and boys than was requisite for this purpose, as they had a reasonable claim to cheerfulness and merriment when the labour of the day was over.

Mr. Simpkins entered on his farm at Michaelmas; and by the time he was settled, the evenings began to be long; he therefore brought forth his books, in order to teach the boys to read. Tom Lang had been taught a little; but Joe Martin did not know his letters, nor was he much inclined to learn. When they had done reading, the farmer, or Richard Bruce, usually

usually asked them questions concerning husbandry work; such as, which was the best method of reaping corn? tying up the sheaves? building up the shocks? making ricks? &c. which had a tendency to improve them in their calling. After this, one or other told a diverting story, or sung a song. Mrs. Simpkins had a very good voice; and though she did not approve Susan Clarke's collection of ballads, she knew a few that no young woman need be ashamed to sing before any body; but, when a servant, she contented herself with these few, because learning a variety she thought would be apt to put business out of her head. Old Mrs. Simpkins often contributed to their amusement, by singing the ditties which used to beguile the time while she sat at her spinning-wheel, and sweetened her harder labours. Her most favourite ones were, the Berkshire Lady, Fair Rosamond, The Lamentations of Jane Shore, and Chevy Chace. No song was ever sung by the fire-side that had the least immorality in it, or that ridiculed any thing that was religious: neither did any one relate nonsensical stories about ghosts and apparitions, because Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins had learnt, at Mr. Brown's, that it was foolish to believe in them; besides, such stories can answer no purpose but to make timorous people more fearful.

On Sunday evenings Mr. Simpkins selected some portion of scripture suited to the instruction which his family at that time stood in particular need of, which he explained to them according to the knowledge he had acquired at Mr. Brown's, or from books, which he had carefully read. As his remarks may be useful to others in the same rank of life, I will repeat some of them for the edification of my readers. I shall begin with his observations on the first chapter of Genesis, which he read with a view of exciting sentiments of tenderness and justice towards his cattle.

Mr.

Mr. Simpkins desired his men and boys to take notice, that this chapter told them, GOD created *all other living creatures*, as well as man, and gave them life, and blessed them. That man, as well as the lower creatures, was made *out of the dust of the earth*; “So that, in respect to our *bodies*,” said he, “we are no better than the meanest worm that crawleth upon the ground; and it is only by divine appointment that man has dominion over the rest of the creation; for, as our *Maker*, God could, if it had been his good pleasure, have given dominion to the *horse* or the *ox*, or any other creature, and have left *man* like the *baboon*, to herd with *brutes*. Therefore,” added the farmer, “we should not be tyrannical, as we too often are, over poor dumb beasts, who are placed in their different ranks by GOD ALMIGHTY’s will, and not their own choice.

“To be sure,” continued he, “*man* has the preference to a *brute* in respect to *reason*; but this, as well as *dominion*, is the *gift of GOD*, who can take it away, and yet let the human form remain the same, as is the case with natural fools: and when we *have* reason, and do not act according to it, we become brutes; nay, worse than brutes, in human shape. And though GOD ALMIGHTY, in his infinite wisdom, gives men hopes of *immortal life after death*, this is his free gift also; for it is not *natural* for men to rise from the dead; and we can no more raise *ourselves* than the brutes can; nay, if we lead wicked lives, we shall bring ourselves into a worse condition than that of the meanest reptile. Therefore, my lads,” said the farmer, “do not set yourselves up above dumb creatures, as if *men* alone were the workmanship of GOD; but pray use them kindly. Consider, they have *flesh* and *blood* and *bones*, made out of *the dust of the earth*, as well as *we*; and there is no doubt but they can feel pain. For my own
part,”

part," continued the good farmer, " I mean no offence to any of you ; but I look upon my horses, my oxen and sheep, nay, on the dogs and cats, as my *servants* ; and, as such, shall give them their due, and protect them if I see them ill treated. Poor dumb creatures ! they cannot complain to their master, as you men and boys can do ; and therefore may suffer a deal of misery out of my sight, that I can never hear of ; but, depend upon it, I shall be very angry if I know of any barbarities practised on them ; so take care what you do, my boys.

" I desire," added he, " that you will not fail to feed the horses properly, and give them water. Consider how hard poor beasts work, and that they must want refreshment. You, who don't toil half so much as they do, would think it a very sad thing if I was to deny you bread and cheese and beer, and send you fasting to bed ; or were I to give you *virtuals* without *drink*, or *drink* without *virtuals*, it would be very uncomfortable to you : and so it must certainly be to the poor beasts ; for it is very plain that they feel both *hunger* and *thirst*.

" I beg," said he, " that you will always take the harness off the horses as soon as they have done work ; rub them down, and give them some good litter. — You know how refreshing it is to yourselves to be clean ; and 'tis my belief that horses mind cleanliness more than many men and boys do : but I suppose you had all rather lie in a bed than on the hard ground ; and so had the horses, there is no doubt. Think of your own feelings then, my good boys, and pity theirs. I shall take care to provide oats and hay for the horses and other cattle ; for what else can I give them for their services ? They want neither our *money* nor our *clothes* ; they all, as one may say, wear GOD ALMIGHTY'S *livery*, who provides them with more durable garments than the best art of man can

can furnish them with : and if beasts were as proud as we, they might reproach us with wearing their second-hand clothes. And all the grass of the field is, strictly speaking, *their property*; though we farmers are apt to talk of *our* hay and *our* grass; for hath not GOD said, in the chapter I have been reading, “*To every beast of the field I have given every green herb for meat?*” The grass and other herbs, therefore, whether green or made into hay, are no gifts of ours; the beasts have a just right to them; they were given to them before *man* was created; and therefore to withhold it from them, without paying them, is a robbery and a sin. If, instead of digging up a field with a spade, we, to save the sweat of our own brows, make use of the labour and strength of beasts to plough it for us, we ought, in justice and gratitude, to give them something in lieu of what we have taken away. If the corn I sow is *my* corn, not *their* corn, the grass I plough up is *their* grass, not *my* grass; for when GOD appointed man to be tenant of the field, he gave him no right to deprive his beast of that food which GOD ordained for him: but, as lord of the manor, GOD ALMIGHTY demands a quit-rent of him for the use of the beasts that labour for him: therefore I think myself in duty bound,” continued Mr. Simpkins, “to supply the wants of my cattle some way or other; if I do not, I shall be as bad as a thief or a robber; nay, in one respect worse than those who rob their own kind; because a man may try another by law for robbing him, and get justice done; but poor dumb creatures can make no complaints, there are no lawyers to plead for them! But the eternal Judge will avenge their cause, if they are ill-treated, or he would not have said so much about them in the holy scriptures.”

Richard Bruce entirely agreed with his master; for though he was not so good a scholar as Mr. Simpkins,

Simpkins, he could read the Bible, and had a deal of humanity in his disposition. He said, that for his part, he never used dumb things ill; indeed he was afraid to do so, for he considered them all as God Almighty's creatures, which, after he had made, he pronounced to be good. "Don't we read in the Psalms," added he, "*The mighty GOD, even the LORD hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof; every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.*"

"Very true, Richard," replied Mr. Simpkins: "and don't you remember that Solomon, in the book of Wisdom, says, *O LORD, thou lovest all things that are, and abhorrest nothing that thou hast made: for never wouldst thou have made any thing if thou hadst hated it. And how could any thing have endured if it had not been thy will; or have been preserved, if not called by thee?*"

"To be sure," said Mrs. Simpkins, "no creature that God hath made can be unknown to him: and we can scarcely think he will despise his own works."

"All this is very good," said old Mrs. Simpkins; "and I should like to hear more of it, if I could keep awake; but, my dear Thomas, when you get books before you, you forget how time flies. Roger has been yawning this half hour; Joe Martin looks stupefied; Tom Lang rubs his eyes; and I do believe my daughter Kitty is sleepy too; so let us go to rest." "With all my heart," said the farmer; "so put the Bible on the shelf, my dear, and let us say our prayers;" which they accordingly did, and implored the GOD of all mercies to give them merciful hearts.

C H A P. III.

IT happened one Saturday that Tom Lang, whose business it was to milk the cows, had leave from his master to go and see his mother, who was ill; and Joe Martin was ordered to milk for him. As he had a quarrel with Tom the night before, Joe murmured at being obliged to do his work: however, he dared not refuse; so away he went in very ill-humour, and thus he continued all day. It happened that, in the evening, Mr. Simpkins went accidentally past the cow-house, just at the time of milking; when he saw the door shut, and heard a strange lowing within: he hastened forwards, and suddenly entering the cow-house, found the wicked urchin, Joe Martin, beating poor Colley, a quiet, harmless cow, with a knotted stick, as hard as he could strike. Shocked and provoked at once, the farmer seized the cruel boy, and, snatching the stick from him, was going to beat him with it; but recollecting that he might lame him for ever, he contented himself with giving him some smart cuts with a hazel switch he had in his hand.

When Mr. Simpkins returned home, his wife and mother perceived that something had disturbed him, and begged to know the cause of his uneasiness, which he related; and young Mrs. Simpkins, who was very tender-hearted, could not help dropping a few tears when she heard how poor Colley, her favourite cow, had been used.

“Lack-a-day, mistress!” cried Roger Hicks, “what dost whimper for? I have seen him do worse than that at Farmer Mills’s: he never drove an ox to market there but he goaded him along with a sharp nail at the end of a stick, or cut him across the hocks. To my certain knowledge he drove an

ox till it went mad, and did a mortal deal of mischief at fair."

"And why did you not tell me of this when you heard me order him a milking?" said Farmer Simpkins, who could not help being angry. "I know not, master," answered Roger, "I was ashamed, and afraid; and besides, says I to myself, I must not tell tales; and I thought he could not do so here, because *you* care for your beasts, and Farmer Mills does not; if he did, it might be better for him, mayhap: but that's not my business; you *care* for your beasts, master, and Richard Bruce looks well after the boys; so no great damage can be done to the poor dumb creatures."—"Turn Joe away directly!" exclaimed young Mrs. Simpkins. "Don't let him stay a day longer!" cried the mother. "He deserves to be so punished, to be sure," said Mr. Simpkins, (whose anger began to cool;) "but such a measure would only secure my own cattle from being ill treated; and he may be trusted, and use other people's badly a long while before he is found out. So I think the best way will be to keep him, and try to teach him better; perhaps, by being always with people who have tender hearts, he may learn good habits. Besides, my dear Kitty, it is not following the example of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to cast off the wicked without trying to mend them: and remember that Joe is fatherless and motherless."

These considerations were quite sufficient to reconcile Mrs. Simpkins to her husband's making farther trial of Joe Martin: and old Mrs. Simpkins remarked that, to be sure, turning the boy away in that hasty manner would not be doing as they would be done by; and that, if God was so severe, what would become of the best of us sinful mortals?

"Very

“ Very true,” replied Mr. Simpkins: “ but, for the future, when Tom Lang is out of the way, I will milk the cows myself sooner than let Joe Martin do it, for I will not trust the poor beasts to any one whom I know to be barbarous. All the fault poor Colley committed, as I understand, was kicking down the pail.”

“ I suppose he used her roughly,” said Mrs. Simpkins; “ and that made her kick, in order to keep him at a distance.”

“ Most likely so indeed !” replied old Mrs. Simpkins; “ for it is natural for dumb creatures to defend themselves.”

“ However it was,” said the farmer, “ it was a cruel trick, and he deserves a good trimming for it: but I must go and pay the men.” When he returned he ordered a mug of ale, and a bit of bread and cheese; and then sat down to settle the weekly accounts; and desired Richard Bruce to look for Joe Martin, who had run away and hid himself, being afraid of a scolding from his mistress. To be sure he deserved it, and his conscience told him so; and if any thing could have made Mrs. Simpkins scold, it would have been beating the cows: but she was a very meek-tempered woman, and left the correction of the boys to her husband, who, when Richard returned with Joe, desired the latter to go to bed without his supper, which was all the punishment he inflicted upon him; but assured him, that if ever he knew him guilty of the like offence, he would try to make him feel as much pain as he gave the poor beast. Tom Lang was come in; so the whole party set themselves down: and while the farmer settled his books, Mrs. Simpkins worked at her needle; her mother-in-law knitted; Richard, Roger, and Tom, washed and combed themselves, that they might not have it to do in the morning.

C H A P. IV.

THE next day being Sunday, the farmer and his family, in turns, read the whole history of the Flood, as it is related in the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters of Genesis.

When they had ended, Richard Bruce said, it was very moving to hear of so many men, women, and children, being drowned; but, without doubt, they were all sad wicked wretches, or God would not have destroyed them.

Mr. Simpkins said, that was no certain rule to judge by in every case, for it sometimes happened that *good* people perished with the *wicked*, when God's judgments were in the earth; but if God saw fit to cut them off from this world, he would recompense them in a better. However, it was plain, he said, from the scriptures, that all the people who dwelt on the earth at the time of the flood, excepting Noah and his family, were notoriously wicked; for *every imagination of the thought of their hearts were only evil continually: they were corrupt; and the earth was filled with violence.* No wonder, therefore, that God spared none, because those who remained might have corrupted the next generation."

Old Mrs. Simpkins observed, that there was one thing that puzzled her greatly; which was, that God is said to have *repented* making man: "Now this," said she, "seems as if God sometimes changes his purposes; which cannot be the case, as he always knows beforehand what will happen, and what it will be proper for him to do."

"True, mother, replied Mr. Simpkins; "but my good master, Mr. Brown, told me, that all we are to understand from this expression is, that God did what he would not have done, had not men been so very wicked that they were not fit to live: for he

desired

desireth not the death of ONE sinner, much less of thousands, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live. It appears," said he, "to have been the determination of God, from the beginning of the world, that when any city, or kingdom, became sinful, to a certain degree, it should be destroyed by some signal judgment: if, then, the whole earth was so, it was but just it should be destroyed. But God did not bring a sudden destruction upon the earth, for the ark was many years in building, during which time Noah tried all he could to convert the people to righteousness; and I dare say, if any had repented, and put their trust in God, the ark would have been made bigger to receive them, or more arks built."

Tom Lang said, he should have liked to have seen the ark; he supposed it was a mortal large ship.

"No, Tom," replied his master; "I have read that it was built more in the form of a farm-house, with stalls and cabins for the lodgment of men and beasts; and a sloping covering at the top, like the roof of a house, for the wet to run off."

"I wonder, master," said Roger Hicks, "how Noah and his sons managed to catch all the birds, and make the beasts go into the ark: if the beasts had been like the hog I drove from market the other day, they would have had a nation bad job of it!"

"You may be sure, Roger," answered Mr. Simpkins, "that God Almighty, with whom all things are possible, caused the birds and beasts to go, as it were, of their own accord. Who but God teaches the birds to build nests? and who makes great horned beasts to yield to men?"

Richard Bruce said, that he did not mean to find fault with the way of God, that would be very wicked; but yet he could not think for what reason
the

the poor beasts were drowned : as they could not commit wickedness, why should they suffer for the sins of men ?”

“ That is a hard question, Richard,” replied the farmer ; “ but, as Abraham said on another occasion, *shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?* It was certainly a good thing for the men who were preserved in the ark, that the beasts and birds should perish ; for had they all been spared when mankind were drowned, there would have been such numbers of wild beasts and birds of prey, that the few people who were left would have lived in constant terror ; and the tame beasts would have run straggling about in continual danger of being devoured ; and as it was the lot of those creatures to *die once*, it made little difference to them at what time their death happened ; and, perhaps, the manner of their death was easier than any other way would have been, for God could render their sufferings short. I verily believe that no evil which innocent beasts ever suffered from the hand of God was equal to the pains and miseries they endure from the cruelty of man ; for God is merciful when provoked to judgment ; but man is often cruel without any provocation at all.

“ I think, master,” said Richard Bruce, “ that it is very wonderful that such creatures as oxen and cows should submit to man. They certainly would not if the Almighty had not implanted in them a natural dread of us. How happy we may think ourselves that they are so tame and tractable ! for if they were as wild and fierce as some beasts I once saw at a fair, they would tear us all to pieces ; and if they had *reason* and *speech*, as we have, they would make us *their* servants, instead of submitting to be *ours*.”

“ Aye, Richard,” said old Mrs. Simpkins, “ God Almighty orders all things for the best. What poor, naked, miserable, wretches, should we be, if we had

no power over the beasts? we should perish with cold and hunger; or be obliged to eat one another, as I have heard some savages do."

"Beasts are very serviceable indeed!" said Mr. Simpkins, "What could we farmers do without the help of cattle? how could we plough our land, carry our corn to market, and do a thousand other things, if we had not horses to help us? Brutes, therefore, have as much right to food and kind treatment, as the men and boys have to the victuals they eat, and the money that is paid them; and I will never be the man that shall wrong them of it, or encourage others to do it. My good master, Mr. Brown, told me, that God Almighty made all creatures to enjoy happiness, and share the good things of the world, according to their several natures. It is plain," continued he, "from what I have been reading, that God Almighty takes account of dumb creatures, or he would not have preserved some of each sort in the ark, nor have ordered Noah to lay up food to keep them alive while they were shut up there; neither would he have *remembered* every living thing that was with Noah, and taken them into covenant with him."

"I don't understand what a covenant is, master," said Tom Lang. "I will tell you then," said the farmer. "A covenant, Tom, is an agreement made between two or more parties to do or perform something. It is usual, among men, to write covenants on paper or parchment; and the parties concerned set their names, and put their seals, as tokens that they bind themselves to perform what they promise by the covenant."

"And did God Almighty write such a covenant?" said Tom. "No," answered Mr. Simpkins; "but He *spoke the word*, and appointed the *rainbow* as a *token*. These are more binding than any human signature or token; for God is faithful, and

never faileth to perform his promises, and he afterwards caused the covenant to be recorded in the Scriptures; and there it remains to this day, and the rainbow appears in the sky, as you very well know. I intend," continued the farmer, "to get some good scribe to copy the covenant out for me on a large sheet of paper; and it shall be hung up in the house, where all of you may frequently see it, in order to put you in mind that *God's mercy is over all his works*, and teach you to *be kind to dumb creatures*; for shall God establish his covenant, his everlasting covenant, with every living thing, and shall we despise and abuse his creatures?—What do you think of yourself," added he, "Joe Martin, for using the poor cow so ill yesterday?" Joe made no reply, but looked sulky; on which his master went on: "It is my duty, Joe," said he, "to regard the happiness of all the creatures God has been pleased to commit to my care, and to provide for their ease and comfort. You would not think it enough that I kept from using *you ill myself*, if I suffered your *fellow-servants* to beat and abuse you: in such a case you would be ready to complain. But Colley, poor Colley! cannot tell her story. I found, by her moanings, that something was the matter; but if I had not caught you in the fact, she could never have made me sensible how ill you had treated her; and might have gone about, full of bruises, without any pity. If God Almighty cares for all dumb creatures, surely I ought to care for a gentle cow, that supplies my dairy with milk, butter, and cheese; otherwise I do not deserve such good things. Suppose, Tom, that God Almighty should cause all the cows to die, only think what a loss that would be to the world; a much greater than the same number of wicked boys. *A righteous man, says the wise king Solomon, regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel: so that he who is himself cruel to*

his

his beast, is a *wicked* man ; and he who does not see that he *has his right*, is an *unrighteous* man. For my part, I am resolved, while I have beasts, to make them as happy as their nature and condition will admit."

" I think," said Mrs. Simpkins, " it is a sad thing that we are obliged to kill living creatures to eat ; I should be contented to live upon garden-stuff and milk all my days, rather than have any thing killed on purpose for me."—" And so should I," said her good mother-in-law : " but if there were not some of them to be killed, they would soon eat us, or at least make a famine in the land, which would occasion our deaths and theirs also ; in which case they would suffer a great deal more than they do in the way we put them to death."

" Whenever I read about Noah and his family coming out of the ark," said Mrs. Simpkins, " I think to myself, how joyful they must have felt, and how their hearts must have glowed with thankfulness to God, when they first set their feet upon the solid earth, and saw a clear sky over their heads after such a long dismal confinement."

" Without doubt they did, my dear," said the farmer : " and we ought to be equally thankful every time we walk on the ground and view the sky ; for it is the same Providence that preserves us from floods of water, and a thousand other evils which the Almighty has power to inflict, though he does not act by us in so striking a manner as by Noah and his family. To the care of that merciful God, let us therefore now recommend ourselves, and all our affairs ; and let us pray that he will graciously send us fruitful seasons, and give us hearts to be grateful for his blessings. This prayer ended, the whole family retired to rest ; and Joe promised he would never be cruel to the cattle any more.

C H A P. V.

It was mentioned before that Joe Martin formerly lived with another farmer. The name of this person was Mills: his father and mother had been very laborious people; but they attended to little besides what they call the *main chance*, that is to say, getting money; which they would do if money was to be got; for they practised a hundred fly tricks, such as mixing bad grain with good, chalking two marks for one on a milk score, and so on, till they scraped together money enough to purchase the farmhouse they lived in, and part of the land, and to stock it well. This, with two hundred pounds in money, they left to William, who was their only child.

“*Goods ill gotten,*” says the proverb, “*never prosper:*” and so it proved here; for Will soon spent what his father and mother had saved. There was in the neighbourhood a young woman, named Patty Goodyer, a flaunting dressy lass, who was always flirting about with one young fellow or another. She used often to dance with Will Mills at fairs and wakes; so, as soon as his father and mother were dead, he married her; and as they had both of them a deal of pride and vanity, they set off with making a figure and a flash, and pretended to be topping farmers, and quite grand folks.

Mrs. Mills, being fond of company, went to see Mrs. Simpkins soon after she came into the neighbourhood; but when she returned, made great game of her and her mother, because they were such plain dressing people. Mrs. Simpkins did not at all like Mrs. Mills; but, as she wished to live in harmony with her neighbours, she took occasion one leisure day to return the visit: and her husband walked along with her. Their arrival was quite unexpected by Mrs. Mills; and they found her in a most terrible pickle, with her gown scarcely pinned, her hair quite

quite blowfy, and her handkerchief and other things very untidy. She had two little children with her, who were playing about in frocks that had been white; and gauze caps, with a quantity of flowers and ribbon, but fo dirty, that it was really shocking to fee them; and the poor little creatures' faces were fo befmeared with apple and gingerbread, that, though pretty children, they looked quite disagreeable.

Farmer Mills was not at home, being engaged in fome drinking party with his boon companions. Mr. Simpkins faid he would take a turn in the garden; and Mrs. Mills begged Mrs. Simpkins would do the fame while ſhe dressed herſelf. They accordingly went into what ſhe called the garden; but it was more like a wilderneſs, for it was overgrown with weeds, and afforded ſcarcely any vegetables fit to come to table: but there were numbers of apple and pear-trees, and a great quantity of currant and gooſeberry-buſhes, upon which the fruit had withered for want of gathering. Mr. Simpkins, who was very fond of a garden, was quite vexed to ſee ſuch a good bit of ground going to ruin in that manner; but was ſoon called in to tea by Mrs. Mills, who had made herſelf as fine as a lady, and dizened her children out, and ordered a fire in what ſhe called her beſt parlour, where there was every thing very taſty; feſtoon window curtains, a looking-glaſs in a gilt frame, a carpet, and a ſmart ſet of tea-things.

Mrs. Simpkins drank a diſh or two of tea, becauſe ſhe thought it would be rude to reſuſe, but the farmer begged to be excuſed, and wiſhed for a glaſs of ale inſtead of it: but this was not to be had, for Mrs. Mills ſaid her huſband never drank ale; ſo he ſaid perhaps they had a little cyder or perry, or a glaſs of their own made wine. Mrs. Mills replied, that her huſband would not drink ſuch poor ſtuff, and therefore ſhe never made any; but if Mr. Simpkins choſe

a dram of brandy or rum, a glass of shrub, or a bottle of port, she could help him to them. The good farmer was quite ashamed of having asked for any thing, and thanked Mrs. Mills; but said he would walk round the grounds while she and his wife drank their tea.

Farmers' wives who are cleanly have generally a pride in shewing their houses to visitors; and Mrs. Simpkins had taken Mrs. Mills into every part of hers, which was always neat and in order, from the garret to the cellar. She had great curiosity to see Mrs. Mills's; and so often hinted it, by saying it was a pleasant place, and seemed to be very convenient, and so on, that Mrs. Mills could not help taking her up stairs; but excused herself from shewing her all the rooms, because it was washing week, she said, and they were in a litter.

The chamber into which she took her was a very handsome one: there was a flowered cotton bed, with a white counterpane, mahogany chairs, bed-side carpets, and a toilet table with a dressing-glass, to which a Scotch gauze veil was tied with bows of blue ribbon; and the table was covered with dressing-boxes, which she had bought at some sale.

Mrs. Simpkins said nothing; but thought it rather too much for folks in their little way. When she came down stairs, she found the two children in the parlour; one of whom had a little blind kitten, about five days old, which she squeezed by the neck, and then flung down upon the floor. The other child had a young puppy which she kept holding to the old cat, who clawed him in the face till he whined sadly.

Mrs. Mills was greatly diverted at this scene, and said "How droll it is!" But Mrs. Simpkins, whose heart ached at seeing such barbarity, replied, that she never could find any sport in tormenting poor dumb creatures. "How should you like," said she,

she, "Mrs. Mills, to have your children squeezed and banged about in that way, and frightened out of their wits?" Mrs. Mills coloured, and replied, she hoped there was some difference between her children and kittens and puppies. Mrs. Simpkins answered, that she meant no offence; and began talking, as her husband had done to his family, about their being made out of the dust as well as we: but it was all like Latin and Greek to Mrs. Mills, and she would not believe that such creatures had feeling.

In the midst of their conversation, a boy, who was a neighbour's son, came in with a mouse-trap, in which was a little prisoner, that kept running from side to side, endeavouring to make its escape; but all in vain. This he gave to Mrs. Mills's youngest child. The cruel boy had another mouse, to the tail of which he had tied a string; this he presented to the eldest child, and said she need not be afraid of its biting, for he had drawn all its teeth. The child, eager to divert herself with it, flung it down, and began dragging it about; but fortunately for the poor-thing, old puss caught it, and put it out of its misery at one gripe. Delighted at the cat's dexterity, the other child opened the door of the-trap, in order to give puss some more sport; but the little creature, with a palpitating heart, escaped into a hole, and was out of sight in an instant, to the great joy of Mrs. Simpkins, who could not help chiding the boy for his barbarity, telling him, that if he were a son of hers she would send for a doctor to draw all his teeth for him, and then he would know what he had made a poor little mouse suffer.

"Sure," said Mrs. Mills, "there is no sin in catching rats and mice!"—"Not if they are mischievous to us," replied Mrs. Simpkins: "but if we keep a good cat or two, they will clear our house: for it is their nature to eat mice and rats. For my

part I cannot bear to set traps; and never do, unless mice come into places where cats cannot be trusted.

Just as she ended these words, Mrs. Mills gave a violent scream, which alarmed her visitor, and frightened the children. This was occasioned by her discovering a spider that was crawling on her handkerchief. As soon as Mrs. Simpkins knew what was the matter, she relieved her from her fears by taking the insect off, which she put out at the window. Mrs. Mills soon recovered herself; and expressed her astonishment that the other could touch a spider, declaring that the sight of one always made her ready to go into fits. "I cannot see any thing to dread in them," said Mrs. Simpkins: "they have much more reason to be afraid of us, considering the destruction we make among them; and when they drop down so suddenly as they do, 'tis with a view of escaping from us."—"Why did you not kill it?" said Mrs. Mills.—"Because," replied Mrs. Simpkins, "I did not see any harm it was likely to do; and I do not like to kill any thing, unless I am obliged to do it."—"Then you don't care how many cobwebs you have, I suppose?" said Mrs. Mills. "I cannot say I like cobwebs," replied Mrs. Simpkins: "but by making it a rule to sweep them down, and take the bags away, I have obliged the spiders to forsake the house—and let them spin in the roofs, or any place out of sight, and welcome."

Mrs. Mills declared she could never get the better of her fear of spiders; and it was just the same, she said, in respect to frogs and toads, and eels. Mrs. Simpkins said that it was very unfortunate to be so timorous; but she should suppose any body might get the better of it, if they would try.

At this instant came in two tall greyhounds, which jumped upon Mrs. Mills; then on the chairs; and racketed about as if they had never been used to any command. Mrs. Simpkins thought it very strange that

that a person who was so afraid of a spider should have no dread of creatures so much more capable of doing mischief, and set it down in her mind as a fancy which might be subdued.

From the ceiling of the room hung two bird-cages. Mrs. Simpkins looked up in expectation of hearing the birds sing; but observed that one, which was a linnnet, appeared as if his feathers were all dropping off, and the other sat panting with his head under his wing; on which, she inquired whether the birds were ill? Mrs. Mills answered, that she did not know, for she seldom troubled her head about them. Mrs. Simpkins begged of her to look, for she said such little tender creatures might be dead before she was aware. Mrs. Mills called the maid to take them down; when it appeared that the careless girl had neglected to clean the cages, till the birds were full of vermin; and had turned the mouth of the water-glass on one side, so that the poor canary was famishing with thirst, with plenty of water in view. Mrs. Mills gave the maid a good scolding; but, as soon as she was gone, said she should not have cared if the birds had died, and she wished to get rid of them, for she hated their screaming.— Mrs. Simpkins replied, that she thought birds delightful creatures; and though she did not like to confine them in cages, should be glad to have these if Mrs. Mills would give them to her, who readily agreed to the proposal.

Mrs. Simpkins then turned the conversation to housewifery; and inquired how many cows Mrs. Mills kept, and whether her dairy was profitable? To which the other answered, that two cows had died lately, and she had only two left, for she was the unluckiest creature in the world, as she could not get a good dairy maid, though she was for ever changing, and nobody could think how her milk and cream was wasted; and, as for butter, what

little they had made, was not fit to send to market. Nor was she more fortunate with poultry, for she scarcely reared turkies, geese, ducks, and chickens, enow for her own table; the fowls laid away, and the maid neglected them so.

Mrs. Simpkins understood, from this account, that there was terrible management; but thought it was not good manners in her to find fault, and made no other answer than that *she* had sent a good deal of one thing or other to market. But, civil as she was, I do not think she could have kept from speaking, had she gone into the dairy; for, surely, never was milk before kept in so dirty a way! If the dairy was in this pickle, think what the hog-sties must be! In them a number of poor beasts were shut up, and all kinds of offal thrown to them, even the entrail of those hogs which were killed. At other times they were left for two days together without foods till they were ready to devour one another. The water in their troughs stunk; and you may suppose what kind of a condition the bottom of the sties and the sleeping holes were in. The consequence of this was, that the poor creatures were hide-bound and full of vermin, and horridly nasty besides; so that their flesh, when killed, would fetch no price at market. Nor were the calves a bit better managed at the time of suckling; so they turned to little account.

Just as Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Simpkins had entered into conversation, the good farmer came in and told his wife that it would soon be time for them to go home, as it was almost dark; but he expected the boys with a lantern, as there would be no moon to light them. At Mrs. Mills's earnest entreaty he drank a glass of wine, and eat a bit of seed-cake; and then he and his wife took leave, desiring their service to Mr. Mills. Mrs. Simpkins did not forget the birds, which were both put into a little trap-cage that had a partition in it, and she tied them up in a hand-

handkerchief, that the poor things might not be disturbed.

CHAP. VI.

THE party had not proceeded far before they heard a noise, and perceived a light; on which Mrs. Simpkins, who was a little timid, called out "What's that, Thomas?"—"Nothing that will harm us, I dare say," replied the farmer. "Oh," said Joe Martin, "it is only farmer Mills's men and boys going a bat-fowling."—"What can that be?" said Mrs. Simpkins. "Why I will tell you Kitty," replied her husband; "for I have seen the sport, though I could never get up my heart to join it; it appeared to me so mean, as well as cruel. The poor little birds retire to rest in places which Providence has allotted for their repose; here they turn their heads under their wings, and compose themselves to sleep, without the least suspicion of an enemy; when, all of a sudden, they are awakened by a violent shaking of the bushes—they hear a confused noise—they perceive an unusual light: all these things together confound them so, that they know not what to do; so fly to the light, and are caught in nets, and carried away by a set of unfeeling boys, who often use them in the most cruel manner. This," added he, "is bat-fowling; and if it is not a *mean* employment, I do not know what is so. To go creeping about in the dark, to surprise poor little creatures who have no way of defending themselves!—scorn it, my boys! scorn it!" said he, addressing himself to the boys. "That I will, master, for one!" said Tom Lang.

"But suppose, master," said Joe Martin, "there should be such a mortal swarm of birds, that if they were not killed they would devour the corn, would

there be any harm in bat-fowling them?—had not they better be caught so than take the chance of having their wings and their legs broke by gun-shot afterwards?”—“ I don’t know what to say in such a case, Joe,” answered the farmer; “ but whoever goes a bat-fowling should take care to have as good a reason for it as that you mention, otherwise it would be, as I said before, mean and cruel.”

Mrs. Simpkins then related what sufferings the poor little birds they were carrying home had endured, and her motive for accepting them. “ So far from wishing to confine birds in cages,” said she, “ I would sooner give up a great deal of fruit, to have the pleasure of seeing them at liberty, and hearing them sing in the open air; but I thought it was an act of mercy to take these. I cannot help thinking, my dear,” added she, “ that singing birds are appointed by God as musicians for us country people, to make us cheerful, and to teach us to rejoice and sing, while we behold the beauties of the groves and fields.”

“ What do you say then to spoiling birds’ nests, Kitty?” said the farmer.

“ I think,” replied Mrs. Simpkins, “ that it is wanton cruelty, unless it is done to prevent those birds from being hatched who must be killed if they are suffered to come into life; but this is seldom thought of—the poor little creatures’ labours are destroyed merely for sport. Only consider what a curious thing a bird’s nest is, and what pains it must cost such little creatures, who have no tools but a beak and claws to build it with. Think also how closely the hens sit upon their eggs; which shows that they have a great desire to hatch them; and the close attendance which both birds give to their young ones, is a proof that they feel a very strong love and affection

fection for them. Now who," added Mrs. Simpkins, "would render all these pains and care fruitless, and destroy so much pleasure and happiness only for the sake of diverting themselves?"

"What father or mother, among mankind," said Mr. Simpkins, "would like to have their houses, with all their goods, seized on, themselves left without so much as a bed to lie on, and their children carried away, they know not whither? What child would like to be torn from its tender parents, crammed with poisonous food, and shut up in a little prison, where he could not be at liberty even to stretch his limbs? Yet this is often the fate of a nest of pretty birds; whilst the boy who has seized it rejoices in his prize, and thinks nothing of the misery he inflicts, but even sometimes carries his cruelty so far as to tie a string to a young bird, and torment it with the hope of escaping, till perhaps a limb is broke, or it flutters and fatigues itself to death. Now," continued Mr. Simpkins, addressing himself to the boys, "if such hardships were inflicted on you, if you were dragged about so, and had your limbs broke, would you not make loud complaints? Let me beg of you, therefore, Tom and Joe, to do as you would be done by, if you were birds, and do not treat poor things in that manner, who, though they cannot speak to make their distresses known to us, certainly suffer a deal of pain and misery."

The boys promised they would never take young birds; but desired to know whether they might not take birds' eggs? The farmer replied, No, he could but shoot the sparrows, he said, if he found a necessity of destroying them to preserve his corn; and this he should be sorry to do, neither would he, if he could have them frightened away. "It is hard enough, I sometimes think," continued he, "for the poor things to be driven from what appears a tempting

tempting feast to them : but this we farmers must do, or we should have no bread to eat ourselves, nor any corn to supply the markets with ; and the birds may find other food, such as plantain, groundsel, and berries of various kinds ; and they have had wings given them on purpose that they may fly about and seek it .

In this manner the good farmer and his wife conversed, till they arrived at home ; when she went up stairs and pulled off her best clothes, lest they should get damaged ; and then brought down her husband's every-day coat, and put his Sunday's coat carefully by.

It has been mentioned, that Mrs. Mills made great game of Mrs. Simpkins's manner of dressing ; I will therefore describe it, and then my readers may judge for themselves who appeared the most in character for the wife of a man who lived on a *small* farm, where it was necessary to make the most of every thing, in order to get forward in the world, and who had not, either by birth or education, any claim to gentility. As Mrs. Simpkins had lived a long while with Mrs. Brown, and all the family respected her, and approved her marriage, they resolved to treat her with her wedding garments ; and the choice of her gown was left to herself ; she therefore fixed upon a neat quaker-colour silk and stuff, which her mistress bought her ; and also a white stuff petticoat, quilted in small diamonds. The gown was made with robins, and laced before with white satin ribbon, and it had no train.

Mrs. Bennet insisted on making the cap ; and told her that, as she was going to be a farmer's wife, and the mistress of a family, she might dress a little better than when she was a maid-servant : however, Kitty entreated that it might not be too dressy, as she thought there ought to be a difference between
such

such folks as she and the topping farmers wives. Mrs Bennet accordingly endeavoured to suit it to her taste, and made it of fine lawn, with a pretty edging and a snug crimped-wire border, and trimmed it with white ribbon, pinned on in very exact puffs, and a bow before and behind; it had also a lappet trimmed with the same edging, which went behind the ribbon, and came a little below the ears, but no ribbon streamers.

Mrs. Bennet also made her a present of a clear double muslin handkerchief, with a narrow worked border, a pair of robins to match it, and a clear lawn apron.

Mr. Bennet gave her a neat black cloak and bonnet; and Mr. Brown, her mistress's son, bought her a pair of silver buckles, and a pair of white silk mittins.

These things Mrs. Simpkins was married in; and they were her best apparel for many years; and, when put on with exactness, they looked altogether very handsome, however Mrs. Mills might despise them.

The furniture of her house was of a piece with her dress; but that I shall have occasion to describe in another place.

C H A P. VII.

WHEN the family sat down to supper Roger Hicks was missing; and on inquiry the farmer found from Richard Bruce, that Tom Lang and Joe Martin had been playing tricks with Roger, till they made him so angry that he went to the alehouse to get out of the way. This account vexed Mr. Simpkins a good deal; and he told the boys they were
a couple

a couple of boobies. Their only excuse was, that Roger was foolish, and they could not help laughing at him.

“ I don’t know what you call foolish,” said the farmer. “ He may talk a little *oddish*, and not be so *cute* as you are, Tom Lang ; but I am sure he is as good natured a fellow as ever lived in a house, and minds his work as well ; and he shan’t be tormented under my roof. He does justice both by man and beast : and if he has the sense to do all that, he is wiser than many that make game of him. God Almighty,” continued the farmer, “ has made a difference among mankind, by giving some men more wit, and some more strength. and so on, that they may help and receive help from one another ; and not for them to ridicule their fellow-creatures. However you boys may pride yourselves in your sharpness,” added he, “ there are people in the world who are a hundred and a hundred times cleverer than either of you : therefore let us have no more of your pranks. If Roger comes home drunk, the sin will partly lie at your door.”

Just as he spake these words, Roger came staggering in, to the great concern of the farmer and all the family ; for though the boys could have found in their hearts to have had some fun with him, they were sorry to see him come home tipsy, fearing it would increase their master’s anger against them : but he was prevented saying any more to them immediately, by being obliged to attend to Roger ; who, as soon as he sat down was very sick, and afterwards so headstrong, that he could not be prevailed on to go to bed till he had sung “ *Sir John Barleycorn.*” However, at last he yielded : and as the farmer did not like to go to rest till he had composed himself, instead of saying any more to the boys, he said family prayers as usual,
in

in which he did not fail to implore divine grace for the government of the temper.

The next morning Roger awoke with the head-ache, so that he could not get up at the usual hour to go to his work. When the rest of the family assembled at breakfast, the farmer began talking to the boys again, not in anger, but as a friend.

“I hope,” said he, “Tom and Joe, you are sorry for carrying your jokes so far upon Roger; indeed it was very wrong in you. Now, poor fellow, he is obliged to lie in bed with the head-ache, while my work is neglected. Suppose he had tumbled into a pit, and been killed, or come to any other accident, while he was in liquor, would not you have been unhappy all your lives? Be advised by me; leave off that foolish trick, and try to live in peace with your fellow-servants, instead of driving them into sin.”

The boys promised to obey their master, and also to work the harder, in order to help Roger; and went out with Richard Bruce.

As soon as Roger heard them go, he got up, and came down stairs, but looked very foolish. Mrs. Simpkins and her mother-in-law pitied him, and resolved not to say any thing about his frolic: but his master thought it his duty to speak to him, and began with asking him how he did? To which Roger answered, that he had a deadly bad head-ache. “No wonder, indeed!” said Mr. Simpkins: “I hope it will be a warning to you, Roger, not to get drunk any more.” Roger said he did not think he should of one while; but any man might be overcome with liquor one time or another: and those who drove him to the alehouse must answer for the sin of it.—“For *their own* sin, Roger,” replied the farmer; “but not for *yours*. You have sense enough to know, nay, you have lately heard the parson say
in

in the pulpit, that it is a very wrong thing to get fuddled; and you might have helped doing so, if you would. It is a very common thing," continued the farmer, "not only for drunkards, but for passionate people, to comfort themselves as you now do, that those who provoked them are alone to blame; but they are very much mistaken. A person who tries to work another up into a passion, is guilty of a sin, whether he succeeds or not, and for that *he* must account: but the person who suffers his temper to be wrought into a heat, is as guilty as he, because God has commanded that *we should not give place unto wrath*: and there is no doubt but that what HE has made our duty, he will give us strength to perform, if we try to do so. *He that is slow to wrath* (says the wise king Solomon) *is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.* And the apostle James says, *Let every one be slow to wrath.* Think of these things, Roger, and be upon your guard another time: and let me advise you to take no notice to the boys of what has passed; I dare say they will not tease you any more." Roger replied, that they deserved a good basting; and he had had thoughts of giving it them: however, it should be as his master pleased. He then went out; and finding that the boys had taken care of his horses, and done all they could for him, he came into a good humour, went to work, and the air entirely cured his head-ache.

C H A P. VIII.

MRS. SIMPKINS and her mother-in-law, having done their bustling work, sat down in the afternoon, one to her needle, the other to knitting; when they

soon

soon fell into conversation concerning the visit to Mrs. Mills, whom, as nobody was by but her mother, Mrs. Simpkins ventured to blame very freely for her ill-management in respect to the farming business. She said, she thought, for her part, that *industry* and *thrift* were both very necessary for farmers wives, and for all people who wished to get forward in the world; and that it was very wrong to trust entirely to servants; for the *best storekeeper was the mistress's eye*. Not that she approved of stinginess; for she thought a maxim which her poor dear master, Mr. Brown, often repeated, was a very good one; *Be frugal, that you may be generous*: for people who save properly have more to give than those who suffer waste and extravagance in housekeeping.

“Only think,” added she, “what a difference it would make at the year's end, should a number of poultry die off, our hens lay away, or the milk and cream be slopped about in the dairy.”

“Very true,” replied her mother: but you have none of these things to lay to your charge; nor, I hope, to mine either.”

“That I have not!” replied the daughter; “for I believe you are as tender over the poultry as if they were your children.”

“I look upon them as my children,” said old Mrs. Simpkins, “as far as their happiness goes. Poor things! many of them will have but *short* lives, and I should be sorry to hinder them from having *happy* ones. I hardly know a greater pleasure than in going early of a morning to the poultry-yard. No sooner do the creatures hear my step, than a cackling and chirping begins; and when I open the gate, it is very diverting to see the bustle. To be sure they have not much manners, for they fly over one another's backs to be first served; and sometimes get upon my head and shoulders.”

“ It is very droll, indeed,” replied Mrs. Simpkins; “ and, I think, improving too: I never enter the poultry-yard of a morning without repeating to myself, naturally as it were, part of a hymn which I learnt at the charity-school when I was a little girl.

*“ The beasts, and fowls, and all their brood,
Come night and morning for their food;
The hand that feedeth them they know;
And to it grateful homage show.*

*“ Shall Christians, then, the hand above
Not know, who daily pours down love,
And blessings from his boundless stores;
Who feeds and keeps both us and ours.*

*“ Let man and wife, each little one,
And servant, morn and evening, join
In every household, rich and poor,
Our God and Father to adore,
From this time forth for evermore!”* }

Old Mrs. Simpkins said, the sight of them was enough to bring those pretty verses to mind; and she thought there were other lessons besides to be learnt in a poultry-yard. “ Of all things,” said she, “ I admire the tenderness of hens for their chicks. It were well if all mothers who call themselves Christians would take pattern by them: they are never idle, but always doing something for their families. Don't you remember that our Saviour compares his love for the Jews to that of a hen for her young? So it is plain we ought to take example from the creatures.”

“ I should,” said Mrs. Simpkins, “ think it a sin to take their young till the time comes for their leaving them to shift for themselves: neither can I bear

to shut fowls up a fattening where they can see other fowls at liberty; and, as for *cramming*, I will not do it if I never send a fowl to market, nor will I ever eat any but barn door fowls myself. I am sure it grieves me to have any poultry killed; but it must be so, for the world would be too full of them if all were suffered to live; and, besides our own maintenance depends in some measure on the selling them; and my comfort is, that they are dead in an instant. I can't think how some folks can be so hard-hearted as to cut chickens heads off without first wringing their necks. I declare I have, before now, seen poor creatures fluttering their wings, in seeming agony, half an hour after they had lost their heads. How barbarous it is to tease poor hens by making them hatch duck-eggs! I am sure I have felt a great deal for hens which I have seen in distress on this account. Hens seem by nature to be very fearful; and they have many enemies to dread, hawks, and foxes, and rats, and I know not what: it is therefore very cruel to give them any cause for fear, besides what is natural to them."

"It is very wrong, indeed!" said old Mrs. Simpkins. "If a woman would but think what she suffers when she is afraid her child will be drowned, she could not put a hen to such torture. When I hear one screaming after a brood of ducklings, I cannot help fancying to myself that she is perhaps saying in her way, "Come back, my dears, come back: you will be drowned! and what will then your poor mother do? Come out of the cold element, which will freeze and benumb your tender limbs, and let me gather you under my warm wings. Will no kind goose or duck save my darlings?"

"Such thoughts will come into the heads of tender-hearted people, mother," said the daughter; "but some folks have hearts of flint towards *dumb creatures*:
though

though I don't think that, properly speaking, they are quite *dumb*: for if you mind, birds make several kinds of noises, which I am sure signify different things; for you know that a fowl will give notice, by a particular noise, that there is food to be had. This sets the whole poultry-yard in motion. Another kind of noise makes each blood run to its own mother. The master-cock, with a terrible voice, and a threatening look, commands the others to keep at a distance? and then, with a milder note, invites his favourite hens to come and eat what he has provided: and the hen, by a particular cackling, which *we* have learnt to understand, gives notice when she has laid an egg."

"Very true, Kitty! very true:" replied old Mrs. Simpkins: "many a dumb beast, as well as fowl, have made me understand them, as well as if they could speak. How many stories have you and I heard about dogs that have saved their masters' lives by the signs they made, and their barking!"

"Aye, dogs are useful creatures, and I do like them," said Kitty: "and yet I cannot help wishing to have them kept in their proper places, because they make so much dirt. 'Tis very pleasing to have them with one when one goes a walking; but I think a kennel, or a warm stable, with a little clean straw, better for them to sleep in than the house; and it is all the same to them when they are used to it from the first. I am sure it would have vexed you to have seen the great greyhounds at Mrs. Mills's, how they ran about and dirtied the chairs and the floors. It is very disheartening when a woman, whether maid or mistress, has scrubbed a floor till her arms ache, to have a beast run all over it, and leave the marks of four feet every time he moves. I know I have felt very angry when visitors came in with dogs at Mr. Brown's; and have threatened vengeance
many

many and many a time; but I never could get up my heart to hurt the poor beasts."

"It would be cruel to hurt them," said the mother, "for, poor things, they think no harm. They know nothing about cleaning of floors, or, it is my thought, they would sooner lick off the dirt they make with their own tongues, than vex us as they often do, for dogs are good-natured creatures, and seem to love mankind, so that they would do any thing they could to please us; and they ought not to be used as if they plagued us out of spite; and it is dreadfully barbarous not to feed them well."

"So it is," replied young Mrs. Simpkins; "and yet how many people will keep dogs who can hardly keep their families! I wonder poor folks, who know how pinching hunger is, have not more feeling than to do it. What use can either a cat or dog be of to those who have empty cupboards, and nothing in their houses worth guarding? It would be more charity to kill the poor beasts than to let them pine away in lingering misery."

"Now you talk of cats, Kitty," said the mother, "only think what they are made to suffer sometimes by cruel boys, who delight in hunting and worrying them. I can't see what pleasure there can be in scaring poor beasts out of their wits: I wonder how any of them would like to be driven along, with a rabble rout at their heels, urging a parcel of dogs to tear them limb from limb."

"It is my opinion," said young Mrs. Simpkins, "that one thing that makes boys so cruel to cats is, a notion some of them take in their heads that a cat has nine lives: now this is very nonsensical: for how can any body think that God Almighty would give more lives to one creature than to another, for no other reason in the world but that they might be put to death over and over again? If ever I have children,

dren, I will endeavour to keep them from such out-of-the-way fancies, and shall teach them to be tender to cats, because they are such useful creatures. They shall not use them as Mrs. Mills's children used the poor blind kitten." She was going to tell how this was, when her husband entered with the joyful news that the red cow had got a fine calf; which put an end to the humane conversation of these worthy women, who immediately set about preparing some refreshment for the poor beast.

C H A P. IX.

THE week after Mr. Simpkins had made remarks on the history of Noah's flood, he employed the schoolmaster of the village to copy out for him, in print-hand, partly in red and partly in black ink, the Everlasting covenant with man and beast, and the Token of the Covenant, as follow :

THE COVENANT.

GOD *spake unto* NOAH,
and to his sons with him, saying,
 AND I, BEHOLD I, ESTABLISH
 MY COVENANT
 WITH YOU, AND
 WITH YOUR SEED AFTER YOU,
 AND WITH EVERY
 LIVING CREATURE
 THAT IS WITH YOU, OF THE
 FOWL, OF THE CATTLE,
 AND OF EVERY BEAST OF THE EARTH
 WITH YOU.

FROM

FROM ALL THAT GO OUT OF THE ARK,
TO EVERY BEAST OF THE EARTH.

AND

I WILL ESTABLISH MY COVENANT WITH YOU:
NEITHER SHALL ALL FLESH BE CUT OFF
ANY MORE BY THE WATERS OF A FLOOD;
NEITHER SHALL THERE ANY MORE BE A FLOOD
TO DESTROY THE EARTH.

THE TOKEN.

And GOD *said,*

This is the TOKEN of the Covenant
which I make between ME and YOU,
and every LIVING CREATURE that is with you,
for perpetual generations:

I DO SET MY BOW IN THE CLOUD,
and it shall be for a TOKEN of a COVENANT
between ME and the EARTH.

And it shall come to pass,
when I bring a Cloud over the Earth, that
THE BOW SHALL BE SEEN IN THE CLOUD;

And I will remember my Covenant
which is between ME and you,
and every Living Creature of all flesh;
and the waters shall no more become a flood
to destroy all flesh.

AND THE BOW SHALL BE SEEN IN THE CLOUD;
and I will look upon it, that I may remember

THE EVERLASTING COVENANT

BETWEEN GOD AND EVERY LIVING CREATURE
of all flesh, that is upon the Earth.

C

And

And GOD said unto Noah,
 THIS IS THE
 TOKEN OF THE COVENANT,
 WHICH I HAVE ESTABLISHED BETWEEN ME
 AND ALL FLESH THAT IS UPON THE EARTH.

Genesis ix. 8—17.

These Mr. Simpkins pasted on sheets of stiff paper like almanacks, and put borders of black paper round them. They were brought home on Saturday evening; but Mr. Simpkins did not hang them up immediately, because he wished to do this with some solemnity, lest his family should read them, as too many other good things are read, without attention. On the Sunday, when they were all assembled in the parlour, and the Bib'e laid on the table, he produced them; and addressing himself to his servants, said, "Look here, my lads; this is a copy of the covenant I told you of; the **EVERLASTING COVENANT** written in HEAVEN, and sealed with the RAINBOW." He then read it over distinctly; and afterwards reminded them of the history of the flood, which had been before read; wherein it was related that GOD, when he destroyed every living substance that was upon the face of the earth, remembered Noah and every living thing that was with him in the ark; the beasts, the birds, and even the very reptiles that crawled upon the earth.

He observed to them that it was the sins of *men*, and not of *brutes*, which brought destruction upon the earth; and added, that if they took notice of what at present passed in the world, they would see men wicked, and brutes innocent; and not only so, but ready to render us any service in their power; patiently enduring, for our benefit, toil and labour,
 and

and contented with such food as we cannot eat ourselves.

“ I think, master,” said Richard Bruce, “ I remember reading, in the prophecy of Jonah, that God spared the city of Nineveh for the sake of the innocent children and the cattle: and who can tell but that our land may at this very time be spared for the same reason? God knows there is a deal of wickedness in it! I think, therefore, we should not abuse creatures, for whose sake, partly, a wicked city was saved.”

“ Very true, Richard,” said the farmer: “ and the prophet Jeremiah tells us, that *when the land mourneth, and the herbs of every field wither, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein, the beasts and the birds are consumed.* So that it is not God who is unmerciful to the brutes, but it is the cruelty and unmercifulness of men that provoke the Almighty to curse the land. We cannot think that a just God will let presumptuous sinners go on for ever without sending some judgment to punish them: but God knows how far it is right to cut them off.”

Mr. Simpkins then desired Tom Lang to try to read the Covenant, which he did with great satisfaction; and after that the Token: but Joe Martin could only read words of one syllable. The farmer then hung them up in the parlour; and from that time made it a rule to have them read every Sunday.

Here the good farmer ended his lecture; for he was afraid of saying too much at one time, lest his servants should not remember it.

C H A P. X.

Farmer Simpkins afterwards employed the schoolmaster to write out for him, in large print-hand,

The Golden Rule.

WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO
UNTO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO UNTO THEM.

The Summary of the Law and the Prophets.

THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH
ALL THY HEART, AND WITH ALL THY SOUL;
AND THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF.

These were hung up in the kitchen; and the farmer begged his family would endeavour to imprint them on their hearts so deeply that they might remain to their lives' end. The Golden Rule, he told them, explains itself; and those answers in the church catechism which relate to our duty to God and our neighbour, sufficiently explain the other. He recommended to them to learn those answers perfectly, and examine their conduct by them.

The next evening after Mr. Simpkins hung up the Everlasting Covenant, he had got his family about him, and was advising them to search the scriptures for directions how to act; telling them, he had done so even from a child, and found the comfort and advantage of it on many trying occasions. As he spake the last words, Joe Martin called out, "I'll tell master of you, Tom!"—"What's the matter now?" cried the farmer. On which Roger Hicks replied, that the boys had been wrangling and jangling all day: and Richard Bruce said that, though
Tom

Tom was a good boy for his work, and he never saw him use the cattle ill, he must say he had a foolish way of teasing his fellow-servants; and one day or other he would get his trimmings for it.

Mr. Simpkins said he was very sorry to hear such things of him, and indeed he had seen a little of it himself; but he would not allow it; for if it was wrong to ill-treat the creatures below us, it must be so to be unkind to our equals. He added, that it was pity those who called themselves Christians would not observe the GOLDEN RULE of their divine Lord and Master JESUS CHRIST; which would restrain them not only from cruel actions, but from teasing, which often gave as much pain to the mind as blows to the body.

Joe Martin, encouraged by his master's taking his part, immediately began to complain that Tom had given him the nick-names of Coward and Cowbeater, for striking Colley.

“ It certainly was a cowardly action, Joe,” said Mr. Simpkins, “ to beat and abuse an innocent, harmless beast, who has as much right to happiness as you have, and who has given you many a good meal: but I hope you will do so no more; and it is not Tom's business to correct you: neither is it right for fellow-servants, or indeed any people, to call one another names; for, as the little hymn-book says,

*“ Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.”*

How often do we see great quarrels arise from a word spoken in jest! Therefore, my lads, let me advise you to agree one with another; it will make your

lives pass as happily again.—Don't be so touchy, Joe:—And do you, Tom, leave off working him up. When he is in a good humour, endeavour to keep him so; and when he is in a passion, answer him mildly, *for a soft answer turneth away wrath*; and he who wilfully leads another into sin, makes himself a partner in his guilt, and will be called to account for so doing at the great judgment day." He then desired the boys to shake hands, that they might go to bed in peace; and he begged they would make it a rule, never to let the sun go down on their wrath: "For if," said he, "you give way to anger, so as to go to bed with resentment in your heart, you will not be fit to say your prayers; and God will, perhaps, leave you to the temptations of the devil, who will lead you into hatred, malice, and revenge: and there is no knowing what wickedness you may commit.—The best way is," continued he, "when a person finds himself angry, as every man is liable to be sometimes, to flee the occasion, and get by himself, and pray to God Almighty to enable him to keep his anger within just bounds, and to imitate the example of his blessed Saviour. To enforce this advice, Mr. Simpkins added this night, to the usual family devotions, a prayer which Mr. Brown had given him, *for a meek and quiet temper*; and then, with a mind perfectly serene, retired to rest in charity with all mankind.

CHAP. XI.

IN a short time, farmer Mills drove his wife in a one-horse chaise to see Mrs. Simpkins; for though it was not above two miles, she did not chuse to walk; and was too proud to ride on a pillion. As Mills had learnt that Mr. Simpkins was not fond of drinking,

drinking, and kept no better liquor than ale, he pretended to have an engagement with some friends at an inn in the market-town, and invited Mr. Simpkins to go along with him, assuring him that he would meet very jovial company; but the good farmer thought that should he go once, he would be expected to go again; therefore begged to be excused; but said that, as he had business to do in the town, if Mr. Mills would give him a cast thither he should be obliged to him: accordingly the other took him up in the chaise, and drove off; telling his wife that she must get home on foot, for he could not fetch her.

Mr. Simpkins had a most uncomfortable ride; for the poor horse was scarcely able to move with the chaise for want of strength; and had been beat about and left in his harness till he was raw in some places; yet Mills had no pity on him, but whipped and swore at him all the way; nay, once he got out in a passion, and beat the poor beast about the head with the handle of his whip, and quite stunned him; and this only because he started and stumbled a little, owing to his having been made, by cruel treatment, afraid of his own shadow.

Mr. Simpkins begged and entreated that Mills would have mercy; but all in vain; so was glad when he got to his journey's end.

After having dispatched his business, he returned home in one of his own carts, which went to carry some things to town. When he came thither, he found that his wife was gone part of the way with her guest; on which he set off to meet her. As they walked along, he told her of Mills's barbarity, which shocked her exceedingly; and she said, she had rather walk on foot all her life, than sit behind a horse to see it tortured in that manner. As for Mr. Simpkins, his head was so full of the subject, that he

could not help telling his family of Mills's cruelty; and begged none of them would, at any time of their lives, do such things. He then told them, that on Sunday he would read the history of Balaam and his Ass; which he did; and all parties seemed much entertained with it.

"I think," said Roger Hicks, "that Balak was very wicked in wanting to curse a whole nation. Pray, master, what had the Israelites done to provoke him to do so?"

"Nothing at all," replied the farmer; "for they had been commanded not to molest the Moabites on account of Lot, from whom they descended; but Balak does not appear to have known this; and was afraid they would overcome his people, as they had done other nations: and I have read, in a book at Mr. Brown's, that it was the custom among heathens to send for conjurors and such sort of people, at the beginning of a war, to curse their enemies in the name of their false gods, in hopes that these idols would help their worshippers; and as Balaam was known to be a prophet of the God of Israel, Balak thought that if he could bribe him to curse God's people, their own God would destroy them."

"Eless me?" said Mrs. Simpkins, "what strange notions the heathen people had of God! I am glad I am not one of them. But yet I do not well understand what Balaam's sin was, since he did not go without God's leave."

"His sin," said Mr. Simpkins, "as the book I just spoke of explained it, was this: Balaam went to Moab with a desire to obtain the rewards offered by Balak; and would not have scrupled to curse the people of Israel, if God had not put a blessing in his mouth, and obliged him to utter it, whether he liked it or not."

"It appears," said old Mrs. Simpkins, "that Balaam

laam was a very hard-hearted man, or he would not have used his poor Afs so."

"Yes," replied Mr. Simpkins, "he was hard-hearted enough; and though I don't love to cast reflections upon a neighbour, I must say farmer Mills put me in mind of him the other day; and I could not help wishing his poor horse was able to speak: as he was not. I spoke for him as well as I could. The scripture says, *we should open our mouths for the dumb.*"

"And what did you say, master?" said Roger Hicks.

"I told him," answered Mr. Simpkins, "that the beast was not to blame for starting, for he no more liked to be frightened than we did. It could be no more pleasure to him to make a false step, than it was to us; and that he felt more pain and jar from it than we. I begged him to consider, that while he enjoyed an easy seat the horse went afoot; that perhaps his shoe pinched him, or he might have trod upon a sharp flint, or a loose stone; that, in such a case, if he were walking he might stumble too; especially if he was at the same time terrified out of his wits by a beadle, or some such person, following him with a whip, while his own hands were tied behind him."

"What could farmer Mills say to this?" said Mrs. Simpkins.

"He said," replied the farmer, "that I did not understand driving; and that it would plague any one to see a horse so foolish; that he loved a beast of spirit:" but I could not help thinking he was the greatest fool of the two."

"Who could expect spirit in a horse that belonged to him?" said Richard Bruce: "*starving and beating* will tame a *savage beast*; and when we add hard labour to this, we cannot wonder that a poor dumb creature wants spirit."

"Well!" said Mr. Simpkins, "let us leave farmer

Mills to God and his own conscience; and, since we think these things wrong, let *us* act better. If at any time we find ourselves angry with a beast for doing contrary to our wishes, we should consider that he has not the gift of *reason* or *speech*; that if it is foolish in him to be afraid, our folly is greater than his if we do not try to get the better of our anger; that there is greater room to hope to overcome him by gentleness and good management than by whips and spurs; and, above all, let us think that though we see no angel in our way, there may be thousands that are witnesses of our conduct, and that God certainly sees us: and since it is written in the scriptures that he *once* interfered in favour of a beast, we may depend on it that he notes our treatment of dumb creatures, and regards cruelty to them as a sin: and I think it is worth noticing, that this beast was an *Ass*; a creature that, of all brutes, is in these days doomed to suffer the greatest hardships, though our Saviour himself has recommended him to our mercy, by mentioning him as an object of compassion; and made his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem riding on an ass. This circumstance," continued Mr. Simpkins, "I think entitles the ass to some degree of respect among Christians; but, instead of that, you will see both men and boys mocking and abusing this kind of beast wherever it passes. One would take such folks for the servants of the very scribes and pharisees, who, on all occasions, insulted our LORD; for they appear to be instigated by secret malice, which the creature himself can have done nothing to deserve."

"I have seen many an harmless ass abused in my time," cried Roger Hicks. "There's Will Hill, the chimney-sweeper, deserves to have his bones broke, a little footy rascal; not content with making the beast carry him and his foot too, he never mounts the back of the ass but he beats him the whole time; and not only so, but gives him many a bang when he
ought

ought to be at rest, merely for sport. The first time I catch him at it again, I will make him remember it."

Tom Lang said, that a few days before, he had met James Fowler, the sandman, driving a cart with two asses, which he had loaded to so unmerciful a degree, that one of them fell down dead; and after that he attempted to make the other go on by himself; and he supposed would have killed that too, had not he, according to his master's orders, taken a horse from his own cart to relieve him.

"Well!" said Mr. Simpkins, "unfeeling people will do many cruel and wonderful things; but depend on it, they are *sinners* in the sight of God; and, if they do not repent, will be judged for such offences."

"I have heard people," said Richard Bruce, "make game of the history of Balaam, and say it is impossible a beast could ever speak."

"Wicked people," answered the farmer, "will make game of any thing; but they don't consider that God is *almighty*, and therefore all things are possible to him: for my part, I firmly believe that the ass did speak distinct words; and I think the account of his doing so is put in the Bible on purpose to teach men mercy to brutes."

"What a wonderful book the Bible is!" said Mrs. Simpkins; I am sure there is not another like it in the world: it teaches persons in all stations, what they ought to do at all times."

"Very true," answered Mr. Simpkins; "I do not believe there is any thing we have occasion to do throughout our lives, but we may find an *example* or a *precept* in the *scriptures* to instruct us how to act. Let us therefore praise God for the blessing of learning to read them; and pray to him for grace to make a right use of this knowledge." He then desired Mrs. Simpkins to join with him in one of Dr. Watts's Songs, entitled, "*Praise to God for learning to read*;" and then in that on "*The excellency of the Bible*;"

after which, he added, to the usual devotions, the collect of the church for the second Sunday in Advent.

C H A P. XII.

ANOTHER Sunday Mr. Simpkins read the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis: as soon as he had finished it, his wife expressed herself greatly delighted with the tenderness of Rebekah towards the poor camels, which she supposed were beasts that were used in those days instead of horses.

Tom Lang begged to know what sort of creatures they were; on which Richard Bruce said he once saw a camel that was shewn at a fair as a sight; and described it as a very tall beast, with a long neck, and long legs, and two bunches on its back, between which its loads are laid. He said that the man who shewed it, told him a camel would travel for eight days together without eating any thing but a ball of paste each day; and go for four or five days without drinking; and that one hour's rest in twenty-four was all that was allowed him on a journey, over deserts of sand, where there is not so much as a tree to shelter them.

Old Mrs. Simpkins said, that she supposed Abraham lived in that country, by his having so many camels; and observed, that it must be very hard work for a young woman to draw water for ten large beasts, which would drink a great deal at a time, as they drank so seldom. It was a sign, she said, that Rebekah was tender-hearted, or she would not have kept on drawing till they were satisfied.

Mrs. Simpkins remarked, that Laban was also very good to the poor beasts; for though he had got a guest that brought gold, and silver, and jewels, he attended to the camels in the first place; ungirded them, and gave them straw and provender enough, before he set out any refreshment for Abraham's steward, and the men who were with him.

The

The farmer replied, that it was certainly right to take the first care of creatures which could not take care of themselves. He said, it often made his heart ache to see a poor beast, who had done hard work, and borne the burthen and heat of the day, left in harness, and neglected to be fed, while a cruel driver sat drinking and singing at an alehouse. He then gave strict orders to his men and boys to take care that all his cattle had their meat in due season; that they ungirded them as soon as their labour was finished, and gave them provender enough: he also desired them to be sure and lead them away to watering; which, he said, altogether would not be half so much trouble as a young woman, nay, he might say, a young lady, had taken for the camels of a stranger.

Richard Bruce said, that since GOD had been pleased to provide food for all sorts of beasts, he thought men had no right to withhold it from them. He observed, that there were a great many texts of scripture that mentioned GOD's providence to different sorts of creatures.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Simpkins, “King David points out several instances of GOD's goodness to them; and I remember in one place he calls GOD* *the preserver of MAN and BEAST, who giveth food to all FLESH*; and in another he says, that GOD *sendeth springs into the vallies that run among the hills, that all the beasts of the field may drink thereof; that the wild asses may quench their thirst; and that the fowls of the air may have their habitation in the trees, nourished by their moisture, and sing among the branches: and also, that GOD bringeth forth grass for the CATILE, as well as herb for the service of man.*”

“I wonder any people can be so silly.” said Richard Bruce, “as to think all things in the world were made for MAN only, when the very psalm you are talking of, master, tells the direct contrary.

* Psalm xxxvi. 6. Psalm civ.

Does not David say, that *trees* are partly made *that the birds may build their nests?* and that, as for the *stork, the fir-tree is her house?* And not only so, but the very *rocks and high hills*, which men cannot climb; are a *refuge for wild goats and conies.*

“Nay,” said the farmer, “the *darkness* of the night is partly ordained, as the Psalmist tells us, for the conveniency of *wild BEASTS of the forest, that they may move and creep forth* when men are at their rest, and so not likely to be terrified by them.”

“When I saw the lion, and the tiger, and the wolf, and the leopard, at fair,” said Richard Bruce, “I blessed God that they were not so plentiful here as our flocks and herds; if they were, I know not what we should do.”

“Our natural courage, and their dread of mankind, would, I hope, in that case, come to our aid, Richard,” said the farmer: “but, thanks to God Almighty’s providence, which ordained every thing for the best, we are not likely to be put to the trial. Those creatures which are of most use to us are brought within our reach; and those which would disturb and frighten us are placed at a distance. The most terrible beasts are of use in the countries they properly belong to, as I have read in a book of travels; and people hunt them for the sake of their skins: but you find by the Psalmist, they generally go about in the night; so that man may pursue his daily work in safety; for, *when the sun ariseth, the lions* (and other beasts too, I suppose) *who go roaring about all night, and seek their meat from GOD!*—when the sun ariseth, I say, *they get them away together, and lay them down in their dens, while man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening.* Well might David say, O LORD! *how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the EARTH is full of thy riches: and so is the great and wide sea also, whercon are things creeping innumerable, both small and*

and great: there go the ships; and there is that Leviathan, whom thou hast made to take his pastime therein; these wait all upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season; that thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, and they are filled with good."

"What is a Leviathan?" said Tom Lang.

"I do not know," said Mr. Simpkins; "but some great creature that lives in the sea, without doubt."

"I do love David's psalms," said Mrs. Simpkins; "while they are reading one's heart feels his words: what he says seems so true, that I could fancy them my own thoughts."

"Yes, Kitty," said her husband, "they are very delightful; for whether one is in joy or sorrow, disposed for prayer or praise, there is something suitable to be found in the psalms. And I think, when they are well sung, they are quite charming. I wonder psalmody is so much neglected, for I know nothing that helps more to lift the thoughts to God."

"But why," said Richard Bruce, "did David curse his enemies so? After reading in the New Testament that *we should love our enemies, bless, and curse not*; I don't know how to repeat these curses at church."

"I consider them in quite another light," said Mr. Simpkins: "my good master, Mr. Brown, told me, that they were meant as *curses* against those idolatrous nations who presumptuously opposed God when he displayed his miracles in the world; and that David pronounced them in God's name, not his own: as king of Israel he was expressly appointed to cut those idolaters off. To Christians these curses are no more than *admonitions* to avoid those crimes which provoked divine justice to root the heathens out; and, by reading the psalms carefully, you will easily discover what those crimes were. It would be very wicked in *us* to denounce those
curses

curfes against our *private enemies*; and very prefumptuous to utter them against any that we regard as God's *enemies*; becaufe we have no command, we are not inspired to do it, as David was. Therefore, Richard, let us *take warning* by the *curfes*; but *blefs and love our enemies like Chriftians*; and let us try to imitate the goodnefs of God, by feeding and providing for every living creature that is by him committed to our care.

C H A P. XIII.

IN the manner above related, did good farmer Simpkins, endeavour to improve his family, and regulate his own heart; and the firft quarter of a year foon paffed away. At Chriftmas 'squire Harvey came to refide at his own eftate, the repairs of his houfe being at that time completed.

'Squire Harvey was a very worthy gentleman; and his lady was extremely humane and charitable. The day after Chriftmas-day they invited all their tenants; among them they particularly diftinguifhed farmer Simpkins and his wife; the 'squire admired his humility and good fenfe; and Mrs. Harvey was charmed with the modefty and neatnefs of Mrs. Simpkins; and when ſhe was gone, the lady remarked, that her drefs was perfectly *in character*. "Really," ſaid Mrs. Harvey, "ſhe made a very reſpectable appearance, ſo that you might judge her to be the miſtreſs of a family, and a very reputable perſon; but there was no attempt at faſhion and finery as in the woman who lives at the other little farm; ſhe whom we ſaw the other day in a one-horſe chaiſe.

"You mean, I ſuppoſe, Mrs. Mills," ſaid the 'squire.

"The very ſame," replied the lady. "It is very ſtrange to me," continued Mrs. Harvey, "that women will ever be ſo ſilly as to drefs above their ſtation! If they did but know how ridiculous it makes

makes them in the eyes of their superiors, and how much envy it creates in their equals, they would not do it; for I imagine it is chiefly intended to give them consequence in the world; whereas, in effect, it takes away what they might otherwise claim as their due."

"Very true," replied 'squire Harvey; "but when vanity and the love of dress have got possession of a female heart, who can drive them out?"

"I own it is a hard task," replied Mrs. Harvey; "but I wish it were possible to persuade the lower orders of people to be contented with suitable apparel; it would save them a deal of uneasiness. I shall try what can be done with the children when we have Sunday schools among us; for I look upon it as a thing of real importance to happiness, among all ranks of people, to dress in a manner becoming their station in life. The extravagant love of dress spoils numbers of good servants, and keeps a labouring man in continual distress. A girl," continued the lady, "who indulges it, is liable to a thousand temptations; and if she becomes a wife involves her husband in debts, which embitter his days, and give rise to perpetual bickerings and wranglings between them, which would never have happened, would she have been contented with such clothes as his circumstances could afford."

"I am afraid," said 'squire Harvey, "that if you give your people advice on the subject, they will only think you do it out of jealousy."

"I hope they will not be so foolish," answered Mrs. Harvey, "as I have nothing but their interest and happiness in view: I only wish to lessen their wants, which they increase to no purpose. But I think the best way will be to get Mrs. Simpkins to talk to them; she is a pattern of propriety and neatness. I should much like to see her at her own house; and will ask Mrs. Williams to go with me."

The next day Mrs. Harvey sent to request Mrs. Williams

Williams to go with her in the coach, and she readily complied with the invitation.

Mr. Williams was the clergyman of the parish, whom 'squire Harvey had lately presented to the vicarage: he and his lady were both most excellent people: to sum up their characters in one word, they were *Christians indeed*.

This worthy divine had already resolved to consider his parishioners as his children, as far as related to their eternal salvation, and the relief of those worldly necessities which his charitable offices could extend to. Both he and Mrs. Williams were therefore exceedingly pleased to hear there was such a good farmer and his wife in the village.

When the ladies arrived at Mrs. Simpkins's they found her, like a notable dame as she was, taking care of a poor little calf; which, being now old enough, she was weaning from its mother, with a view to the bringing it up. Mrs. Simpkins was rather surpris'd at seeing a coach stop, and two ladies alight from it: however, as her conscience told her she was doing her duty, she did not flurry herself about being in her working dress; neither did she make apologies, as if she thought they were coming to make a visit to her as their equal, but very civilly shewed them into the parlour, and said she would light a fire in a minute; but they insisted on sitting down in the kitchen, which was very neat; and they seated themselves. Mrs. Simpkins said she would wait on them in a minute; for she could not be easy without giving Tom Lang a great charge to drive the cows so far from home that she might not hear the lowing of the calf; for she said it would be teasing them both sadly to keep them near together: neither could she bear to hear their moanings. She then ran up stairs, and tied on a white apron, and waited on the ladies, to know if they would accept of any refreshment her house afforded; but they said, that the greatest treat she could give them would be

to shew them her house. To this she with great pleasure consented, and the ladies were highly entertained, as I make no doubt my readers will be, with the description which I shall give them in the following chapter.

C H A P. XIV.

THE house consisted of a very commodious kitchen, with a good pantry and wash-house adjoining, and a delightful dairy. There was also a neat, middle-sized parlour, four bedchambers, and two garrets, with very convenient closets.

In the kitchen was an open chimney, which admitted of two forms, one on each side; on these the men and boys sat very comfortably of a winter's evening, and ate their bread and cheese, while they listened to the conversation which passed at an oaken table, round which were usually placed the farmer, his wife, and mother.

Two iron dogs, (as they are called,) with bright knobs, served to keep a comfortable wood-fire together. The chimney-piece was ornamented with a brass pestle and mortar, and some candlesticks of the same metal; and over these hung the basting-ladle, &c. all which bore additional witness to the neatness of the housewife: as it was Christmas-time, the chimney-piece was likewise adorned with holly, &c. all these were set off by white corners, and a neat red hearth. On one side of the kitchen was a deal dresser, on which was spread a cloth as white as snow; above it were shelves, furnished with pewter dishes and plates, which vied with silver for brightness; and beneath it stood a copper porridge-pot and a few sauce-pans, which, though they had been bought second-hand, looked as if just new out of the brazier's shop.

In another part were shelves for earthen dishes, and the

the basons which were in common use. The chairs were of deal, with rush bottoms, and one of them had elbows to it; this was intended for the master of the family, that he might be distinguished from his domestics. The floor was paved with large tiles, which were kept as neat as possible; fastened to the ceiling was a bacon-rack; and near the window hung two cages, in which were the birds Mrs. Simpkins had brought from Mrs. Mills's; they soon got well with the kind treatment they met with, and sung delightfully. There was also in the kitchen a wooden screen, which served in winter as a shelter from the cold air that blew in when the door was left open, as it was frequently obliged to be, and which the farmer feared would give his mother the rheumatism. The walls and ceiling were nicely whitewashed; but Mrs. Simpkins had a great dislike to white walls, and had desired her husband to buy her a few coloured prints, which he readily did. As my readers may be curious to know the subjects he fixed upon, I will inform them.

The first of them was a print representing our Saviour's humility, and the pope's pride; over this he hung the Golden Rule, and the summary of the law and the prophets. On one side of it was a very droll print, called the happy marriage; and on the other, a dialogue entitled Death and the Lady, with the print to it. There was another print entitled Keep within Compass; and one representing a miser raking gold together, and a spendthrift throwing it about. Mr. Simpkins had also bought, to paste up among them, *the Way to Wealth*, taken from *Poor Richard's Almanack*. Intermixed with these were a variety of painted stars, such as boys put upon kites, which had been given to Mr. Simpkins by his school-fellows, and which he had carefully preserved.

Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Williams were exceedingly entertained with the prints, and thought them very edifying.

Mrs. Simpkins then showed the ladies her dairy, and even her pigsties. It is unnecessary to describe the former, any farther than by saying, that every utensil in it was as neat as possible; and that the milk, cream, and butter, had a most inviting appearance: but as it may seem odd that she should exhibit her pigsties, I must inform my readers that they were clean beyond any idea that can be formed from the appearance of pigsties in general, for they were paved, and washed down every day.

As the coldness of the weather made it disagreeable to be long together in the open air, the ladies wished to return into the house; and, having warmed themselves, they proceeded to view the other apartments.

Mrs. Simpkins took them into her parlour, which was a very pleasant one in summer, for it had two large casement windows, that looked into a delightful garden, which abounded with fruit and flowers: just withoutside these windows grew a honeysuckle, a sweetbriar, a rose tree, and a jessamine. The curtains were small red and white check, which drew upon rods, and hung down in the day-time just below the frames. In the chimney was a very neat pair of dogs, with brass knobs, and fire-irons to match: the inside of the fireplace was set with Dutch tiles, on which were described a variety of scripture histories; and in the fireplace was a large jar with boughs of holly, ivy, &c. Under the window stood a large oaken table, which was polished like a looking-glass, that hung over it; and on the other side was a cane couch, with cushions of patchwork, made out of bits Mrs. Simpkins had sewed together, and joined whilst she was a servant; there were also six chairs of the same kind.

In one corner was a cupboard; in this were ranged, in exact order, twelve beautiful delft plates, some dishes, a few basons, and likewise a set of blue and white china tea-things, which had been given to

Mrs.

Mrs. Simpkins on her marriage: also two glass mugs, and a few drinking-glasses. In the opposite corner was a Dutch cuckoo-clock: the top of the cupboard was ornamented with plaster images, painted; these were bought of a man that travelled the country; and on the mantle-shelf were jars, and a pair of parrots of the same sort. Over the chimney-piece, in a black frame, hung a print of the King and Queen, and all the Royal Family, in some parts adorned with gold and coloured frost, to imitate precious stones — I will not take upon myself to say that the faces in this print were exact likenesses; but it served at once to testify and keep alive the loyalty which glowed in the breast of our worthy farmer; who declared, that it did his heart good to look at their majesties, and all their royal offspring.

At the side of the room, opposite to the window, hung the EVERLASTING COVENANT, and the TOKEN OF THE COVENANT; between which, in a neat frame and glass, was a sampler, which Mrs. Simpkins had wrought at the charity-school; the bolton and silks having been given her by her god-mother: it was a very pretty one, and worked with such exactness, that it was difficult to tell the wrong side from the right.

All round it was a border of true darning in squares; at the top a large alphabet in common-braid, and another of eyelet holes; then a row of figures: next to them followed these texts of scripture in one-thread braid.

“Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised.”

“Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.”

“Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

Then followed in eyelet-holes:

“Katherine Sparks wrought this sampler in the year of our Lord 1748, aged 10 years.”

By way of conclusion was added this verse from Dr. Watts's songs:

*"Thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."*

As this sampler was not so long as the Covenant, Mrs. Simpkins wrought a smaller one, at her leisure hours, to hang under it; containing the following verse, with a border something like wheat-ears:

*"God speed the Plough
And Dairy too."*

On each side of the Covenant was hung a school-piece, written by Mr. Simpkins when at school, and curiously flourished by his master: one contained our Saviour's Golden Rule: and the other our duty to God and our neighbour, in verse, from Dr. Watts's songs.

There were, besides, four little prints, representing a hay-field, a harvest-field, sheep shearing, and a farm-yard.

The best chamber was much in the same style with the parlour. The bed was green harrateen, the window-curtains white linen. On the bed was a very pretty patch-work quilt; which, as well as other things in the house, had been Mrs. Simpkins's mother's, who died a little after Mr. Brown. Here was no toilet, as at Mrs. Mills's, but a little table, covered with a napkin; on which stood a small swing glass, and a pin-cushion-box, ornamented with split-rushes, and pieces of coloured silks. There was also a neat wainscot chest of drawers and two chairs, which, with two stools, completed the furniture of the room, excepting the prints, which chiefly consisted of subjects taken from the history of our Saviour. The other apartments were furnished plain and neat; but contained nothing deserving of a particular description.

Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Williams justly extolled the neatness of the house, and said that, if it would not hinder business, they would sit half an hour; as old Mrs. Simpkins had, while they were viewing the
different

different places, removed the holly and lighted a fire in the parlour. Mrs. Simpkins assured the ladies her mother could do all that was wanted, and that she should be very proud of the honour. She then brought out a nice little white-bread cake and a pat of butter, and expressed her concern that she had no wine, but hoped she should be able to make some the next year. The ladies said, that if she had had wine they should not have drank any, but begged she would indulge them with a little milk ; this she immediately fetched in one of her glass mugs ; after which the ladies desired her to be seated, and Mrs. Harvey told her she had a favour to beg, which was, that she would dispose of five guineas for her among the poor women of the village : and told her that she should herself look in upon them, and see if they made a proper use of it ; and Mrs. Williams said, that she intended to visit them also, as soon as she was settled in her house : in the mean time, if Mrs. Simpkins should meet with any particular instance of distress, she begged to be made acquainted with it.

Having finished the business they came about, the ladies took leave, and returned home, charmed with the delightful view they had had of rural simplicity ; and Mrs. Simpkins pursued her work, pleased to find such good ladies thought her worthy of their notice.

CHAP. XV.

WHEN Mr. Simpkins came home, his wife told him of the benefaction that had been left with her ; and they both agreed that it would be best to distribute it that very afternoon, as the weather was cold, and therefore most likely the poor people were in great distress. Mrs. Simpkins and her mother got dinner immediately, and set out directly, after leaving the farmer to keep house, who said he should take the opportunity of writing a letter to his old friend Dick Howe ;

Howe; which he did, and gave him an account of his happy situation, and his marriage with Kitty.

In the course of their ramble the mother and daughter saw a variety of scenes of distress, and rejoiced many hearts by the seasonable relief which the 'squire's lady had enabled them to bestow; the thoughts of which afforded them so much satisfaction, that, though they returned a good deal fatigued, they did not at all grudge the trouble, but were thankful to God for making them instrumental to the comfort of their indigent neighbours, whose misery had so moved the heart of Mrs. Simpkins, that she could not help expressing to her husband a wish that she could make an addition to Mrs. Harvey's donation.

The good farmer told her this was a charitable wish, and God would accept the will for the deed; and he hoped she would not make herself uneasy at not having money to bestow, since Providence had ordered it otherwise, and it was her duty to submit, and be contented with all the circumstances of her condition: besides, he said, she might have opportunities of doing as much good among her poorer neighbours as if she had money to give them: "for GOD," said he, "knows every one's wants and sees into every one's heart; and as our good master, Mr. Brown, used to say, '*The wretched and the charitable generally find one another out at proper times:*' so that you have nothing to do, my dear Kitty," continued the farmer, "but to keep yourself disposed for charitable actions; and there is no doubt God will give you occasions of practising them."

Mrs Simpkins said all this was very true; yet she should not be rightly easy till she could contribute her own mite to the relief of misery; and before she closed her eyes, she prayed in secret to God, who sees in secret, beseeching him to grant her the means of helping her poor neighbours. It immediately occurred to her, that she might easily afford to make a little caudle for a lying-in woman; that she could spare

some skimmed milk for some starving children; that if she saved the pot-liquor when she boiled a leg of pork, or a leg of mutton, it would with a few peas, make some tolerable soup. This plan made her quite easy, and she went into a comfortable sleep; and the very next morning began putting it in execution, and from that time became a benefactress to the neighbourhood in many respects.

Old Mrs. Simpkins was occupied with the same thoughts; but not being a housekeeper, and having no money but what her good son gave her, she did not know what to do; at last she resolved to bestow some good advice, which, she observed, many of her neighbours stood in need of; and which her experience in a state of poverty qualified her to give; and also to do some odd jobs of sewing or knitting for them when she had time.

In two days these worthy women went out again to see the effects of Mrs. Harvey's bounty, that they might give an account of their stewardship.

Old Mrs. Simpkins had observed in the village she lived in before, that there was a great deal of selfishness and want of charity among the poor women in general. If a gift of coals, bread, or clothes, was to be distributed, they were ready to tear each other to pieces to obtain the preference. If private benefactions were bestowed upon particular persons, those persons immediately became objects of envy; then you would hear such railing against them as was quite shocking; and every fault that could be remembered for years back was brought out against them, and reports spread to their disadvantage, in hopes that their benefactors would be deterred from bestowing any more favours upon them. She observed, with concern, that the same spirit prevailed in this village also; she therefore took a deal of pains to persuade her poor neighbours to be more generous. She told them that she was very sure, if they would be industrious, cleanly, and good-humoured,

moured, so as to make home comfortable to their husbands—if they would bring up their children in the fear of God, and help one another to the utmost of their power, they would not want half so much assistance from the parish, or the rich, as they generally did.

To this the women usually replied, that they were as good as their betters, and that God did not expect charity from poor folks. The good old woman allowed that poor people could not bestow like the rich; but she insisted that they often could, and should, *give alms*, and appealed to their own consciences, whether it was not frequently in their power to spare a halfpenny or a farthing. This they could not deny: Well then, she would say, if all the poor in the village would spare a halfpenny when they could afford it, a loaf, or some other thing, might be purchased for a poor wretch, who, at that time, had not a farthing to keep him from starving. A day might come, she said, when each of these persons might stand in need of the same assistance, when by the same means he might receive a loaf paid for beforehand, for the small price of a halfpenny.

Old Mrs. Simpkins also observed, that poor women might help one another in many other ways—by sitting up of nights with the sick, sweeping their rooms, letting their great girls look after a child for a sick neighbour, or sending a boy of errands for them, or any other thing which these distressed people could not do for themselves: in return for which they might justly claim help from them in time of need. She added, that her husband often said the poor were God's family in a very particular manner; but that, if they expected he should treat them as his children, they must endeavour to live as such, and to be affectionate to their brethren, and not to wish to *bite* and *devour* one another, and nourish spite and envy in their hearts against them. She said also, that she had lived many years in the world, and could

say with king David, "*I have been young, and now am old, yet did I never see the righteous forsaken, and their seed begging bread:*" that is to say, obliged to take up the trade of a beggar to gain a livelihood: though, to be sure, the best people might sometimes be reduced to great straits, in order to try their patience and trust in God; but it always happened that relief and comfort came to them, and sometimes in a very unexpected manner; of which she could name many instances. The worthy woman therefore entreated the poor people to be kindly affectionate one to another; not merely with selfish views, but for Christ's sake, who would regard the meanest offices done to their fellow-christians, in obedience to his commands, and in imitation of his example, as done to himself. These persuasions were seconded by Mrs. Simpkins; and many women attended to the good advice which was given them, and found the happy effects of it, for they were beloved by their neighbours, and their own consciences told them they were approved by God: but others kept on grumbling and murmuring at every thing that went beside them, by which means they were despised by their equals, and neglected by their superiors; and the evils of poverty fell with greater weight upon them, as they had neither the blessings of God to remove them, nor the benevolence of mankind to lighten them.

Mr. Simpkins took equal pains with the men in the village, and excited them to many good actions: he also employed as great a number of them as he could without extravagance, and gave the preference to those who were kindest to their neighbours.

CHAP. XVI.

My readers will doubtless be curious to know in what manner the good farmer and his family passed the Christmas holidays; I shall therefore remind them
that

that Mr. Simpkins had been fully instructed by the worthy clergyman, whose name has so frequently appeared in this history, in every part of Christian doctrine and practice that was level to his capacity; among other things, he taught him to consider Christmas not as a season of licentious riot, but as a time set apart for the enjoyment of innocent festivity, and the cultivation of Christian hospitality; in which the husbandman might relax from his usual labours, and give up his mind to decent merriment. Agreeably to this idea of Christmas, Mr. Simpkins allowed his men and boys to go in turns to see their friends; and he, his wife, and his mother, made little excursions to the village they formerly lived in, and also visited, and received visits from, their new neighbours; and all were regaled with mince-pies and other good cheer, and amused themselves with many a merry song and diverting story: but Mr. Simpkins and his family declined card-playing, as they were not skilled in any game, and thought cards rather disturbed hospitality than promoted it. On this account Mr. and Mrs. Mills were not among the number of their visitors, neither did they receive any invitation from them.

Christmas-day itself was passed in a different manner from the rest of the holidays; for Mr. Simpkins had been taught to regard it as a great solemnity, and would not willingly have missed observing it religiously on any account. Before they went to church he read to his family the history of our Lord's birth, as recorded by St. Matthew and St. Luke, and desired them to take particular notice of that part which related to the angels appearing to the shepherds, and then tell him, whether, if they had been those shepherds, they should, instead of *seeking for the SAVIOUR*, as the angels directed them, have sent for a fiddler to play to them—have sat down to cards—or gone to an ale house to get drunk?

They all answered, that it would have been very

improper to do so. "Well then," said the farmer, "it cannot be right for us to practise those things on the day that is appointed by our church for the commemoration of our Saviour's birth; for you may observe that the angel said, *Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to ALL PEOPLE*; therefore *people* are concerned to *seek their Saviour* as the shepherds did. He is not now to be found in Bethlehem, but we may find him in Heaven: the Scriptures will direct our hearts to him, and there we may read *the great things which came to pass*. I beg," added he, "that you will attend with great devotion to both the prayers and sermon at church."

Richard Bruce said he thought it very right to spend Christmas-day in that manner, but he wished to know which was the very day of Christ's nativity. Mr. Simpkins replied that, provided they kept one day, it was not at all material whether they observed the exact day or not, for all days are the same in the sight of our great Redeemer; "and, indeed," said he, "Christ has not absolutely enjoined us to keep any day, but left our own reason to direct us in this particular: yet there is no doubt but he will be pleased with our commemoration of his birth, as it naturally leads us to thankfulness for the benefits we derive from it."

On this day the good farmer, his wife, and mother, and Richard Bruce, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and in the evening, he read in Nelson on the Feasts and Fasts; after which he and his wife sung an hymn suitable to the day; he then took leave of Roger Hicks and Tom Lang, who were to have the first holidays, and begged they would not disgrace that holy season by any improper words and actions, but to be *merry and wise*.

It has already been related that Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins received an invitation to dine at 'squire Harvey's the day after Christmas-day, and that Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Williams paid a visit at the farm,
and

and left a donation for the poor. A few days after this was distributed they called again, and were so well pleased with the account they received, as to desire Mrs. Simpkins would go with them in the coach, to point out the most deserving objects, to whom they would distribute the same sum with their own hands. Mrs. Simpkins, though not in her best clothes, was very neatly dressed, and expressed her readiness to go, but said she could very well walk; this the ladies would not allow; so she stepped into the coach, and the whole party were received with great joy by their poor neighbours. The ladies returned home perfectly satisfied with their excursion, and left Mrs. Simpkins at her own house: she was happy in the reflection that the miseries of her poor neighbours met with such seasonable relief; and her mother was a partaker of her joy.

Those good women did not confine their benevolence to their own species; all the time the severe cold lasted they did every thing that could comfort and defend their poultry, nursed up their little calves with great tenderness, and saw that the boys fed the cows regularly: they also scattered crumbs and grain for the flocks of birds, which hunger drove to seek their charitable assistance; among these were two redbreasts, which particularly engaged Mrs. Simpkins's attention. These pretty creatures came every day, and soon were so tame as to enter the room and feed out of her hand; and when every other kind of bird was silent, would sing so sweetly that it was quite delightful to hear them: but at last it happened that one was missing, and when the other appeared it did not stay to be fed and sing as usual, but flew away as if disappointed at not finding its mate. Mrs. Simpkins was alarmed at this circumstance, and thought some accident had happened; she therefore resolved to go in search of the lost bird as soon as she could spare half an hour: but this she could not do till the afternoon; when to her grief, she found in

the garden the poor little creature in a bird-trap, where she lay squeezed to death by a brick that had fallen on her. Mrs. Simpkins carried it into the house, and as soon as the family assembled, produced it, and desired to know which of them had occasioned its death. Tom Lang confessed that he had set the trap for birds, but with no design to catch poor Robin; for he knew it was unlucky to kill red-breasts, because *the Robin and the Wren are God Almighty's cock and hen.*

“ I never could find out for what reason they were called so,” said Mr. Simpkins; “ but for my part, I regard every bird that flies as GOD ALMIGHTY'S *cock or hen.* God made them; and we read in the Testament, that *not a sparrow falls to the ground but our heavenly Father knows it:* and therefore it is, and ever shall be, a rule with me not to kill any bird unless I find a necessity for doing so, in order to preserve my corn, and other things, for the benefit of man and beast; and as for setting traps to catch them, or torturing them in any other way, I would not do it; nor will I suffer it to be done by any belonging to me: no; while they live let them fly about in the open air, build their nests, rear their young, and be as happy as their Maker-designed them to be.” Mrs. Simpkins was very angry, and told Tom he ought to be punished for so cruel an action: but he promised to set no more traps, and was forgiven; though not without many injunctions to keep his promises, attended with many lamentations for the loss of poor Robin. “ No wonder her mate would not eat his breakfast, said old Mrs. Simpkins; “ poor thing! he has gone sorrowing about all day; I dare say we shall have no more of his singing for one while.” Tom Lang kept his word, and never set any more traps; but he often made his mistress angry by his unlucky tricks; amongst which was that of blacking the ceilings and walls of the outhouses with the smoke of a candle; a silly custom that many boys are

are addicted to. She said she wondered they could take delight in making places look so filthy; and the farmer declared, that whoever did it at his house should white-wash the place himself after his day's work was done.

Another circumstance happened, during the shooting season, which vexed Mrs. Simpkins a good deal. She was walking with her husband through a field, where they found a whole covey of young partridges starved to death in their nest; they heard afterwards Roger Hicks had set a snare and caught the old one. Mr. Simpkins was greatly displeased, and told Roger he despised a poacher at his heart: Roger said he saw no harm in poaching, for he thought poor men had as much right to game as rich ones.

"In former days, Roger," said the farmer, "this might be the case; but if a man lives under a government, he is bound to obey its laws; and you know there are laws in respect to killing of game, and therefore we should keep those among the rest.

"Properly speaking," continued he, "I do think it is the farmer's business to kill the game, for he is likely to be a sufferer by the birds; but if gentlemen will take the trouble of destroying them for us, with all my heart; I am not so fond of killing as to grudge them the pleasure, and they are welcome to eat the game after they have done; for, in my opinion, a good leg of boiled pork and a barn-door fowl, is worth all the partridges and pheasants in the kingdom; don't you think so, Roger?"

Roger replied, that, to own the truth, it was not for the sake of eating the birds; but he did not like to be put upon.

"Then you act from spitefulness and pride," said the farmer: never give way to these; for they will answer no purpose in life, Roger, but to vex yourself. Depend upon it gentlemen will not care for your anger; and if they catch you poaching, they will make you suffer for it. Instead of murmuring

because one law in the constitution is not to your mind, think how many excellent ones there are to defend the person and properties of the lowest people in the kingdom. Remember that a gentleman cannot *kill* you without forfeiting his own life: but I have been told, that in some countries many a poor man is killed, and no account taken of him, because they have not such good laws as we have: and I have heard that all the poorer people are slaves, while we are free-born Englishmen. So let the gentlemen shoot away. Poor souls! many of them would sit and lounge about till they died, if the pleasure of the field did not invite them abroad. Consider, Roger, that we countrymen enjoy the fields all the year round; and are, in general, healthy and cheerful; while many of those above us are dying with gout and vapours. The partridges and pheasants must be destroyed, because they would otherwise distress us, by devouring the fruits of our labour: and we might be obliged to lose many a day's work in hunting them. Let us, therefore, quietly yield the game to the higher ranks of people, and rejoice that something will bring them abroad. I dare say, Roger," continued the farmer, "that you would not wish any man to lie sick a bed for a month or two, merely to give you an opportunity of killing a few birds and hares, which you set no value upon: therefore, if you find yourself hurt when you see gentlemen shooting or courting, or hunting, think to yourself they are doing it for their health."

Roger did not much relish this doctrine; but said he was sorry for the poor little birds that had been starved in their nests, and would leave off setting snares.

C H A P. XVII.

AFTER the Christmas holidays were over, all parties returned to their different occupations, which they

they pursued with great industry; and when the spring came on, Mr. Simpkins had the happiness of seeing his grass grow very thick, and every kind of grain and roots, which he had sown and planted, springing forth in a most promising manner. His live-stock was also increased by the addition of two calves, eight lambs, twenty-two pigs, and a considerable number of poultry.

It is impossible to describe with what gratitude and thankfulness the good farmer, his wife, and mother, received the numerous blessings which were showered down upon them by the bountiful providence of God: their zeal in his service increased; and they delighted, more than ever, in keeping his Sabbaths, in setting a good example, and in teaching their household to know and fear the Giver of all good things.

The case was very different with farmer Mills; he was as negligent out of the house as his wife was in it; and his servants being as careless as himself, the ground was not properly manured; the consequence of which was, that his crop in general made a very poor appearance: while his neighbour Simpkins's promised a hundred fold increase. This raised the envy of Mills; and his wife's was excited by the notice which was taken of Mrs. Simpkins and her mother by all the gentry of the village, while she and her husband were universally despised by all ranks of people; as they not only incurred the ridicule and contempt of the rich by their affectation, but the hatred of the lower ranks by their injustice and oppression; for they *withheld the wages of the labourer, and ground the faces of the poor*. Full of these malicious sentiments, they became the professed enemies of farmer Simpkins and his wife, who, at first, were vexed at it; but, in a little time, they got the better of this vexation; for they said they could not expect to have the good-will of every

body; neither was the goodwill of wicked people worth having.

As farmer Mills did not keep up his fences properly, his cattle not having feed enough in his fields, often strayed into the grounds of Mr. Simpkins, and broke his hedges to regale themselves in his rich pastures. As the good farmer knew how badly the poor beasts were kept, he could not get up his heart to pound them, but desired his men and boys to watch them well, to let them feed a little while, where they did no damage, and then drive them home, and stop the gaps they had made. He said that he looked upon what he thus allowed them to eat, as so much given in charity. Nay, he carried his humanity farther; for when he saw a poor beast drawing a load which he could scarcely move with, he would order a horse of his own to give him a lift through a sandy lane or clayey road; and if he saw a poor jackass, or a horse fallen under his load, would relieve them just the same as if they belonged to himself; and if by chance he saw them straying into other people's ground, would send or take them home, lest they should be ill used; and all this he did in compliance with the divine precepts, which he had written down in his little pocket book, as has been related.

Early in the spring Mr. Simpkins found it necessary to increase the number of his labourers, and for this purpose he hired several men and boys: the first morning he got them together he addressed them as follows:

“ I am now going, my lads, to send you into my fields, where I hope you who are husbands and fathers will earn money enough to keep your families comfortably; and that you, who are not yet grown to man's estate, will be able to gain something towards relieving your parents from the expense of maintaining you. I beg you will consider yourselves as fellow-servants, and be good-natured and ready

to

to do a good turn for one another; and I hope you will use my cattle well, otherwise I shall certainly turn you off. I likewise hope that you will not be cruel to any dumb creature that may fall in your way. Some of you boys," continued he, "will be employed in scaring crows, and keeping small birds from the lent corn; but I charge you not to spoil a birds's nest."—"May we keep jackdaws, master?" said one boy, "By no means," said the farmer; "unless you would like yourself to have a leg cut off, and be condemned to hop all your life. It is the nature of those birds to fly, and I dare say they like flying as well as you do running; therefore do as you would be done by.—But come, let us spend no more time in talking; the sun calls you forth to the field; but I wished to let you know my mind; for *a good beginning makes a good ending.*"

The farmer then allotted each labourer his day's work, and walked from field to field overlooking them, till the hour of breakfast; when he returned home to his dear Kitty.

When Joe Martin went down into the cellar to draw a little beer for breakfast, he discovered two frogs; he instantly seized the poor creatures, and took them in his hat to the barn yard, without saying any thing to Mrs Simpkins; at the sight of this prize, two of the new boys, who had sat down on a bench to eat the bread and cheese they had brought with them, jumped up and began exulting over the frogs, resolving to punish them for the offence they had been guilty of in getting into the cellar. Mrs. Simpkins, hearing their noise, supposed they were quarrelling, and went out to see; when she beheld Joe Martin pelting one frog with stones, and Ben Chester, one of the new boys, holding the other on a pitch-fork, which he had run quite through its body; Mrs. Simpkins immediately called out to them to desist, and made them kill the latter directly, as it was too far gone to recover: the other she obliged

Joe to fling into a ditch, were it sunk to the bottom, and happily escaped from its cruel enemy. When this was done, she expressed her displeasure to both boys, and asked them whether they should like to be pelted with stones, or to have a pitch-fork run into them? They owned they should not. "Well then," said she, "how can you have the barbarity to beat a poor frog to a jelly, or pierce it through and through? Don't you know that frogs can feel as well as you?"

"I thought, Mistress," said Joe, "that we might do any thing with such nasty poisonous creatures as frogs."

"They are nasty things, in a house to be sure," said Mrs. Simpkins; "but I don't know that they are poisonous: I have heard say they are good food; and that they, and toads too, are useful in eating up many things that would make water unwholesome; therefore, though I should not chuse to feed on frogs, as I have heard French people do, I never will order any to be killed, unless they abound so as to become a plague; in which case we must destroy them in our own defence: for my part, I never killed a beetle or a worm without saying to myself, is it likely to do a real injury to mankind?"

Mrs. Simpkins then made a thorough search in her cellar, and found another frog, which she immediately ordered Joe Martin to fling into the ditch to its former companion.

When the farmer came home to dinner, he said he had just been reprimanding a boy for spoiling an ant's nest. He declared that he could not bear to destroy such industrious creatures; but said he had watched many a one when he was a boy himself, and had seen them do such things, that he often thought of king Solomon's words, *Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise*. "It is my belief," continued the farmer, "that there is not a living creature upon the face of the earth but

what

what has pleasure in life; what right, therefore, have we to rob them of this blessing while they do us no harm? God Almighty has given us leave to kill such things as are good for us to eat; and we certainly may destroy those that will hurt us; but he never said, *kill for your diversion only*: on the contrary, we are commanded to be *merciful, even as our Father which is in heaven is merciful*: that is to say, to the *utmost of our power*."

"I dare say, then," said his wife, "you never spun cock-chaffers upon pins?"—"Indeed, I did not," replied he: "I used to ask my companions, who did so, whether they would like to have a spit run through their arm, and to be twirled about in that manner? Neither could I find any delight in hunting for snakes, and such kind of creatures, on purpose to kill them: I believe they are very harmless, and we have but few in this country; so we may safely let them alone."

"May we not kill wasps, master?" said Tom Lang.

"Not merely for the sake of killing," replied the farmer; "and, at any rate, be sure to put them to a *quick* death: I never could bear to see wasps cut in two by scissars, and left to linger in torment."

"What do you say in respect to moles, snails, and caterpillars?" said his wife.

"I say," replied he, "just the same as I do of other creatures; if they really *harm us, destroy them*; if not, why should we kill or torment them?"

"What do you thin, then, of angling with live worms?" said old Mrs. Simpkins.

"I think," answered the farmer, "that it is a horrid barbarous custom. Worms appear to me," continued he, "to have an uncommon deal of life in them: they are very difficult to kill. Crush part of them, the other part will survive and cast it off: and even pull them in two, both parts will live a long while. Only think then, mother, what the

poor creatures must suffer. In the first place, they are put to the same kind of pain which we should endure if pulled to pieces by horses: but, instead of being released from their misery by death after this torment, their life is doubled, as one may say, and each part condemned to the additional agony of being fixed to a hook, which we may compare to our being put on a large iron stake. Whilst writhing about on this hook, in great pain no doubt, first one fish, and then another, bites a bit off its poor mangled divided body; which is at last swallowed up by one unfortunate creature, who in its turn becomes the object of our pity, if pity can find a place in the breast of an angler. But I have seen many people, Kitty, and people who I should have thought knew what humanity was, serve a poor worm as I have described, and tear a fish's entrails with a barbed hook; and then throw it gasping for breath on a sunny bank without the least appearance of concern."

"Is there no quick way of killing worms for anglers?" said Mrs. Simpkins.

"I do not know," replied the farmer, "but those who are skilful can make artificial flies and worms too; so they have no occasion to torment living ones."

Mrs. Simpkins said she was very happy in having found a quick way of killing eels; which was to take them by the head and tail, and give them a sudden pull; this breaks the marrow that runs through the back-bone, and they die in an instant.

"It is certainly our duty," answered the farmer, "to study the quickest way of killing every thing that we are under the necessity of putting to death, that it may be over before they have any dread of pain, and that they may enjoy happiness as long as they live. We should consider that dumb creatures have not, like us, the hope of a glorious immortality to sweeten their sufferings."

"Very

“ Very true,” said Mrs. Simpkins, “ and we should consider also, Thomas, that we must give an account, in another world, how we have used or abused the things in this. What our own hearts, on proper reflection, condemn us for here, I think we may justly expect God will judge us for hereafter — Why else is conscience given us ?”

“ If we would attend to our conscience within us, Kitty ” said the farmer, “ we should seldom be at a loss to know how to act in respect to the duty of *mercy*; especially, as we have also a plain *written rule* to go by, *Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.*”

Having eat his dinner, and sufficiently rested himself, Mr Simpkins again went out to look after his labourers.

C H A P. XVIII.

SHROVETIDE now approached, and Mr. Simpkins gave strict orders to all his men and boys not to sling at cocks; and declared he would turn away him who did, and never employ him in his service again. When he sat down with his family on Sunday evening, he renewed the subject, and said he could not discover from whence that cruel custom took rise; but he supposed by the season, at which it was practised, that it must be on account of the cock’s crowing when St. Peter denied Christ; and he was of opinion that the apostle himself, if alive, would be one of the last to countenance such barbarity in his cause: for the crowing of the cock, though it occasioned Peter *to weep bitterly*, was in the end a mean of much good to him, by awakening him to repentance, and calling him back to his duty; “ and therefore,” added Mr. Simpkins, “ I should think that Christians ought rather to *honour* the *cock* than *ill-treat* him. For my part,” continued he, “ I never
hear

hear the crowing of a cock at Shrovetide, but I think of St. Peter, and it reminds me not to be confident in my own *strength* and *reason*; but to seek for *divine grace* to bring me to a proper sense of my sins, to keep me from presumption, and to strengthen my mind to continue stedfast in the faith and duty of a Christian.

“ I have often thought,” said Richard Bruce, “ that it was very remarkable, in St. Peter in particular, to deny Christ; because of all the disciples he was the most zealous.”

“ He was so, Richard,” replied the farmer; “ but if you remember he had boasted of his own strength, and therefore God withdrew his aid, in order to convince him of the weakness of *human nature* when unassisted by *divine grace*. Besides, St. Peter ran himself into temptation, which was very wrong, when Christ had told him that he had not strength to resist it. He should in such a case have retired and prayed to God to deliver him from evil, instead of putting himself in the way to be questioned at the palace of the high priest.”

“ To be sure,” said Richard Bruce, our Lord’s disciples had no business there, unless they had had the courage to offer themselves as witnesses of his innocence.”

“ No doubt,” replied the farmer, “ St. Peter was very much to blame, and we should all take warning by his example; though we have not our Lord to speak directly to us on particular occasions, we have a number of warnings in the Scripture to keep us from presumption at all times, and we pray every day not to be led into temptation; therefore, when it is in our power, we should avoid all places where we are likely to be tempted to commit sin.”

“ Well,” said Mrs. Sumpkins, “ Peter was certainly greatly to blame; but how commendable his behaviour was afterwards! He did not fly in a passion with the cock, and threaten to wring his neck off for

for putting him in mind of his Lord's words; neither did he persist in denying Christ; but immediately, on his Lord's looking at him, humbled himself, and ever afterwards was ready to lay down his life in his cause, and at last actually did so. It is plain, I think, that he had a very tender conscience."

"It is so, my dear," replied the farmer; "and we may learn from this part of his conduct the advantage of leading a life of piety, and of listening to the whispers of conscience. A *hardened sinner* would have acted very differently. Only think how many admonitions and reproofs our Saviour threw away upon the Jews. I remember," added Mr. Simpkins, "that in a book I read in often and often at Mr. Brown's, the Ass was called the *beast of humility*; and the Cock, *the bird of repentance*. It would be well if we would suffer them to be our monitors, instead of treating them as too many do."

"I am sure," said Tom Lang, "a cock taught me one good thing, and that was early rising. When I went to school I had a little book full of pictures of birds and beasts; among the rest was a cock with this verse:

The cock doth crow to let you know,
If you be wise, 'tis time to rise.

And as sure as ever I hear the creatures crow of a morning, it comes to mind, and up I jump."

"Then I hope you will never sling at cocks, Tom," said his master. "No," answered Tom; "nor will I sling at leather ones any more, which I must needs say I have done many a time, because I did not like to sling at live ones. I never could bear to see a poor bird taken from his dunghill, where he was scratching and strutting about as bold and as happy as could be, and his legs tied together, so that he could not get away, and then cudgels flung at his head, till he died by inches. Nay, I have seen boys break both legs of a cock, and fasten sticks to prop him

him up, and then throw at him again till he died. Poor creatures! how much they must suffer!"

"Don't talk of it," cried Mrs. Simpkins, "for it makes my heart ache. I shall keep my fowls in the poultry yard all Shrovetide, for fear they should be served so; and I think you are quite right, Tom, not to fling at any thing in the shape of a cock, for that looks like *would-be cruelty*."

"May we have pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, mistress?" said Joe Martin. "I have no objection, Joe," answered Mrs. Simpkins, "to your having pancakes at any time, when I have eggs to spare; which happens to be the case now, and therefore I will indulge you; but as for having them on Shrove Tuesday in particular, that is all nonsense."

"Yes," replied the farmer, "it is nonsense to eat any particular food on certain days, whether it is done out of superstition, or mere custom. It can make no difference in the sight of God, what kind of food a *Christian* eats; because we have no command to abstain from any sort."

"All round London," said Roger Hicks, "they eat cross buns on Good Friday. What can that be for, master?"

"I have heard of them," answered Mrs. Simpkins. "Rachel Smithers told me they have a cross marked in the middle; to put folks in mind of our Saviour's cross, I suppose; but she said people seemed to eat them without thinking any thing about religion; for they open their shops and go about their business just as usual."

"That is very shocking, and very indecent too," said Mr. Simpkins. "What! when our church calls upon us to commemorate the sufferings which our blessed Redeemer submitted to for our sakes, shall we go about our worldly affairs, regardless of his dying love? I think if we only read the history of the crucifixion on that day, it would be enough to make us act otherwise."

"Surely,

“ Surely, if any day in the year deserves to be kept with more solemnity than another, it is that of our Saviour’s death. Not that we should mourn for it on *his account* : on the contrary, he told the women who followed him to his crucifixion, that *they should not weep for him, but for themselves*. We should therefore make Good Friday a day of humiliation, for those sins which made his death necessary for our redemption. And Easter-day should be observed as a day of joy and thanksgiving for *his* resurrection, which is an earnest of *our own*. But people are apt to consider holidays as seasons devoted to idle mirth, designed to be spent entirely in frolicking. To be sure it is very agreeable to rest now and then from labour ; and we have no occasion to pray all day long in holiday time ; but I think Good Friday, Easter-day, Christmas-day, and Whitsunday, demand particular attention.”

While Mr. Simpkins gave these useful lessons to his family, farmer Mills abandoned his servants to their own will, and his cocks to their cruelty ; and many a noble fowl lay weltering in his blood, destroyed by their wanton barbarity : not only so, but he went himself to a cock-fight (a sport he was remarkably fond of) : at this inhuman meeting no less than four cocks fought till they dropped down dead ; and many others lost their eyes, or were so maimed that they were never well any more.

When Richard Bruce heard of this, he said that, though he did not approve of cock-fighting, he did not think it so bad as throwing at cocks ; because it was the nature of cocks to fight, and they seem to do it of their own accord.

“ They are too apt to fight, indeed,” replied the farmer, “ and want no weapons besides what nature has furnished them with ; and therefore I think it is very cruel to cut their spurs away and arm them with steel. A good-natured person would rather be sorry to see them pecking and spurring one another, and would

would endeavour to part them. If it is wrong to work up men of passionate tempers into a rage; and put weapons in their hands, it must be wrong to serve birds so. When we see to what extreme of violence anger will lead even such feeble things as fowls, we should take warning to govern our own inclinations to wrath; and rejoice that we have not only *reason* to govern our turbulent passions, but may have *divine grace* to restrain them, if we will pray for it."

"I do not think," said Mrs. Simpkins, "that there is a creature in the world but what we may learn something or other from."

"Indeed there is not, Kitty," answered the farmer, "if we will make use of our reason and understanding; but, instead of that, men are apt to *copy* animals in what they should strive to *correct* in them; and to sink themselves even below the creatures whom they are appointed to govern."

On Shrove Tuesday Mrs. Simpkins, agreeably to her promise, treated the men and boys with pancakes; when she and her mother had such a job of frying, that they had cause to rejoice that Shrovetide came but once a year.

CHAP. XIX.

THERE was a most glorious hay harvest, and Mr. Simpkins's crop was uncommonly plentiful; so that he had a good deal to send to market, besides reserving a sufficient stock for his own cattle in the ensuing winter; and as he was early in carrying it in, he sold it for a good price, and was enabled to buy another horse and two cows: his two former cows were in full milk, so that Mrs. Simpkins every week carried butter to market; she had likewise plenty of poultry, eggs, and sucking pigs, to sell; and her sausages were quite famous, not merely for their flavour, but on account of her neatness.

There

There was belonging to the farm a large piece of garden ground planted for an orchard, but by Mr. Simpkins's excellent management, it produced a variety of vegetables in high perfection, before they were plentiful in general; part of these he sold to great advantage; so that with one thing or another he got forward apace, and began to lay by money towards his year's rent; which was a great pleasure to him.

Farmer Mills, on the contrary, was unsuccessful in every thing; he neglected getting in his hay while the sun shined, and wet weather came on and spoiled it; his sheep almost all died of the rot; and his substance wasted away by degrees till he was involved in great difficulties. Instead of endeavouring to extricate himself by industry and frugality, he drank harder than ever, and often came home fuddled. This his wife found fault with; and he in return railed against her for dressing so fine: so they led a very uncomfortable life together; and of course their children were badly looked to, and the servants left to do as they pleased. As for the Sabbath day, it was, in this family, devoted to vice and licentiousness. The house was either filled with riotous guests, or the farmer and his wife went journies to visit people like themselves, whom they had not the least friendship for. The servants, thinking that they were justified in doing the same as their master and mistress, either romped about at home, swearing and talking all manner of profaneness and indecency; or went about frolicking to alehouses with the maids, or other young women, whose sweethearts they pretended to be; but of whom they made game as soon as they left them.

As for the boys, they diverted themselves with abusing the poor jackass, hunting the cats, setting the dogs together, spoiling birds' nests, and such kinds of cruel diversions; or else played at chuck-farthing, tossing-up, &c. and soon learnt to game
and

and drink, and were always fighting and quarrelling.

While the master, mistress, and servants, pursued these bad courses, their cattle suffered a variety of hardships, besides those already related. The cows were neglected to be milked, the calves to be suckled; the horses were often left without fodder, or obliged to run races with unfeeling fellows upon their backs, who, perhaps, knocked them about the head with sticks, or threw them into a violent heat, and turned them in this condition into an open field, or tied them to an empty rack or manger, without so much as a little clean litter to refresh them.

We may be sure that *the blessing of God* did not attend this dissolute family; none of their affairs prospered; and, with all their pretences to gaiety, they knew not what happiness was; for happiness is only to be found with those who serve God and love his creatures.

Among Mr. Mills's horses was one that he kept for his own riding; this was better fed than the rest, but it had endured a number of tortures; for, though he was really a handsome beast, his master could not be contented with him as nature had formed him, but would have him altered to his own fancy; so he had him docked and nicked, and his ears cropped, by which means he cut what is esteemed a handsome figure upon the road, where the farmer was very proud of exhibiting him, at horse-races in particular; and, in order to shew his mettle, he would whip and spur him till he went at a furious rate. Farmer Mills, like many other thoughtless people, would often suffer his horse to drink freely of water just as he was setting out; and this was the case one Sunday morning when he was going to a distant village to join a drinking party. No sooner was he mounted than away he went full gallop, and soon coming to a hill, instead of drawing in his horse, he kept pressing the poor animal to keep up his pace till

till he quite lost his wind; and in going down at the same rate on the other side he fell, and rolling over his cruel rider broke his thigh; but soon jumping up, galloped home. Mills lay for some time in a dreadful condition; till farmer Simpkins, who was walking with his family to church, accidentally saw him. He ordered Roger Hicks to go home with one of the boys immediately, and get a cart with some clean straw; and Mrs. Simpkins entreated her mother to return and send a feather-bed also: she then, by her husband's desire, went to break the affair to Mrs. Mills, and Richard Bruce was dispatched for the doctor.

Mrs. Mills was dressing herself, being in expectation of company, when the horse returned without his rider; and she was setting off with the servants to look for her husband, when Mrs. Simpkins met her and told her of the accident in as cautious a manner as possible. Mrs. Mills was in dreadful agitation when she saw her husband, and Mrs. Simpkins endeavoured to compose her. In a short time the cart arrived, into which Mills was lifted, and laid on the feather bed, where he groaned with agony, and vented a thousand curses on the horse, forgetful of the many unprovoked blows and cuts which he had at different times bestowed upon the poor beast; and that in the present instance no fault could justly be laid to him.

When Mills arrived at his own house he was, with great pain and difficulty, conveyed up stairs, and the surgeon soon arrived, who, with his assistant, set the limb, but pronounced it a very dangerous fracture. As soon as this operation was performed he desired his patient might be kept quiet; and old Mrs. Simpkins offered to sit by him till a nurse was procured, and Mr. Mills's mother, whom Richard Bruce was gone to fetch, should arrive. In the mean time, farmer Simpkins and his wife did all they could to comfort Mrs. Mills, who now began to feel the dreadful

effects of her own sin and folly; and was convinced that those whom she had despised for their plain apparel had minds adorned with humanity and tenderness; which are more ornamental than the most costly garments.

In this manner the day passed away, so that Mr. Simpkins and his family were prevented from going to church both morning and afternoon. But they did not think it necessary to stay at Mills's when he had got his wife's mother and other relations about him; so left the house with many good wishes, and assurances of being ready to do any thing in their power to help or comfort them.

CHAP. XX.

THE first thing Mr. Simpkins did, after he returned home, was to see with his own eyes that the horses, which had been used, were fed and properly taken care of; and when evening came on, he got his family about him, resolving to suit his instructions to the present melancholy occasion. Accordingly, when they were all seated, he observed to them what a sad accident had happened: on which Roger Hicks called out, that it was a judgment upon Mills for using his beast so ill, and upon a Sunday too.

“Don't say so, Roger,” replied the farmer: “to be sure a beast has a right to the Sabbath as well as a man; but God Almighty only knows what are *judgments* and what are *not*; and we are commanded *not to judge others, lest we should be judged ourselves*: we ought rather to receive these things as warnings; and I hope you will all do so, and keep the Sabbath-day holy; and then for that day at least you will be safe from such accidents as these. Let us read the fourth commandment,” said he.

“I can

“ I can say it by heart, master,” cried Joe Martin. “ Do so, my boy,” replied the farmer; “ but mind the sense of it as well as the words.”

When Joe had ended it, “ This commandment,” said the farmer, “ is particularly addressed to heads of families; it is therefore the duty of a master to see that it is observed, not only by himself, but by all that are in the house with him; and this is the reason why I make it such a point with me that you should all go to church every Sunday, twice a-day; and hear me read in the evening.”

“ Have not we been guilty of a sin, master,” said Tom Lang, “ in driving a cart on the Sabbath-day !”

“ Not at all, Tom,” replied the farmer: “ as it was an act of mercy, our Lord Jesus Christ himself has allowed us to do such things; and has told us that God *prefers mercy to sacrifice*; that is to say, to public worship: so that when we see a fellow-creature in distress we may stay from church to help him, without offending God Almighty: nay, we may even stay from church to save the life of a beast, if occasion requires; for our Saviour justifies such actions by his discourses addressed to the Jews, when they found fault with him for healing diseased people on the Sabbath; and he has given us a general rule to go by; namely, *to do well on the Sabbath-day.*”

“ True, master,” said Richard Bruce; “ and our Saviour says also, *The son of man is lord even of the Sabbath-day*: the meaning of which is, as I heard our parson say in a sermon, that every man is so far lord of the Sabbath-day, that though mercy and sacrifice are both commanded, yet when it so happens that the one cannot be done without leaving the other undone, we should give mercy the preference. And he observed, that our Lord said likewise, *The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath*; by which the parson told us we were to understand, that man was not created for the sake of

keeping a sabbath; but the sabbath, after man was created, was ordained for the sake of man and beast also."

"But have we a right, my dear Thomas," said Mrs. Simpkins, "to make our beasts work on the Sabbath day."

"If we want their assistance in any merciful act we doubtless may," replied the farmer. "It stands to reason, Kitty, that, if a man may help a beast, a beast ought to help a man: but for my own part I shall, in the present case, take the burthen upon myself, as one may say; for I intend, to-morrow afternoon, to let both the horses and the servants have a holiday, in lieu of the rest they have been deprived of to-day; and that shall be my rule on all occasions, when necessity requires my setting them to work on the Sabbath-day."

"You are very good, master," said Roger Hicks; "but, for my part, I do not desire any such thing; and if you think God Almighty will not be angry with me, I shall be willing to work on the sabbath, at any time."

"I thank you, Roger," said the farmer; "but I hope that will not often happen; for we must not do on the sabbath what may be done on other days, that would be sinful, because God Almighty has *hallowed* the Sabbath-day. God first *blest* it, that the labouring man and beast might enjoy rest, and then *hallowed* or *sanctified* it to holy duties. Therefore, if I, who am a master, work on the Sabbath-day, I sin; because I do not *hallow* it according to the commandment; and if I do no work myself, yet set my servants and cattle to work on that day, I sin likewise; because I take away the blessing. I must neither work nor require work from *man* or *beast*; for though a beast has no notion of *keeping the Sabbath-day holy*, he has a right to *rest* as a *blest*ing. And I think," added he, "we may learn from this commandment that we should not at any time overload our cattle, or
work

work them beyond their strength; for the end of it seems to be *to teach mercy*; which is a duty at all times."

"But how are we sure, master," said Roger Hicks, "that we really keep the Sabbath-day that God appointed?"

"Whether we do or not," replied Mr. Simpkins, "does not signify at all, provided we keep the day that is set apart as a Sabbath in the church we belong to, and hallow one day in seven. With God all days are alike; and, as the Scriptures tell us, even sabbaths are an abomination to him, if we are not merciful."

"Pray, master," said Joe Martin, "what is meant by *the stranger that is within thy gate*? We have no strangers here."

"I take it to mean," answered the farmer, "a visitor or lodger that one may happen to have staying at one's house; also a hireling day-man, or journey-man, who does not so properly belong to the family as those who live constantly in the house; and I suppose they are mentioned to warn masters of families not to harbour ungodly people, and to teach them to allow their workmen proper wages, that they may be able to afford to keep the Sabbath-day without working on it. So you see, my lads," continued he, "God Almighty has graciously ordained that all sorts of people should have leisure to obey his command of keeping the Sabbath-day holy."

"All sorts of people do not *find* leisure, master," replied Roger Hicks; "for I remember once that when I lived at a farmer's near London, there was more work done on a Sunday in the market-gardens, than on any day in the week; and I have known basket-makers at work for them all day besides."

"Thank God," said the farmer, "I never was in the way of such things. But how came it about?"

"Why, master," replied Roger, "the poor folk said, their masters would not employ them on week-days if they did not work on Sundays; and their

masters said that rich people would have fresh fruit on Mondays, and therefore they must send it to market: so there was a necessity for gathering it; and they could not pack it without pottles and baskets, which the basket-makers could not make fast enough without working on Sundays."

"Dear me," cried old Mrs. Simpkins, "one would think London was an heathen land: I hope we shall never have such doings among us. I should be afraid that God Almighty would send some heavy judgments upon us; for I have heard Thomas read many and many a time that Sabbath-breaking was one of the things which provoked the Lord to punish the Jews as he did; and God is no respecter of persons."

"Well" said the farmer, "whoever is the first instigator to the crimes you mention, Roger, has a deal to answer for. It is a terrible thing for poor folks to be driven to such extremities; but if they are really well inclined, they may, while they are gathering fruit, think of God and religion, and even pray in their own hearts, and lament their lot."

"Aye, master," replied Roger, "they *may* do a something towards keeping the Sabbath-day holy, even while they are at work; but instead of that, all Sunday long there is such profane indecent talk among them, that it is enough to make a sober person's hair stand an end to hear it; and, after the day's work is over, when they certainly have time to read and pray, they generally go away to alehouses and get drunk."

Mr. Simpkins said this agreed with the account Dick Howe gave of the London people, in a letter he received from him the day before: he then produced the letter, and read as follows.

"*Dear Thomas,*

"I AM glad to find you are not too proud to own an old friend now you are got up in the world; and I thank you kindly for your letter. You cannot think how glad I was to hear you were married to
Kitty:

Kitty : God bless you both, and send you many happy days together. What comfort it must be to you to be able to keep your mother ; I should be glad to work for one too, but as I have none, I shall try, when my time is out, to do something for my cousin's family. I don't live with my cousin now, for he was so good as to turn me over to a master in London, where he thought I should learn more, and get better wages when my time is out : and I am vastly well used, and my master and mistress go to church every Sunday, and some of the men are very sober : to be sure there are good and bad of all sorts in London, and many temptations for young men ; but I hope I shall withstand them all.

“ When I had been in London a month, I longed for a breath of fresh air ; so I asked my master to let me go into the country, and he consented on my promise not to get into bad company. John Chandler, one of our men, walked with me a few miles out of town, and we went into a church that lay in our way : but, dear heart ! how surprised I was to see the road, nothing but coaches, and chaises, and horses, driving and posting as if it were an horserace. Stage coaches crammed full within side, and loaded without, enough to kill the poor beasts that drew them ; post-chaises bowling along, driven by unfeeling post-boys, who whipped the poor horses without mercy, let them be ever so tired ; nay, even if the skin of their shoulders was quite rubbed off in places — I am sure nobody would ever have thought it was Sunday.

“ After church, as we wanted a bit of dinner, we went to an ordinary, which is a sort of club where each person pays a shilling, and eats what is put before him : here we had very good victuals, but I can't say so much for the company : there were a number of 'prentices, who, on Sundays, dress out and make believe to be gentlemen ; and to shew their gentility swear and talk all manner of bad stuff.

“ The house we went to was near the banks of the Thames, and the window looked on the river: here I saw another sight I should not have expected.— There were a number of boats with flags flying, as if they were going to Lord Mayor’s show; these were rowed by young men, dressed in trowsers and jackets, like sailors; but Jack Chandler told me they were mostly ’prentices and journeymen, and that they would either go to some place to sit angling all day, or else to a public house to drink; but they could not stay so long as the coaches, because of the tide, so I saw them go back; and, if it had not been Sunday, I could have had some fun in seeing them run aground, and such awkward tricks.

“ While we were at dinner some phaetons (as they call them) drove into the yard of a large inn over the way, with young men and women in them, and some girls on horseback. I thought these smart folks were nothing less than lords and ladies and dukes; but I soon found they were rakish sparks and bold huffies—I was quite grieved to see such sights, and begged John Chandler would go to church again, which he did; and, would you believe it, Tom! the pews were almost all empty, though there was a very fine parson.

“ In the evening the road was worse than before; the chaises and horses racketing after one another; the drivers drunk, and many of the girls the same, with faces as red as scarlet, and their hair all about their ears. “ Well,” said I, “ Jack, let us make haste home; if this is the way Londoners pass the Sunday, the Lord have mercy on their souls—no wonder so many turn highwaymen, and that so many poor wretches are hanged!

“ Since that day I have gone several times along with another journeyman of a Sunday, to his mother’s house, where for nine-pence I get a bit of dinner comfortably; and as I go to church twice, and keep sober company the rest of the day, I think there is

no harm in leaving the smoky town now and then.

“ I have wrote you a long letter, for I can write faster than I used to do, as my master lets me go to an evening-school, and pays for me; and I keep his books. If I have any holidays at Whitsuntide, I will come and see you. My kind respects to all friends, and I remain,

“ Your loving friend,

“ Richard Howe.”

“ What shocking doings !” cried old Mrs. Simpkins; “ it makes my blood run cold in my heart to think what such poor wicked wretches will do when the last trumpet shall sound, and they are called to give an account of themselves to their heavenly judge.”

“ Ah, poor creatures !” said Richard Bruce, “ they think nothing of another world; but I hope their children who come after them will be taught better at the Sunday-schools.”

“ Well,” said the farmer, “ it is now time to go to bed, therefore let us join in prayer to God that he will give us grace to observe the sabbath properly; and let us also pray that he will restore poor farmer Mills, and preserve us from such dreadful accidents as we have seen this day.” He then kneeled down, and all the family joined with him very devoutly; afterwards they retired to rest.

C H A P. XXI.

As soon as Mr. Simpkins had set his labourers to work the next morning, he went to inquire after farmer Mills, and found he had had a very bad night: after this he kept growing worse and worse, so that in a few days the surgeon found it necessary to cut off the limb, in order to prevent a mortification. This dreadful operation, though performed with great skill, was followed by a fever, occasioned by the bad state

his blood was in through intemperate living and impatience under misfortune: this fever deprived him of his senses in a great measure, but could not destroy his conscience; instead of talking of heaven as many good people do, when light-headed, at the point of death, his mind was full of horror, and it was shocking to hear the dreadful fears he expressed. Mr. Simpkins entreated Mr. Williams to attend him; which he readily did several times, but could never find him composed enough to join in prayer; but just before he expired he cried out—"O that I had served my Maker! that I had kept his sabbaths!"

Mr. Simpkins, who called in every day, happened to be there at this awful period, and was exceedingly affected with the unhappy end of this wicked man. He strove to comfort his widow, but she was averse from such consolation as he could offer, and gave way to the most violent transports of grief or rather passion, from the idea that she must change her gay course of life. Mrs. Simpkins and her mother joined their best endeavours with those of the good farmer, to bring this wretched woman to sentiments suitable to her condition; but she had no idea of resignation to the divine will; she had no confidence in Him who is a husband to the widow; they therefore left her, hoping that the violence of her grief would naturally spend itself: however, Mrs. Simpkins took the two little children home with her, and kept them till their father was buried.

Though, as I said before, Mr. Simpkins was far from being fond of casting reflections upon others, he thought it his duty to set so striking an example before the young people who were under his care; he therefore described to them the latter end of farmer Mills, and entreated them to accustom themselves to keep the Sabbath-day holy, as it was the most likely mean of preserving them from wickedness and vice. He told them that if they did not spend the greatest part of it in religious employment it would be a day
of

of *idleness* instead of *rest*; and idleness would expose them to the temptations of the devil. "I believe," added he, "it is a true saying, that the *devil never finds a man idle but he sets him to work*;" and I believe too, that there are more *presumptuous* sins committed on the Sabbath-day than on any day of the year; for it is a very common thing to hear profane people glorying over religious ones, for the *slavery* they suppose the latter to be under, and their own *freedom from restraints*, which is as much as *defying God*, and *sinning in spite of his commands*."

Mrs. Simpkins said, that though she was not in Mills's room at the last, she saw enough to make her frequently say to herself, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!*

Old Mrs. Simpkins said, that only foolish people mock and jeer and scoff at religion, for she was certain that there was nothing like it to bear up the mind under misfortune; and when she was trying to comfort Mrs. Mills, she could not help thinking what consolation she had received from religion when she lost one of the best husbands that ever was.

"Ay, mistress," said Richard Bruce, "religion is the best cordial for grief, and the best sweetener of pleasure. I will be bound to say, that religious people enjoy *prosperity* as much again as wicked people do."

"That is certainly the case, Richard," replied the farmer; "for in *prosperity* a righteous man rejoices in having the means of doing good to others; and he lifts up his heart with thankfulness to the giver of all good things; and you know the Psalmist said, *a pleasant and a joyful thing it is to be thankful*. But a wicked man in *prosperity*, thinks only how he may indulge his vices, and runs into all kinds of riots, which must make him unhappy in the midst of his seeming mirth. But what must he feel at the hour of death! He cannot look forward to a world of everlasting happiness; and all beyond the grave is gloom and horror."

"If people really believed in a future state," said

Mrs. Simpkins, "I think they never could lead such careless lives."

"The misfortune is, Kitty," replied the farmer, "that few like to think of a future state till they are just entering upon it; instead of living in constant preparation for it."

"What do you think of a death-bed repentance, master?" said Richard Bruce.

"I think," replied the farmer, "that it is very dangerous to trust to it, Richard. No one, who lives in a course of sin, can possibly tell what their disposition will be at the last, if their senses are continued; and their heads may be so bad from the first, that they may not be able to think; they may drop down dead suddenly; or may be killed by an accident."

"I have heard people plead the example of the penitent thief on the cross, in favour of a death-bed repentance," said Richard.

"This example," answered the farmer, "encourages sinners to seek the mercy of God through Christ at their last moments, if their penitence is sincere; but you find by the other thief who was crucified with our Lord, that, unless there is a disposition in the mind to improve divine grace, it is offered in vain. God does not force sinners to repent, whether they will or no; and I hope none of my household will run such a hazard as to drive off repentance to so dangerous a time, but serve their Maker and keep his sabbaths before that awful hour arrives; that they may not have cause to lament their omissions, when too late, like poor Mills. Let me persuade you, my lads," said he, addressing himself to the boys, "*to remember your Creator in the days of your youth; pray for divine grace, study the holy scriptures, and use your best endeavours to copy the life of your blessed Redeemer. Fear God and keep his commandments; for this will bring you peace at the last.*

The boys seemed properly affected with this discourse; and indeed they were both much improved.

C H A P. XXII.

IN a short time after the funeral, all Mills's effects were seized by the creditors, and Mrs. Mills was obliged to leave the house. A sale was made to pay the debts, and the furniture fetched a good deal of money; but the live stock was so very bad, that none but Mr. Simpkins would bid for the cattle; so that he bought three horses and two cows for a very small sum; the riding horse was forfeited to the lord of the manor, on account of having occasioned the death of a man.

When farmer Simpkins's servants drove off the poor skeletons of cows and horses, the neighbouring farmers laughed at his purchase; however, when he did what his conscience told him was right, he cared not for the ridicule of the world; for he thought the poor beasts had suffered enough, and he wished to give them a little good treatment.

At first he did not set the horses to work, for he said many sabbaths were due to them, and it was surprising to see what difference a week or two made in them: when he got them a little in heart he set them to light work, and never put them in the same team with his strong cattle; by degrees they got stout and able, and were as good as horses that he must have given a high price for: so Mr. Simpkins had ample amends for his charity, besides the pleasure of doing good. The cows also improved as much, and paid him in milk, butter, and cheese.

Farmer Mills had a dog which he had taught to bark at Mr. Simpkins whenever he saw him; and indeed the latter was obliged to walk with a good oaken stick to prevent his biting him. In the hurry and confusion occasioned by Mills's accident, this dog, which was chained up in a stable at a distance from the house, was left two days without victuals. Mr. Simpkins, missing him, inquired what was become

come of his enemy; and, as soon as he heard that he had been forgotten, he begged to be supplied with some bones, which he carried himself and gave to him. The poor creature received this welcome gift with a thankful and a grateful heart; he wagged his tail, he barked, he howled with joy, and licked the feet of his benefactor, who kindly released him from his confinement. It is impossible to express the transport of the poor creature, who appeared as if his nature was entirely altered; and from that hour he was a good and trusty servant to Mr. Simpkins, and never could be driven from his house, but guarded it well, and was his master's walking companion many years, till he died of old age. The two greyhounds were purchased by a sporting gentleman in the neighbourhood. What little poultry there was Mr. Simpkins purchased. The kittens, which Mrs. Simpkins saw used so cruelly, were both dead; the puppy had been given away, and the old cat was hunted to death by the boys while their master lay a dying.

As for the servants, they of course lost their places; and it was so long before they could get others, that they suffered many distresses; for nobody, who loved regularity, would hire persons who had lived in so disorderly a family.

At Whitsuntide, Richard Howe obtained leave to pass a fortnight with his friends; one week of which he spent very happily with Mr. Simpkins, who was heartily rejoiced to see him such a neat creditable looking young fellow; and he told him there was no doubt he would make his way in the world. Richard told a number of stories about the ways of the London people, which made the boys stare again, and the rest of the family lift up their hands with wonder and concern; he also described the fine buildings and the lamps, and all the sights he had seen, which diverted them very much; so that when the time came for his departure, they were all very sorry to lose

lose so agreeable a companion. The sheep shearing happened while Richard Howe was there, on which occasion Mr. Simpkins allowed the lads and lasses a dance in the barn, and joined with them. When his friend was going, the farmer shook him heartily by the hand, and they encouraged each other to continue to lead religious sober lives.

Mrs. Simpkins, about this time, received a letter from Mrs. Brown, informing her that she was not very well, and had been advised to try change of air; therefore, if she could accommodate her, she should be glad to board with her for a month or two, and would bring Rachael Smithers with her, whom her daughter, Mrs. Bennet, had given up to her on Kitty's marriage. This would have been joyful news to Mrs. Simpkins, had not the pleasure been damped by her concern for the lady's illness; however, she got the best bed well aired, and in a few days her good mistress arrived. Mrs. Brown was very indifferent, and the journey had fatigued her a good deal; but by the great care and attention that was paid her, and the goodness of the air, her health mended every day, and she was soon able to partake of the happiness of this worthy family. The farmer continued his Sunday evening instruction, which Mrs. Brown insisted should be given in the parlour, as usual; and she often joined her own to them. The harvest-time came on soon after her arrival, when Rachael Smithers was of great use to Mrs. Simpkins and her mother, who began to find the work too heavy, as the flock of every thing increased, and they had currant wine to make, and other good things, which their garden enabled them to have at little expense. Mrs. Brown had great entertainment in walking in the fields to see the reapers cutting down the corn; it was likewise very pleasing to observe the farmer encouraging them by his kindness to pursue their business with alacrity, building up the shocks, and every now and then stopping to view them,

them, with a countenance that expressed the gratitude of his heart for the plentiful increase which God had graciously granted him. When they began carrying in the harvest, the gleaners were permitted to come into the field, and found a treasure there; for the good farmer had literally obeyed the divine precepts concerning them, which he had written down in his pocket-book. An incident happened respecting one of these, which I cannot help relating, as it will afford a lesson which may be useful to many.

Among the gleaners was a lad whom Mr. Simpkins observed to throw down a bee, after having sucked its bag of honey: as the poor insect was dead, Mr. Simpkins said nothing to the boy at the time, but let him pursue his work till he had gathered as much corn as he could well carry: another gleaner assisted him to lift it on his head; and he set off with his load, pleasing himself with the thoughts of the pleasure he should have in contributing towards the supply of the family, who were at that time in great distress. What then must be his surprise and disappointment in finding his store seized by farmer Simpkins, while the rest of the gleaners were suffered to proceed? Every one wondered at this action in so kind a neighbour, and stopped to hear it explained. On this, the farmer said to the boy—"Do you remember what you did to the poor bee this morning? He was like you, carrying home his gleanings, when, with great barbarity, you caught him, robbed, and murdered him. For this cruelty I mean to punish you; for I will never see any innocent creature ill used on my grounds without taking its part." The boy begged and entreated that he might have the corn, as his mother, who was a widow, had not any money to buy bread; and promised, that he would never more kill a bee. On this, the good farmer restored his gleanings; but desired him and every one present, to remember that bees worked as hard, and were as capable of feeling, as themselves; which,

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he said, he would convince them of, if they would come, the first leisure day, to see his wife's bees, which were then at work in some glass hives that Mrs. Brown had made her a present of.

Mrs. Brown, who was by, was extremely delighted at the farmer's method of bringing this matter home to the boy's own feeling, and told the gleaners, that it was a pity to destroy such industrious creatures as bees, merely for the sake of sucking their bags of honey, which had cost them so much pains to collect from flower to flower. "If this boy had even robbed the bee without killing him," continued the lady, "the poor creature would have been ruined; for the queen of the hive suffers none of her subjects to return without honey: she allows no idleness in her dominions. I am sure, Mr. Simpkins," added Mrs. Brown, "that none of these good people, who know what labour is, and who have felt the comforts of enjoying the fruits of their industry, will ever destroy bees, when they are shewn how ingenious and labourious they are."

The harvest being now completed, the last load was carried home in great triumph, and an excellent supper, consisting of cold buttock of beef, a leg of mutton and other good things, was provided: to which was added plenty of nut-brown ale, which went cheerfully round, accompanied with many a song. The farmer himself sung *Harvest-home*. When he had finished, Roger Hicks said there was something in that song which he could never understand; *Serious bids play*: he could not think what *seriousness* had to do with a harvest feast!

Mrs. Brown, who went into the kitchen to view the merry party, was greatly diverted at Roger's innocent mistake; and the farmer told him that he had asked a learned gentleman the meaning of the word, who told him that *Ceres* was the name of a heathen goddess, who they fancied took care of corn fields. "Let us have nothing heathenish here," cries

cries Roger: "Well then," said the farmer, "for the future I will sing—*For now we may play, and keep holiday. &c.*" All the company allowed it to be a good alteration; and Roger was called upon to sing *Sir John Barleycorn*, which he did with a great deal of humour. When he had finished it, "Now," said the farmer, "I shall be even with you, Roger; for what have *solemn vows* to do in a *jesting song*?" This set all the company to thinking how it could be altered; and Richard Bruce said, "If I was a printer, I would print the third line of the first verse thus; *And they all agreed, but not in wrath.*"—"This will do excellently well," said the farmer: but how would you alter the second verse, Richard?" This puzzled them for some time; and at last Tom Lang said that he thought it might be "*And then declared ev'ry one:*" which alteration was also approved; and Roger was desired to sing it again, with these amendments. "Very well, Roger," said the farmer; "and now, that you have made a nobleman of Sir John, let me advise you to take care that he does not knock you down." Roger replied, that he knew his tricks too well to let him do that. After which a variety of other songs were sung; to most of which objections were made: on this Richard Bruce said that he thought it was a great pity some good person would not look over ballads, for there were a great many that wanted but little alterations to make them very pretty: but now-a-days a man was afraid to lay out a halfpenny in songs, lest half of his bargain should be wickedness or trash."

Among the labourers was a man named William Smith, who esteemed himself a great scholar, and politician. On the company joining in chorus with Mr. Simpkins in *God save the king*, William Smith observed, that, as for the king, he had nothing to say against him, but he believed his ministers were no better than they should be; for he had read a great deal about them in the newspapers, which he took in every week.

Mr.

Mr. Simpkins replied, that for his part he did not pretend to know much about the king's ministers; nor, indeed, did he think any man could who lived at such a distance from them; and he made it a rule *not to talk evil of the rulers of the land*, but should pay the taxes with cheerfulness, while he could enjoy the fruits of his own industry, and *sit in peace under his own vine and his own fig-tree*: and he desired no politics might be talked at his table."

Richard Bruce said, "that he thought newspapers were stupid things; he saw nothing diverting in them, except about men who rode upon four horses at once, flying about in air balloons, and such kind of things; and he had some thoughts they were put in to make countrymen stare. But come," said he, "'tis my turn to sing now." On this he immediately struck up *The ploughman's delight*; which restored the cheerfulness that politics had nearly put an end to.

In this manner the evening passed away till the clock struck eleven, the hour fixed upon for their departure; when every one of the men returned home quite sober, though cheerful. When they were gone, Mr. Simpkins observed to Richard Bruce, that good ale was certainly to be reckoned among **the** blessings of life, provided it was taken in moderation, and that it was very proper for working people; but as for drams, a man might as well pour melted lead down his throat, for they would as surely destroy him, though not so quickly: he therefore begged his servants never would be tempted to drink them. He then desired them to collect their thoughts and join with him in a short prayer, in which he returned thanks to God for the blessings he had showered down on the land, and for the share of them which was allotted to himself. Mrs. Brown declared herself extremely delighted with the scene of rustic festivity, from which all boisterous noisy mirth, and intemperate excess, were banished; and each party retired to bed with contented and cheerful hearts.

C H A P. XXIII.

THE orchard was as fruitful as the fields had been, so that, after selling a good deal of fruit at market, Mrs. Simpkins was enabled to lay by apples enough for her use in the winter, and to make a small cask of cyder. She had also made a little grape wine; but the latter was intended only to treat friends with.

When Michaelmas came, the farmer found that he had not only more than double the stock he begun with, but had money sufficient to pay his year's rent, and the interest of the sum he borrowed of 'squire Harvey. This, on the quarter-day, he carried to his landlord, who was so pleased with his punctuality, that he told him, nothing should be wanting on his part to make him happy.

Mrs. Brown staid till the weather began to be cold, when she returned in good health to her daughter; and Rachael Smithers went with her. At her departure, Mrs. Brown made Mrs. Simpkins a present for her board, with many acknowledgments for the pleasure she had received in her family.

As soon as Rachael Smithers was gone, Mrs. Simpkins found it necessary to hire a maid; for having eight cows, and a great deal of dairy work, she could not manage it without more assistance than her mother-in-law was able to give: she therefore looked out among the poor neighbours for a strong plain dressing girl; but there was not one to her mind old enough, so she hired Lydia Tompkins, who seemed to be an industrious modest young woman, but inclined to a fault, which has of late years crept in among the laborious poor, even in villages far distant from London, of affecting to follow the fashions of people in higher ranks in life. Mrs. Simpkins made it a condition of her hiring Lydia, that she should wear such caps, and other clothes, as she herself approved, to which the girl's mother consented,
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rather than lose a good place for her child. Mrs. Tomkins was a well meaning woman, and had complied with her daughter's desire of wearing gauze caps and handkerchiefs, from an idea that they were cheaper than cloth ones; not considering that they would scarcely bear washing; and when dirty, had a much more mean and untidy appearance than linen. She had also bought some left-off things, which she thought *bargains*, of a lady's maid. All these gew-gaws Mrs. Simpkins required to be laid aside: in the room of which she bought Lydia (by the bounty of Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Williams) a camlet gown, and other things of a piece with it: and when the girl came to her place, Mrs. Simpkins encouraged her by telling her that she had been a poor girl herself, and had always been praised by her betters for dressing in that plain way: and old Mrs. Simpkins said, that, for her part, she thought a fine cap made a patched gown look still meaner. That it did not signify having one piece of finery, if a woman could not be fine from head to foot: that poor folks' money was hardly earned, and should not be lightly spent. She also advised Lydia to go every day with her hair, not only combed clean, but put up smoothly, her handkerchief pinned even, and her shoes up at the heels. "Modesty requires that you should dress in this manner, Lydia," said Mrs. Simpkins; "for it will be a likely mean to keep you from romping and hoydening. We may see the bad effects of loose attire in many young women, who grow quite bold by it. If you want to imitate your betters, child," added she, "copy them in *goodness*. No dress will make *ladies* of *poor folks*, but the very meanest may become a *Christian*, which is a much higher character; and one way of pleasing God, is to shew, by wearing suitable apparel, that we are contented with the state of life he has thought fit to place us in."

As Mrs. Simpkins was a very kind mistress, and dressed plain herself, Lydia readily followed her ad-

vice, became a very good servant, and lived with Mrs. Simpkins six years: and at last married to an honest industrious man.

Richard Bruce and Roger Hicks continued so firmly attached to their master, that no advance of wages will tempt them to leave his service. Tom Lang looks up to him as a parent; and Joe Martin is grown very good tempered.

Mr. Simpkins's cattle become old in his service; and, by having proper rest and kind treatment, are fit for work longer than they would otherwise be: when they can do no more, he keeps them without work, till age and infirmities render their lives uncomfortable; in which case he puts them to as quick and easy a death as possible; and never sells them in their old age, lest other masters should abuse or ill-treat them, well knowing that, if they are not fit for *his* work, they are not fit for *any* work.

Mr. Williams testifies great regard for the worthy farmer, who has in his turn gone through all the parish offices with great humanity and integrity; the poor never mention him, his wife, or mother, without blessings; their superiors respect them; their equals love them.

Old Mrs. Simpkins enjoys good health though advanced in age, and has lived to see six grandchildren, namely, four sons and two daughters, who are educated by their pious parents to the imitation of those virtues which have rendered themselves so valuable to the world: and as these amiable children grow up, they assist their father and mother in their respective employments, so as to ease their labours and lighten their cares: and, in love to each other, they are patterns to all brothers and sisters.

In the course of years, Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins have shared with their neighbours the usual disappointments by inclement seasons: but while others, according to the custom with some farmers, murmur and repine, they are always contented and resigned,

signed; observing, that weather which is bad for one thing is good for another; and, through the blessing of Providence, their losses have either been less than could have been expected, or made up to them some other way: so that every year prosperity has increased their store, and enabled them to be more liberal to their indigent fellow-creatures; and Mr. Simpkins is become an opulent farmer, and rents a considerable part of Mr. Harvey's estate: but neither he nor his wife ever forgot from whom their riches flow, or in what manner Christians should enjoy them. Sickness and sorrow sometimes fall to their lot; but every affliction is borne with patient submission to the Divine will, and every deliverance acknowledged with grateful thanksgivings.

May the examples and instructions contained in this history have due influence on those for whose use they are designed, and excite them to the practice of *universal benevolence!* And may every reader, like farmer Simpkins and his wife, *have the constant testimony of a good conscience, and a well-grounded hope of everlasting happiness through the merits of our* DIVINE REDEEMER.

THE END.

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